

The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Incorporating the  
Australian Home Budget

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

JANUARY, 6, 1954

M1  
LIB  
CA  
30

PRICE



Special Feature:

Midsummer Meals

INSIDE:

COMPLETE  
LIFT-OUT NOVEL

"MURDER OF THE WELL-BELOVED"

BY MARGOT  
NEVILLE

page 3



# ROY 2% OF DENTAL DECAY GERMS! JEAN YR TEETH TO NEW WHITENESS! SWEETEN OUR BREATH INSTANTLY! WITH KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



**92% of DENTAL DECAY GERMS DESTROYED!** Tests by famous North American and European Universities prove that one brushing with Kolynos Dental Cream destroys up to 92% of dental decay bacteria in the mouth.

**SWEETENS BREATH — INSTANTLY!** Kolynos cleans and polishes with every stroke of your toothbrush. Keeps your whole mouth clean and fresh for hours. Your teeth sparkle with new whiteness.

**PLUS! ANTI-ENZYME ACTION!**  
GREATER PROTECTION FROM DENTAL DECAY ACIDS



It sounds almost too good to be true—but years of research have proved it! Now those enzymes which turn starches and sugars into dental decay acids can be stopped! Now! Kolynos Dental Cream contains a special anti-enzyme

ingredient which protects your teeth from these acids. This wonderful new kind of protection is effective from the first moment you start brushing your teeth after a meal. Those acids don't have a chance to get started on their destructive work!



**KOLYNOS  
DENTAL CREAM**

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 6, 1954

Vol. 21, No. 32

### A ROYAL NEW YEAR

**NEW YEAR** is a time of assessment as well as of hope.

Both nations and individuals look back to the successes and failures of the year that has gone and forward to the unpredictable 365 days ahead.

*An Old Year always yields some events on which good resolutions and plans for the future can be based.*

1953—a good year as years go—had its share of promise for 1954.

It saw the armistice in Korea which holds, however uncertainly, the hope of peace.

It saw the attempts to ease the cold war by the Bermuda conference and President Eisenhower's speech on atomic warfare to the United Nations.

*It saw the Coronation bringing rich color and pageantry into the lives of millions and renewing the bonds that link the British Commonwealth.*

Australians, members of the community of free nations, share in the expectations aroused by these events.

In addition, one thing alone was enough to make the year a memorable one for them—the discovery of oil in Western Australia.

*Now, as the door opens on 1954, Australians have another reason to greet it with high hearts.*

For they are preparing to welcome their Queen, to show her their happiness and prosperity in a Royal New Year.

### Our cover:

● Our cover this week introduces a little bit of glamor into the kitchen—and that is also what we help you to do in the special section on midsummer meals, which starts on page 32 of this issue.

### This week:

● Basketball is fast becoming the world's most thrilling and popular sport, even in England, where until recently it has rather loftily been called "netball." On pages 12 and 13 is a story about the Harlem Globetrotters, brilliant U.S. Negro basketball team who are to play in Australia. When they last appeared at London's Wembley Stadium, the Globetrotters grossed £22,500, and drew the reluctant tribute from a morning paper that they had advanced the cause of "netball" 10 years in one week.

### Next week:

● Next week our free, lift-out novel is "Ready or Not," a moving story of a young teenage family by popular American author Mary Stolz. This book has wide appeal, for, though it is set in New York, it might well be the story of any teenage family growing up in any English or Australian city. Dan Connor, left to bring up his three children, Morgan, Julie, and Ned, finds himself incapable of the task. Morgan, half-child, half-woman, takes on the job willingly and becomes a mother to her younger sister and her brother.

● So many people have told us how much they enjoy our contests that, with the judges of our recently closed Happy Marriage Contest still hard at work sifting through a mountain of entries, we have devised yet another competition, the details of which will be announced next week. We think—in fact we know—that this new contest will be received with great satisfaction and some delight by our readers.

## Readers' opinion poll

**OUR** readers' opinion poll turned out to be extraordinarily informative, and most gratifying in the goodwill felt for this paper expressed in a huge majority of the letters.

Readers again and again spoke appreciatively of the paper's wholesomeness, variety, and colorfulness in response to our request for their frank opinions.

While a few readers said frankly that they did not like The Australian Women's Weekly, the majority asked us not to change it at all.

Twenty-five per cent. of the letters contained only one suggestion or request.

Many readers made special mention of our covers, saying that they so often wanted to frame them, but could not do so because of the overprinting of the paper's name.

They perhaps have not considered that a paper's cover is a selling asset. When you see our paper displayed on a bookstall, we want your eye to be attracted to the name, not only to a picture.

The vitality and humor of Wep covers were praised by readers of all ages.

Some very good suggestions for future cover subjects were made and these have been listed for future use.

A small percentage of readers do not seem to feel quite happy about occasionally finding fiction stories in our paper that they had also seen in overseas magazines.

It is only by buying Australian rights to some of the more outstanding fiction first published in other countries that we can meet the demands of our fiction department.

Also, it is our policy to bring readers something of what, on world standards, is considered the best current fiction.

Fiction illustrations earned high praise. A great number of readers asked that we publish more stories by Australian writers. We, too, would like to do this. The fact of the matter is that we do not have submitted anything like the necessary quantity of Australian fiction of a sufficiently high standard for publication.

Dorothy Drain's "It Seems to Me" was mentioned in more letters than any other feature in the paper and came out on top of the poll by a clear-cut majority.

Cookery pages and their color photos were voted into an easy second place.

All departments of home-making polled well, with gardening in the lead.

Kay Melaun's Youth Series also polled strongly, readers liking it for its up-to-date attitude and sane viewpoint.

Many votes were cast in favor of "As I Read the Stars" and "Disc Digest."

Our present film pages appear to give the majority of readers what they want, for the "like" and "more" votes were found to cancel out the "dislike" and "less" votes.

Our editorials earned only praise.

Only a minute percentage of letters criticised our news coverage of topical events.

"Like" votes for the book reviews were offset by only one "dislike" vote.

The number of votes in favor of "Beauty in Brief" was equalled by requests for a bigger beauty feature.

Of the serial strips, Teena came an easy first in popularity, and by no means all her admirers were young people.

**THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY**  
HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088W, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 188C, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 406P, G.P.O.  
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 38A, G.P.O.  
PERTH OFFICE: 49 Bunting Street, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.  
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

PRIDE OF PLACE  
IN EVERY  
LINEN  
CUPBOARD



SCALLOPED SHEETS AND  
EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES  
THEY'RE NOT EXPENSIVE  
PIONEER DISTRIBUTORS PTY. LTD.  
134 Broadway, Sydney.

NL3-51

**Arlington  
PLATE**  
"Your choice for a lifetime"



**GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS**  
Fashioned by the master craftsmen of Sheffield, England, plated in Sterling Silver. Also available in Old English patterns. Obtainable at leading jewellers and stores. When undesirable, contact Philip Loring Pty. Ltd., Box 2284, S.F.O., Sydney.

Stay as sweet as you are with  
**Staisweet**  
The Deodorant you can trust  
**Staisweet**



# New Year Kiss

By Margaret  
Bathe

ISABEL WARD opened the box of bath crystals and gazed at them with pleasure. Six packets containing different colored crystals, in different perfumes. It was difficult to decide which to use.

Her choice finally fell on "New Year Kiss." Musingly, she poured the crystals into the bath. They made a dark blue hole in the water. As they dissolved, the color paled to gentian and the perfume arising reminded her of country lanes in summer, of honeysuckle blended with wood violet and fresh young fern.

An apt choice for New Year's Eve. It was after all a forward-looking time. With her mind's eye, Isabel could see the seasons spreading out before her and herself moving through them.

And how, she asked herself, lowering her body into the perfumed water, would she move through them this year? Gaily, adventurously, romantically, or—as always?

I drift, she thought, soaping herself vigorously. Drifting is my besetting sin. Because of this, the year just ending had not differed in any way from the previous one. A pin fell out of her blond hair. She groped for it in the blue opaque water and with wet fingers repinned a curl close to her head.

She sighed and slid down into the water, immersing her whole body. The bath, she reflected, is a fine and wonderful place for thinking, but who should be thinking so introspectively on New Year's Eve?

But whether she approved or not, her mind went on digging into her feeling of dissatisfaction. For some time now she had been dimly aware that things were not as they should be. Where was the zest, the enthusiasm, where was the joyful waking to a new day—the feeling that anything might happen? It had been hers once. How had she lost it?

She ran some more hot water into the bath and started to review the year that was just ending. What had she done with it? What, taking it season by season, had happened to her?

In July she had received an increase in salary. That had been pleasant—but she had expected it. Nothing else had happened till her annual holiday. She had gone with her best friend, Laura, to her aunt's cottage in the country, following the pattern of the two previous years.

Isabel remembered how, on reaching Central Station, the sight of the many suitcases, with their gaily colored labels, being trundled on to the platform had awakened in her an unexpected yearning.

Why hadn't she and Laura been more ambitious? Why hadn't they gone to Noumea or Mt. Buffalo or the Barrier Reef? She had thrust the thought from her, however—it was too late to do anything about it, and it was no way to start a holiday, wishing yourself somewhere else.

They returned home with no memories worth recalling, no photographs worth showing, and no new

addresses in their diaries. In a way it was a relief to be back to run around with the "crowd" again, and her unofficial escort, Bill Robson.

Isabel wondered, as she stepped out of her bath and her toes cuddled the soft, pink, tufly mat, if it were not a mistake to take a job in the place where you had been born and schooled. You lived so tightly within your own circle.

Tonight, she thought, reaching for a towel, I shall be bidden a Happy New Year by the same people as last year, and it will be Bill who will give me my kiss when the clock chimes midnight. A robust, brotherly kiss with no romance behind it.

She pulled open the bathroom door. As she crossed the landing her mother's voice called up the stairs, "We're going, Isabel! Have a nice time."

Leaning over the banisters she saw her parents in the hall. They were going to the Beach Hotel with their old friends, the Parkinsons.

Her father was handsome in tails, and her mother beautiful in pale blue satin.

A lump rose in Isabel's throat. Mother looked like a girl going to her first dance.

"Enjoy yourselves," she said huskily.

Her father laughed. "You bet!" he said happily. Then he helped his wife with her coat and a few seconds later the front door closed behind them.

The house was very quiet. Isabel could hear the large clock ticking loudly in the hall. As she listened she fancied its tick grew louder, more urgent, as if it were anxious to reach the hour—the exciting hour when a new year would begin.

Laughing a little at her fancy, Isabel entered her room and selected her makeup. Her movements were deliberate, almost ritualistic.

She had the queer, superstitious feeling that what she did tonight would set the pattern of the year. It must be different, she thought. It's got to be different.

Laura lived within walking distance of Isabel's house. The short cut took five minutes, but Isabel, reluctant to arrive too soon, made a detour, walking out on the main road, where buses and taxis surged past, her all with an unusual air of haste and purpose.

The night was cool and the air smelt fresh. The stars were out in

a generous sprinkling, so clear cut that they might have been trimmed and polished for the occasion.

Isabel's spirits lifted a little as she caught a breath of perfume from the gardens.

She turned left and then right till she came to the corner house where Laura lived with her parents.

There were two cars by the garage, and one outside at the kerb which she recognised as belonging to Bill Robson. From behind the big lighted bay window came the sound of broadcast music; a gay medley of seasonal carols and songs, old, new, nostalgic.

Isabel kept her finger on the bell to make sure of being heard above the music. Her hand dropped to her side when Laura's shadow appeared behind the glass panels of the door.

It was opened swiftly. Laura pulled Isabel into the hall.

"You are late. You're the last, I was just going to ring you."

"Sorry." She gave Laura a hug and followed her upstairs into a room where a double bed was laden with coats. Adding her own to the pile, she turned and started to arrange her hair.

"Quick," he said to Isabel, "let's beat the crowd, the car is just a few yards away."

"How nice you look," Laura said, watching her. "You're absolutely sparkling!"

Isabel paused, smiling. The color was high in her cheeks and, because of it, her eyes appeared a deeper, more interesting shade of blue.

"Who's here?" she asked, unscrewing her lipstick.

"The usual crowd," Laura said complacently. "The old faithfuls, Bill and Fred and Diana and Joan and the rest." She sniffed the air. "What a heavenly perfume. What is it?"

"New Year Kiss. Bath salts and toilet water. Christmas present."

"New Year Kiss," Laura repeated. "How appropriate and how nice for Bill."

Bill, Isabel stared at her mouth and decided it didn't need any more lipstick. She dropped the tube into her silk corded evening bag and closed it with a snap. Bill!

Back came the dissatisfaction, the wish to end the old year on a differ-

ent note. I can't be here at midnight, she thought. I just can't be . . .

She turned resolutely to Laura. "Look," she said, "would you take it terribly amiss if I left early? There's a reason. I can't tell you, but it's important."

Laura stared at her, her mouth slightly open. How odd of Isabel. But then, thinking back, Isabel's behaviour had been a little eccentric of late. Restless, distraught.

"Is it a man?" she asked.

Laughter and a denial sprang to Isabel's lips, but in the nick of time she saw the excitement in Laura's face. Mystery, intrigue—she could almost read Laura's mind.

At once she decided it would be kinder, certainly more polite, to act, if not to tell a white lie. After all, she could hardly say, "No, it isn't a man. It's just that I don't want to be in your house at twelve o'clock."

"Why didn't you bring him to the party?" Laura asked.

She shook her head. "He's—he's tied up. This is just a sentimental gesture," she elaborated, wondering

To page 44

Page 3



ILLUSTRATED BY

John Smith



Keep your hands  
clean!



BEFORE  
any  
dirty work

rub in  
**"BARRIER"**  
REGD  
**CREAM**  
IT'S ANOTHER  
WONDERFUL  
FAULDING  
PRODUCT



At work—at home—anywhere, any time, rub in "BARRIER" CREAM before starting any dirty work. Afterwards, hands wash clean with soap and water... see how free from ingrained dirt your hands are, without harsh scrubbing. Stainless, non-greasy "BARRIER" CREAM keeps your hands smooth, clean and protected.



Always have

"BARRIER" CREAM is a non-greasy, non-sticky and invisible PROTECTIVE CREAM which prevents grease and dirt becoming ingrained—prevents skin irritation and roughness. Only "BARRIER" CREAM protects against dreaded dermatitis and skin infections too. "BARRIER" CREAM is another wonderful FAULDING Product.

**"BARRIER"**  
REGD  
**CREAM**  
on hand!



• Rub it in until it disappears.

For Use in the Prevention and  
Treatment of Industrial  
Dermatitis and Skin Irritations



1/2 OZ. TUBE... 2/6  
4 OZ. JAR... 3/-  
AT ALL CHEMISTS  
AND STORES

"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"

# Come, My Beloved

Our fine serial by PEARL BUCK

WHEN wealthy American industrialist DAVID MacARD determines to establish a mission in India as a memorial to his dead wife, LETIA, he does not dream that his son, DAVID, will decide to become one of the missionaries.

David made his decision when OLIVIA DESSARD, whose home MacARD bought for his missionary training school, refused his offer of marriage. MacARD in fury tries to dissuade David, then abandons the whole missionary project; but David stands by his decision, goes to India, and studies as a missionary under the direction of the REVEREND ROBERT FORDHAM.

A year later, David writes to Olivia, begging her to come to India and marry him. He is overjoyed when, this time, she accepts his proposal, and further delighted when, after their marriage, Olivia finds her new life surprisingly interesting and congenial. She becomes very friendly with LEILAMANI, wife of David's Indian friend DARYA, and the birth of a baby son brings the final touch of happiness for David and herself.

David, meanwhile, holds himself sternly to the duties he has assumed, and, when a bad famine comes, determines to go to Bombay to appeal to the Governor-General for help for the people. NOW READ ON:

THE Governor-General in Bombay was a tall, handsome Englishman, a man of pride and dignity, a righteous man. "Famine is chronic in India, Mr. MacARD," he told David.

"Does it have to be so?" David demanded.

"It always has been," the Governor-General replied. "We have reduced the incidence, we have built railroads, irrigation works, even reservoirs and tanks to catch the Himalayan waters. We are feeding millions of people, we are giving employment to millions more so that they can afford to buy imported food, and yet, in spite of that, I estimate that Bombay presidency alone will lose fifteen per cent. of its population in the next three months. In some provinces it may be as high as twenty-five per cent. Statistics can never be accurate in India."

David listened with proper respect. The Governor-General was always courteous to him, first perhaps as the son of the great American financier, but now also, as the years passed, he was courteous to him in his own right.

He had been scrupulous in his relations with Government and he was building up a school of such calibre that his graduates would be going into the Indian Civil Service. MacARD men must be well trained and loyal, for in these days loyalty alone was beyond price.

"My father would say that India needs more railroads," he suggested. "I understand that there is food in the north. It is a matter of distribution."

The Governor-General was irritated at this and tried not to show it.

"Ah, there is no such easy way to solution! The real problem is over-population. Indians are obsessed with fears for their fertility, yet to my knowledge I have never seen an infertile Indian, man or woman. No, Mr. MacARD, all the resources of the Empire can never catch up with the increase in population among this people. Some are doomed to starve."

David pondered reply. He knew well enough what Darya would say, for he had dared once to quote this judgment of Government and Darya had leaped to passionate resentment.

"Ah, how that sickens me, David! It has been made the excuse of every delay by Government. And did we not propagate too rapidly to please these Englishmen, India would have ceased to exist. Consider our life span—twenty-seven years! Is it our fault? Consider our death-rate—half our children die before they are a year old! Can we afford not to have many children? We are helpless before the worst climate in the world and an indifferent government."

These words could not be repeated

here. David was prudent; he had occasional favors to ask, and it would not do to anger this good Englishman. Besides, Darya might be wrong. He was often wrong.

He rose. "Well, Your Excellency, I suppose we shall just have to weather through this famine. It doesn't touch me personally; my school is fuller than usual."

"Ah, I suppose the families want to get their sons into a safe place where sickness can't reach them. That is the worst of famines, I think. Starvation breeds disease. We are preparing for epidemics, of course."

"I am sure you are. I'll say goodbye, Your Excellency."

"Goodbye, Mr. MacARD. I am sure you know how I appreciate very much all that you are doing for India."

"Thank you."

The two men shook hands, and the Governor-General allowed his approval to express itself in a warm smile. This tall, grave, young American was no common missionary. He had given up a world of wealth and pleasure to become a missionary schoolmaster, a very Christian act.

"Except ye leave all and follow me—" and so on. One did not often see it.

Outside the palace gates, where the tall Sikh guards stood in scarlet uniforms, David got into his hired carriage and was driven back to the hotel. He was sad and troubled, and the dusty, dry air that hung over the city seemed a miasma of ill omen. He wished that he had not brought Olivia and the child to Bombay with him, but in Poona it had seemed a good thing to do. She needed a change and there had seemed to be no good reason against it.

So they had come with an entourage of the ayah and a manservant to hold an umbrella over the child, whom the ayah carried, and the few days in Bombay had done Olivia good.

This evening when he entered their rooms she was in gay spirits, dressed for dinner in a soft white muslin frock, and her cheeks were even a little pink. The rooms were quiet.

"Ted is asleep?" he inquired.

She made a little face at him. "Theodore is asleep."

They had named the baby Theodore, Gift of God, and she would not hear of a contraction.

"Wait until he gets into college or the football team," he teased.

"I shall always call him Theodore," she said decisively.

She put up her face for his kiss, but he warned her off. "Wait, dearest, until I have washed. We must always wash

when we come in from the streets. Never forget, Olivia—promise me?"

"But I do," she protested.

"That's right."

He soaped hands and face thoroughly at the china basin in the bathing-room and then came back rubbing his face with a towel.

She stood at the mirror, fastening a necklace about her neck.

"Pretty?" she inquired of his image in the mirror.

"Very pretty," he replied. "What are they?"

"Crystals," she said. "I got them today in the native city."

He dropped the towel. "The native city, Olivia?"

"Yes, the clerk said the shops there were wonderful and they are."

He checked the protest upon his lips. She should not have gone. He ought to have warned her. She was still new in India and she did not know the dangers of famine time. Then he decided not to frighten her. Epidemics came afterwards, and it was early in the season.

"Don't go any more, Olivia," he bade her, nevertheless. "It is better to stay away from crowds in famine time."

"Very well, David. Certainly I will do as you say."

"That's right."

He went to her then and gave her his usual kiss, and was glad that he had not frightened her. Her dark eyes were bright, and he saw as he had never seen before that she was more beautiful now than she had ever been.

"The crystals are very becoming," he said. "Let's go down to dinner."

The plague crept into the great city of Bombay, unseen by the white men, for in the native quarters people hid the deaths of their own people. The city seemed as beautiful as ever, for the white men had learned long ago to look beyond the dying and the hungry whom they could not save.

They looked to the mountain and the palm groves, to the many ships in the splendid harbor, to the great shops where the rich of every nation and people came and went. They looked to the past and to the future, for they did not want to see the present.

Hundreds of years before, when a few English traders pushed into the harbor, Bombay had been a handful of islands with the sea racing between them, a small port, a cluster of houses and fishermen drying their half-decaying fish, but Englishmen had hung to it because the sands had silted into the harbor of Tapti, Surat had declined, and only the great natural harbor of Bombay remained.

And during the hundreds of years be-

Fifth of eight long, absorbing instalments



tween the day when the few Englishmen had come ashore and the day when the Governor-General sat in his palace on Malabar Point, the town grew into a place of mansions and towers, colleges and temples, a city of magnificence.

Yet India possessed it, in spite of the English, and in that year when the monsoons failed and famine fell, plague crept into the streets where no white men lived, and servants in the vast hotel who slept at night in the plague-ridden hovels of the native city came in by day to serve the white men, and they told no white men of the night.

When they had returned to Poona, Olivia one morning felt a headache, an intolerable pain and dizziness. She woke out of sleep and was surprised by an amazing weakness.

David had already left his bed, and she tried to get up to go and see whether the baby was awake in the next room. She could not lift the curtain of the mosquito netting and she fell back upon the pillows.

In his study upon his knees, David was suddenly aware of an urgent command within himself, wordless and yet too strong for refusal. He rose, compelled and unwilling, and found himself walking along the wide hall, still cool from the night, and into the room where an hour before he had left his wife sleeping.

She was not sleeping now. Through the mist of the white netting she lay upon the pillows, her dark eyes wide and listless.

"Olivia," he cried, "what's the matter?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "I'm suddenly—weak. My head—it hurts terribly."

He dashed aside the net and reached for her hands. They were hot and limp.

"I'll get the doctor immediately—lie still, dearest."

She tried to smile; it was quite plain that she could do nothing but lie still. The lids drooped over her eyes and her face was white. He strode down the hall again to his study, jerked the bell-rope for a servant, and scribbled a note for the British doctor resident in the English hospital.

"Take this chit," he commanded the servant already waiting. "Take it to the hospital and fetch the doctor now."

The man slipped out of the room like a swift shadow and was gone, and in less than an hour the doctor was there. David sat at Olivia's side, waiting. She could not drink her tea, nor could she lift her head to swallow even water.

"Let me alone," she begged in a gasping whisper.

So he sat there, holding her lifeless, burning hand, and when the doctor came in David beckoned, his lips pressed together. The tall, lean Englishman in his fresh white linen suit came to the bedside and made his examination.

Olivia did not speak. When he asked her a question, she nodded, very slightly, the effort immense. Yes, the pain was unbearable, very hard to breathe because of this weakness, the giddiness severe so that she could not see his face.

The doctor straightened at last and drew the sheet over her, and she was too indifferent to care what he thought. He motioned to David to come into the hall.

"Have you been recently in Bombay?" he asked in his gravest voice.

"Last week," David said.

"Was she in the native city?" the doctor demanded.

"Once," David said.

"I fear it is bubonic plague. I heard only yesterday that it has broken out in Bombay—hundreds dying every day."

David could not speak. Plague, the dreadful companion of famine, almost certain death, to reach for his beloved!

Illustrated by  
BOOTHROYD

"How do you think of India?" Ted asked Agnes thoughtfully. "Is it home or isn't it?"

"What shall I do?" he cried.

"There is nothing to do, alas," the doctor said. "We can only wait. I will send an English nurse. We shall know within forty-eight hours."

Within forty-eight hours, while David neither slept nor ate, the chills of death descended. In Olivia's slender body the inguinal buboes swelled. The doctor, feeling her soft groins, knew the fearful signs.

"You must prepare yourself," he told David sternly.

David stood waiting by the bedside, where Olivia lay unconscious.

"She will not live through tomorrow," the doctor said. "Nothing can save her."

"I shall pray all night," David said with dry lips.

"Do so, by all means," the doctor said. He was too kind to tell the Christian that prayer might comfort the soul of the living but he

did not believe that it could save the one doomed to die.

He gave a few directions to the faithful, middle-aged English nurse. The younger nurses would not take a case of plague, but good Mrs. Fortescue went where she was sent.

"Oh, it's sad her being so young, and the little baby," she was moaning.

"The child may escape," the doctor replied. "Nature is careful of the newly born." He turned to David again. "Mr. MacArd, you must live now for the child. Go away and rest—or pray."

David hesitated. He left the room and went down the hall to his study, and when he closed the door he fell on his knees to pray not with words but with all the agony his heart could hold that his beloved might live.

In the little compound church the Fordhams gathered the few Indian Christians, and

he heard the wailing of their prayers through the hot December day and all through the night. . . .

Some time near dawn the nurse touched his shoulder.

"She's gone, Mr. MacArd."

He lifted his head. While he prayed that she might live, Olivia had died! He rose to his feet, his mind dazed, his heartbeats shattering his body.

"There's nothing more you can do now, the nurse said. "Try to think of your little boy."

But he could think only of Olivia. He gasped a few words, staring down at the nurse.

"I must see her again—"

"No, no—think of the boy, sir—"

She held his arm, and before he could reply

To page 31



PEP O MINT  
**LIFE SAVERS**

Cool and Refreshing

THE QUALITY CANDY WITH THE HOLE STILL ONLY 4<sup>d</sup>

A LIFE SAVER FLAVOUR - TO PLEASE EVERY TASTE

GLOVE LIFE SAVERS  
VIO-LET LIFE SAVERS  
BUTTER-SCOTCH LIFE SAVERS  
THIRST DISK LIFE SAVERS  
SPEAR MINT LIFE SAVERS  
LIME LIFE SAVERS  
CRIST O MINT LIFE SAVERS  
CEREAL LIFE SAVERS  
MUSH LIFE SAVERS  
ORANGE LIFE SAVERS  
FLORAL LIFE SAVERS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 6, 1954



# Five Minutes to MIDNIGHT

I was twenty minutes past ten when I hurried out of the hospital.

I opened the door of the car to find Norma adding another cigarette butt to a large pile.

She looked at me not in reproach but in despair. "Don, really, you've been ages," she said.

"Sorry," I slid in beside her, seeing by the dashboard clock that I'd kept her waiting forty minutes. "I know it's a terrible way to spend New Year's Eve," I said. "But I had to see those two cases."

She didn't argue. She didn't complain. It was clear she wasn't blaming me, but the utter hopelessness in her manner was worse than anything she might have said.

It was as if she'd struck something with which she couldn't even try to cope.

She sat silent while I got the car started. When we had passed the corner she said, "We're too late now for Charlie and Janet's buffet supper. Might as well go straight on to the Forbes."

"Norma," I hesitated. "I want to make one more call. Mike Wolcott. Won't take long. It's practically on our way."

She started in dismay. She almost protested. But when she'd looked at me an instant, she fell back in resignation, shaking her head. She was probably thinking, You can't argue with a doctor.

I felt hopeless. She was beautiful, and I loved her, and I hated to cause her distress. It had all been so easy when we'd met the summer before on my holiday at the little resort on the coast.

Her family's house, silvered by weather and the sea, had been a blessed haven of repose. We spent hours in her small sailboat, talking, laughing, while the gulls wheeled overhead.

It was different somehow when we were both back in town. This was my way of life, and how could I change it?

As we drove along I thought of the Saturday, two weeks ago, when I'd first planned to ask her to marry me. That was the Saturday when Daniel Reiser's daughter had been in a terrible car accident.

With the child hanging between life and death, I'd had to operate at once; I'd had to stay at her side late into the night watching every change in respiration and pulse.

My date with Norma had gone up in smoke; in fact, it had been almost midnight before I could even telephone her.

When I saw her later in the week, she was in a depressed mood. She murmured, "What a life a doctor's wife must lead, never knowing when she can count on her husband."

In a sense it was true, of course, but she made it sound dismal. At a moment like that I simply couldn't ask her to become a doctor's wife. I'd put it off until to-night—thinking New Year's Eve would be cheerful and psychologically right. Now it was beginning to seem a more hopeless time than ever.

Norma's own existence—the worried far one of the Government

departments—was efficient, well ordered; she herself was the kind of person who knew exactly where she was going. How could I expect her to accept the endless uncertainties of a physician's wife?

"This Mike Wolcott," she said. "It's not a critical case, is it?"

"No-o. But I feel it's important."

Until a few months ago Mike Wolcott had been one of the city's brightest professional football stars. But in the 1st match of the season the defence had hit him like a bulldozer, and he'd gone down with a broken knee and a leg almost wrenched out of his body.

As far as football was concerned, Mike was through.

The result was a bitter state of mind. And I was sorry for the boy. I liked him. I liked the slim, red-headed schoolteacher he was going to marry.

She'd hovered over him at the hospital as though she were his mother. It seemed to me that a New Year's visit might help to buck up Mike's spirits. What's the use of healing a man's body if you leave him sick at heart?

I glanced at Norma. "Come up with me, will you? It's a sort of morale call." The truth was I didn't want her smoking herself to death in the car.

She shrugged in a resigned way. "Whatever you say."

A few minutes later, when I rang the bell of Mike Wolcott's flat, the slender redhead, Emily Haft, opened the door.

She seemed surprised. Also, she was pale, and I had the impression she had just been through an ordeal. But she welcomed Norma and me quickly, and we went inside.

"Happy New Year, Mike," I said.

Mike looked anything but happy. He sat in a deep chair, the bad leg stretched out on a hassock, the crutches propped against the wall.

He wore an old bathrobe over pyjamas. It was painful to remember that this six-foot-two, 13-stone body had been a thing of grace and speed and power.

I introduced Norma. We tried to be gay and friendly, but it was hard. These two young people were obviously on edge, and I finally asked, "Hey, what's the matter with you two?"

ILLUSTRATED  
BY TOMPSON



It was like opening floodgates. Emily Haft's eyes flared. "Doc," she said, "this crazy patient of yours—for months we've planned to be married next Sunday. Now he celebrates the New Year by telling me he's not going to marry me at all!"

I stared at Mike in astonishment.

He squirmed. "Doc, when I asked Em to marry me I wasn't a wreck! I had maybe three-four years of play ahead of me, and then a coaching job for a team as well. But now, I'll never get around fast enough even to coach. What've I got to offer a wife?"

Emily retorted, "He keeps thinking of that leg as the end of everything! I just can't make him see that the end of one thing means only the beginning of something else—maybe something better!"

"Well," Mike said harshly. "I won't marry her on hopes!"

I looked around at Norma. Her eyes were wide. I guessed she felt as I did—confused and hurt to see something like this being broken up.

For a while I didn't know what to do. I lit a cigarette. I listened to more argument. It must have been fully fifteen minutes before I had an idea.

"Mike," I asked, "how'd you like to be a sports announcer on the Federated Network?"

Mike's brief laugh was scornful. "Don't kid me, Doc."

I crossed the room to the telephone. I could still see Daniel Reiser, president of the Federated Network, weeping after I'd saved his child; standing in the dark hospital corridor late at night, hanging on to my arm and stammering, "I can't tell you how I feel, Doctor. If I can ever do anything for you—anything at all..."

With his daughter still in the hospital, I didn't think Reiser would be at a party. I dialled his number and looked at Mike.

Reiser was home, all right. He seemed delighted with my call. We exchanged New Year's wishes, and then I said, "I want to ask a favor, Mr. Reiser. You know Mike Wolcott, don't you?"

"By reputation, sure. Heard about his leg. Tough."

"Big name. Knows everything about sports. I'm standing beside him right now. Mr. Reiser, could you use him on your sports staff?"

There was a pause, then Reiser asked in a guarded voice, "You want me to do it?"

"Very much."

"Then you know the answer. Have him get in touch with me as soon as he's able. There'll be a job waiting."

"Thanks," I said. "I'll put him on. Will you tell him yourself?"

Afterwards, when Mike set down the telephone, his hand shook. He

told Emily the news in a husky voice, and when she dropped to her knees beside him you could see the world slip out of shadow into sunshine.

They looked at each other, their eyes so full of love and joy that it hurt to watch. I touched Norma's arm, picked up my hat.

Everything was going to be all right with these two. Just a matter of finding the right medicine...

Down in the car, before I started the engine, I glanced at Norma. Her face was thoughtful as she stared through the windshield, her eyes wide.

I looked at my watch and shook my head. "Five minutes to midnight," I said. "We can just make it to the Forbes' by the time the whistles blow."

Suddenly she caught my arm. "Don," she said, "I—I think I've been an awful fool. If there are any other patients you want to see to-night, it's all right with me."

I felt a warm wave of surprise and reassurance. I couldn't help grinning in delight, and I put my hand over hers.

Everything was going to be all right with us, too. As long as Norma recognised not only the hardships but the satisfactions of getting people back on their feet.

"No. I'm through with calls for to-night," I said. "From now on we celebrate. Want to make it a really happy New Year?"

"You bet."

"Then tell me how you feel now about being a doctor's wife."

"I think," she said, "it's going to be wonderful!"

(Copyright)

I stared at Mike in astonishment. "Look, Doc," he said, "when I asked Em to marry me I wasn't a wreck."



# SORRY SPECTACLE

FEDERAL PICTURES,  
Hollywood, California.

From Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity.

July 10, 1952.  
Air Mail.

Mr. George Seibert,  
Special Representative,  
Federal Pictures,  
Hotel Bankhead,  
Birmingham, Alabama.

Dear George,—George, what are you doing in Birmingham? Oh, I remember. I sent you down there. Anyway, forget it. I've got a rush job for you.

You no doubt know that lately we've been making more spectacles out here than a credit-plan optometrist. Great jillion-dollar pictures, one after another—"Samson and Delilah," "David and Bathsheba," "Quo Vadis"—all tremendous productions that cost four or five million dollars apiece to make.

And it may have occurred to you that this seems like a pretty silly thing to do when the box office is suffering from the blind staggers and cash is so of the essence.

Well, the reason, of course, is that the big pictures are the ones that are making the money. It takes such a terrific kick in the pants to get the citizens out of the house these days that the middle-budget pictures—our old standard cans of corn—just lie on the box-office floor, whining pitifully.

We pick up a small bundle on one of them now and then, and occasionally a little cheap film happens to catch on, but in general it's the big smashers that are bringing in the profits. If we shoot five million on a picture, we still take in fifteen.

Well, then, why don't we just make nothing but big ones and take in money by the carload? For one thing, there are only so many ideas on which to hang a big one. There have been only so many ladies named Cleopatra and so many little corporals named Napoleon.

Also, it has long been apparent to all that one of these days one of these five-million-dollar pictures was going to lay a five-million-dollar egg. And when and if that happened, whoever was responsible would naturally be given a severe reprimand and then be thrown into the bear pit at the Lincoln Park Zoo. Which would the unfortunate studio be? We all wondered.

Well, guess which? Lay it—cackle, cackle—we have done.

All due to somebody's misguided sense of humor around here. You have no idea what some of the bosses have been reading the past few years in the frantic search for big-picture stuff.

The number of Bibles to be found in the average Hollywood studio lately, for instance, would astound you. There are few more remarkable sights in this world than a Hollywood producer studiously reading the Bible, trying to find something he can use in a motion picture.

Anyway, as a Christmas present a couple of years ago, some unknown wag sent to our beloved executive producer, Harwell L. (Gus) Harwell, a copy of Bulfinch's "Mythology," with all that old Greek and Roman whoop-de-do in it. Here, said the card from the anonymous wag, were all sorts of really big picture ideas, and all free. Why didn't we make Homer's "Odyssey," for instance? That ought to sell well, particularly in Montana.

Well, Gus, of course, saw no humor in the thing at all. He took the book home that night, evidently puzzled out parts of it, and came back to the studio the next morning so excited he could hardly stand it. He sped into his office and began playing the buzzer systems on his desk like Jesse Crawford at the mighty Wurlitzer.

We were going to make Homer's immortal "Oh-dyssey," he cried; it had everything—Ulysses, Cyclops, them Lotus-eaters, Calypso, Nausicaa, all them Sirens, dozens of the cutest dames you ever heard of...





# An amusing Hollywood story by HANNIBAL COONS

And by nine-thirty, we were embarked on Culture.

And only a year later we had a script together and were ready to go. And it was at this point that fate dealt us a nasty blow. Gus tapped our newest wonder boy, Johnny Grant, to go over to Greece and direct and produce the thing. Which was all right so far, because Johnny is a pretty fair journeyman genius.

But then Gus, overcome by his new learning, lost his head and hired, as technical adviser, world-famous Bernard Lyle of Harvard, the greatest living authority on Greek mythology—and the man who, completely unknown to Gus, had been Johnny's most revered professor during Johnny's apprenticeship there.

With the result that old Lyle and Johnny had hardly settled themselves in their cabin for the trip across before this insidious Lyle started saying, "What a pity it is that we can't do this thing right."

So, on the way across, they tore up the script and wrote a new one of their own. And when they got to Greece, Johnny landed with a missionary gleam in his eye and, by driving everybody night and day, he managed to waste the whole four-million-dollar budget in a little over three months—on nearly four hours of the straightest Greek mythology anybody in this world has ever seen.

When Gus and the other heads of this place finally saw the picture, they let out a roar that frightened people in South Africa, and Johnny had no time for any explanation whatever; he barely made it out the door in a hail of ash-trays. They are now tracking him with bloodhounds and expect to have him located any day for hanging.

But that's water over the dam. Gus has since tried to do what he could with the mess. He's spent an extra million or so here, adding a big, phony-looking mechanical man to the Cyclops stuff and building up the scenes with them Sirens into something just this side of South Pacific.

But let me tell you, it's been dull going. The picture, as we're now ready to give up and release it, isn't whatever it was that Johnny had in mind; it isn't good Hollywood; it's just nothing. Two hours and forty-five minutes of absolutely nothing.

When they asked me what I thought could be done with it, I said the only thing I could see to do was to let everybody in free and pick up what money we could renting pillows and blankets, like train porters. They didn't seem to appreciate that, so I retired to my own office and thought further.

And suddenly I had it. Or at least part of it. First we will make about a million prints of the thing and announce to the public that as our contribution to national defence we are going to release this great epic of entertainment generally, at popular prices, rather than road-show it for several years, as it so richly deserves, at several dollars per ticket.

Then, praying for clear weather, we will open the thing in every theatre we can find, in every town

in the country, on the same day. By this system, by the time the early viewers can make it home to tell the others to for Heaven's sakes stay away from the Bijou, we will already have stolen quite a bit of money. Maybe enough to get us partly off the hook.

I will, of course, make all the opening ads very "big picture"—just the name of our production, the time at which you will be allowed to see it if you're properly dressed, etc. For a few days, this dignified approach invariably fools 'em.

But by the fourth day of this one, believe me, the girls in the box offices will be back to reading their continued stories. And then, son, if you and I are going to continue to get paid, one of us is going to have to come up with something really inspired.

Got any ideas? Any *fast* ideas? In haste, Dick.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood,  
Calif.

*Have an excellent idea. Let's try raising Chinchillas. The ads say you can do it in any spare hallway or closet, and make money hand over fist. The only thing that puzzles me is, if they are so easy to raise, why are Chinchilla coats so expensive? But Dick, we can work that out as we go along. Just send me enough money for the first healthy pair.*  
—George.

Federal Pictures,  
Hollywood, California.  
From Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity.

July 13, 1952  
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert,  
Special Representative,  
Federal Pictures,  
Hotel Bankhead,  
Birmingham, Alabama.  
Dear George:

Boy, if there's one thing in this world that's depressing it's somebody with a sense of humor. Ha! Ha! Ha! The one time I appeal to you for a little executive aid, what do I get?—that same old frayed page out of College Humor.

But you'll be happy to know that your gay wit hasn't delayed things at all. Knowing that you'd be about as much help as a rubber crutch, I went right ahead thinking. In an executive way.

And I've got it. Shut up and listen.

You know the great Arthur Samuels, the dean of American dramatic critics? Well, old Samuels has been accusing Hollywood for twenty years of not making any contribution to Culture. And up to now, I am sorry to say, we have not been able to think up a reply.

Well, I have now thought of one. We open "The Odyssey" on July twentieth. On the fourth day of the run, July twenty-third, when the people start staying away in droves, I will address to Mr. Samuels an amazing telegram.

I will say: "Hah, Samuels, we finally answered your plea for Culture. We spent five million dollars making Homer's immortal 'Odyssey'

—with what result? Nobody is coming to see it. Nobody. Yesterday, in Three Fingers, Wyoming," I will say, "the total day's take was three dollars and eighty cents; in Oklahoma City, a full-grown deer was shot in the balcony—at a picture which cost us five million dollars to make. Hah, Samuels," I will say, "Culture—hah!"

I will sign this telegram with the name of our great producer, Mr. Harwell. And, after dispatching it to Samuels, I will dispatch verbatim copies to every Hollywood columnist, to every dramatic critic in the country, and to the AP, the UP and INS.

I will then sit back while all hell breaks loose. The fact that we have admitted publicly that business is bad on any new big picture, for any reason whatever, will astound one and all; and hundreds of panting columnists and newsmen will rush to their typewriters and microphones—half to boost us as a hero, half to condemn us as a traitor. But all writing and speaking in simple English and without charge.

And old Samuels—harumph, harumph—the key to the whole thing, will mount his creaking pulpit and blast America from coast to coast for not supporting Culture.

"Better pictures we have asked for," he will cry, "and here is the better picture we have demanded; yet we are not supporting it. Attend!" he will cry.

And why will America's greatest dramatic critic perform this astounding service for us? Because I will trap him into blasting away without seeing the picture.

By now, you see, the great Samuels is ensconced in his plush-lined away-down at Key West. He heads down there every year at this time, when he and Broadway both gasp so close, and I hear that while he is there he hardly ventures out the front door, even to get the morning paper. And so, when we release this great picture in our nation-wide shotgun blast on July twentieth, I will make it as easy as possible for him to see it by not showing it anywhere nearer Key West than, say, Memphis.

If he wants to see it, even after he gets the telegram, he will, unfortunately, have to take quite a drive. Knowing his vacation habits as I do, I am confident he won't. He will turn over and go back to sleep, figuring that I—Harwell—can be safely ignored. Nuts to me.

Sadder words were never spoken. Because, within a matter of minutes, all sorts of people will be frantically calling him for front-page statements, putting him in the unhappy position of either saying something without seeing the picture or of admitting that he doesn't know anything about it.

Which for the great Arthur Samuels would be unthinkable. Arthur Samuels knows all about everything, at all times. Believe me, the only thing he can possibly do is accept my astounding telegram at face value and automatically start yelping from the ridgepole about Culture. Attend, Cleveland! Attend, East St. Louis!

And by the time the great hoorah dies down, forty jillion people will have paid their way in to see "The Odyssey," just to see if it's any good or not, and we will take in and stack up, as I figure it, at least twelve million dollars.

And after everybody gets a good look at what I have trapped noisy old Samuels into endorsing, nobody in this world will ever pay any attention to him again. We can then get back to the picture business in some peace.

Isn't it a beauty?

And here is all I want you to do: Rush to Key West and stroll around town, calling softly, "Movies—movies..." When an elderly man comes to the window and spits, that will be Samuels.

Pause, lurk about, and make definitely sure of his plans. Maybe he has an old, trusted, easily bribed servant. At any rate, make sure exactly where he will be on the afternoon of July twenty-third. And exactly how I should address the telegram to him to insure instant delivery.

And that is all—repeat, all—I want you to do. But do it at once. The fate of worlds depends on it.

Best,  
Dick.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood,  
Calif.

*Would love to join this short tour of Culture, but as luck would have it I'm for a game of snooker.—George.*

George Seibert,  
Hotel Bankhead, Birmingham, Ala.

*George, look, we've done that. Just shut up and go.—Dick.*

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood,  
Calif.

*Dick boy, hearken. I do these things only to slow you down a little. When we start invading these upper cultural circles, we are going dangerously out of our class. That Arthur Samuels even understands ballet. Let*

To page 10



While Samuels was busy attacking the constabulary at the front door, Johnny, Lyle, and George made a bee-line for the back.

ILLUSTRATED BY

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY—January 6, 1954

Page 9

Dunlop





## How to pay without cash

Of course, you cannot pay without money. But there is no need to keep cash (notes and coin) in the house to pay your weekly household accounts. It's much safer — and more convenient — to pay by Bank of New South Wales cheque.

Ask the manager of your local branch of the "Wales" for full particulars of how to open and operate your own personal cheque account.

## BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

AS12C



As only MUM contains the new ingredient M3 against odour-forming bacteria...only MUM can prolong after-bath freshness all day and protect you from odours which offend.

keeps you nice to be near

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

us think up something not so heavily laden with dynamite.—George.

George Seibert, Hotel Statler, Birmingham, ALA.

Well, you've taken a great weight off my shoulders. Lou Bentley has been after me daily to cut down the staff and I finally see where I can save some money.—Dick.

Richard L. Reed, Federal Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.

Leaving now.—George.

Hotel Statler, New York, New York, July 13, 1952. Air Mail Special.

Mr. Richard L. Reed, Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures, Hollywood, California.

Dear Dick:—I hope you won't be too surprised that I have reached New York on my way from Birmingham to Key West. This seeming error of navigation is due to my having found that in these brilliant sorters of yours you are prone to go off, shall we say, a little half-cooked. Whereas I, being a former military man (Pfc.), like somewhat fuller reconnaissance. Before galloping off to Florida, therefore, I grabbed a passing plane up here to do a little personal checking up on our victim.

And it is a good thing that I did! What a mistake you were about to make! Whew!

Dick, I knew you were desperate, but where did you get this idea that you could keep Arthur Samuels from getting the low-down on a picture by just not showing it near his vacation spot? Just as I feared, you turn out to be sadly in error.

You certainly know that most of those Hollywood columnists out there have all sorts of tireless assistants; what made you think that anyone as important as Arthur Samuels did all his own work?

At any rate, a mere five-minute walk around town discloses the horrifying truth that Mr. Samuels maintains a thriving office here at all times, staffed by every variety of capable assistant, male, female, short, tall, and including the Scandinavian.

When he got your great telegram, all in the world he would have to do would be to grasp his telephone, call his office here, and in a trice he would have every hideous fact regarding your picture. And he would then indeed mount his ridge-pole and blast you right out across Catalina Island. In other words, it was a bouncy idea, but it won't work.

Is there anything else you'd like me to do here before I head back to Birmingham?

As ever, George.

George Seibert, Hotel Statler, New York, N.Y.

It seems that everybody in this world has at least one capable assistant except me. Here I am. Having more trouble on this fool odyssey than Ulysses had, and all you can say is too bad, it can't be done. Nuts to that. Do it. Bribe his infernal assistants. Intercept the call. Cut the phone line at Miami. Don't just sit there. Do something.

Richard L. Reed.

Hotel Statler, New York, New York, July 14, 1952. Air Mail Special.

Mr. Richard L. Reed, Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures, Hollywood, California.

Dear Mr. Reed, Sir:

Has anybody ever thought of naming a battleship after you? I know they're usually named only for States, but in your case I think they might make an exception. You're so unsinkable.

When I got your heartening wire, I naturally first called down to room service for some poison. But they insisted in knowing whether I wanted beverage room service, or food

## Continuing . . . Sorry Spectacle

from page 9

room service, so I told them to forget it.

And striding briskly about the room, I got to thinking, Maybe, just maybe.

And suddenly I grasped my own phone. Two could play at this game. If we were worried about Samuels calling here, the thing to do was to forestall it by calling there.

And in a whistitch I had a call through to Arthur Samuels at Key West, Florida.

"Mr. Samuels," I said, speaking in a low, confidential tone, "this is George Seibert in New York, and I think you're an old donkey."

"What is it? What is it?" he said. "Speak up, boy, speak up!"

"Blub blub blub blub blub," I said, and hung up!

So far, it worked! Once again, full reconnaissance had paid off. The old goat was deaf.

I had heard this around town, but I always believe in checking these things personally.

I hung up, therefore, with vast relief. The rumors were true. For at least ten years, people here say, Samuels has really not heard one line of the dialogue he has so acidly criticized. Even with his concealed hearing aid turned up to full military power, he can bring in only a faint buzz from the stage. It doesn't bother him a bit.

He goes blithely on, making his sweeping white-tie entrances at all the opening nights and blasting every third play out of existence. He blandly denies even the existence of any hearing aid, and by now he is such a national institution that the citizens are helpless.

Occasional Broadway wits enjoy slapping him on his batteries when they ask how are things, but other than that no one has been able to do a thing about him.

Till now, I think maybe I've got the old boy in my sights.

Here's the plan. I will get a projection outfit and a print of the picture from our distribution office here, and then head posthaste for Florida. I will take nearly all of the tubes out of the speaker unit and turn the rest down to the merest whisper.

I will then call upon Mr. Samuels in his hideaway, and I will speak as follows: "Beloved Mr. Samuels," I will say, shouting into his tie clasp, which is really his hearing button, "we come on bended knee because we are in a terrible quandary. We finally acted upon your gracious advice; we have spent five million dollars making Homer's immortal Odyssey—a truly Cultural motion picture. But now that we are about to release it, we have suddenly got the queasies, because we are afraid that somebody in the audience will shout 'Where's Roy Rogers?' or 'Hi-vo Ulysses!' and we will get laughed out of town."

And if that happens, nobody in Hollywood will ever dare attempt culture again. Mr. Samuels, I will yell. "The Odyssey just has to be a success, or Hollywood will go back into the Dark Ages of more gangster pictures. Just look at this great picture, sir." I will say, starting to blubber.

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 5000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1089W, G.P.O., Sydney.

I will then leap up and start the performance, the sound so faint it could be heard only by a fairly young burro. As it starts, I will scribble a note and hand it to him: Sorry the sound is so loud, but there's just no way to turn it down. And if my reports on his horrible trickery are true, he will nod sagely and frantically fiddle with his controls, trying to hear anything at all. Thus missing most of the picture.

During the showing, I will pass him other little notes, such as: Did you ever hear such dialogue! Pure Homer. And when it ends, I will regretfully shut off the machine, brush away a tear and shout, "Inspiring, wasn't it? We just wanted you to know that we tried."

And shaking his somewhat puzzled hand, I will take my



"She'll be down in a minute. She's upstairs putting on her figure!"

picture, and my machine, and go.

And then, when you shoot your great telegram, he will at least think that he knows all about it, he will climb on the band wagon without a backward glance, and we will have a promotion that will set this country on its ear.

What a lucky thing it was that I was available to help you with this mad project.

As ever,

George.

P.S. If you have any other pictures you'd like Samuels to see, air express them to me at Key West. While I've got him eating out of our hand we might as well knock off several birds with one rock.

George Seibert, Hotel Statler, New York, New York.

I'll knock you off with one rock. Don't you dare show that picture to Samuels. I don't care how deaf he is; he could smell this one. Look, just forget the whole thing. I'm getting that awful feeling that I never should have got you in on this one. Go back to Birmingham. Or go to Hongkong. Only don't go anywhere near Key West. Do you hear me?

Dick.

Richard L. Reed, Federal Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.

Certainly I hear you. It's Samuels that's deaf, not me. And, boy, with me orders are orders. Key West trip definitely off. Yes, sir.

George.

Richard L. Reed, Federal Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.

George just in here and talked Witherspoon out of print of Odyssey to show to some dramatic critic. How come? Lou Bentley gave definite orders no Odyssey print to be let out or even shown to anyone before release date. Sending Bentley full report. Refuse to get caught in the middle over something that isn't my fault.

Sid Silvers.

Printed by Condens Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Chatterleigh Street, Sydney.

Sid Silvers, Federal Pictures Distrib. Off., New York, New York.

George acting on own knuckle-headed initiative, naturally. Has for first time definitely disobeyed a direct order. Find him immediately, grab back that print, pin him to the ground with a forked stick and wire me at once.

Richard L. Reed.

Richard L. Reed, Federal Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.

George checked out of hotel here leaving no trace.

Sid Silvers.

Hotel Statler, New York, New York, July 13, 1952. Air Mail Special.

Mr. Richard L. Reed, Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures, Hollywood, California.

Dear Dick:

Before I leave here, I want to get off a short note to let you know of my plans.

And whatever happens, don't ever say that I am disobeying an order. I am not. Your order was for me not to go near Key West. Okay, I am not going near Key West. Samuels is coming up here.

It was the luckiest thing imaginable. Right after I'd wired you my bounden promise not to go attack old Samuels in his Florida lair, I called his office here just to find out if there would be anyone in attendance over the weekend. I like to know these things, because there is always the chance that I will need something at an odd hour. I have, once or twice.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, a chatty sort—possibly due to the fact that I had told her I was Oscar Hammerstein — "there will certainly be someone in the office this weekend, because Mr. Samuels will be in town."

"He will?" I said, my toes starting a strange jungle vibration.

"Yes," she said, "he gets in this afternoon and he'll be here through Monday. He's coming up for Sam Abbott's wedding."

"Well, thank you very much," I said, "and good luck to Sam."

And as soon as I could get the phone hung up, I sped off across town. If Samuels was suddenly being brought to me, after my promising not to go to him, it could only mean that I was supposed to go ahead and show him the picture. You can't ignore sheer fate. Particularly since I could now do it without in any way disobeying your orders. As I see it.

As soon as I mail this, therefore, I will change hotels; just so you can't throw a loop around me till I get my business done; and I will hasten over to the distribution office and talk them out of a print and a projector.

I will then lie in wait for old Samuels somewhere, till I can somehow catch him alone and defenceless long enough to make him think that he's seen this picture. And don't worry. Nobody will see the picture but me and Samuels, and nobody will hear it but me, I assure you. Almost by the time you get this, I will have everything here completely under control.

As ever,

George.

Richard L. Reed, Federal Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.

Run for the hills! Made perfectly innocent date to show old Samuels the picture tomorrow night at his house out at Southampton, and now I hear he has invited every dramatic, movie, and even music and ballet, critic in New York. A veritable symposium of Culture. Whew. But don't worry, I'll

To page 26



# WOMEN WHO MADE NEWS IN 1953



QUEEN SALOTE of Tonga attended the Coronation, taking part in the procession, during which she captured the London crowd by braving the rain in an open landau. Salote, 6 feet 3 inches tall, is of an ancient family.

• For inspiring loyalty or discussion, for making history, for winning success, or for making happy marriages, these ten women were important figures in the past year.



QUEEN ELIZABETH, magnificent in robes and crown, leant forward in her golden coach to acknowledge the cheers of millions on Coronation Day. Five months later she and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, left their homeland and children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, for their long-awaited tour of Australia and New Zealand.



PRINCESS MARGARET aroused world-wide interest when her name was linked with Group-Captain Peter Townsend. He was equerry to the Queen Mother when the romance started, and is now at the British Embassy in Brussels.



LADY HILLARY, formerly viola student Louise Rose, married fellow New Zealander Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Everest. She is now in England with him, where he is making a lecture tour on his Himalayan experiences.



SHIRLEY ABICAIR, singer, zither-player, and TV star, arrived in London from Australia a year ago with her individual talent and five pounds in the bank. Only 22 on arrival, her popularity now earns her £300 a week.



MARJORIE JACKSON, M.B.E., the "Lithgow Flash," married Olympic cyclist Peter Nelson in November. She met him at the 1952 Games in Helsinki, where she set two records.



"GRANNY" CONWAY, at 63, drove 6500 miles in the cross-country Redex Reliability Trial. Holder of a license since 1913, her courage won her delighted admiration.



COURT CASE OF THE YEAR, involving the future of a baby boy, was waged between his unwed mother, bus-conductress Joan Murray (left), and Mrs. Gloria Mace (right). Miss Murray appealed against the unique judgment, which granted Mrs. Mace and her husband the right to adopt the boy without his mother's consent. Miss Murray has never seen her son.



MRS. VIJAYA PANDIT, of India, this year became the first woman president of the United Nations General Assembly. She holds the gavel with which she calls delegates to order. She is 53 and has three daughters.



# Negro Giants, stars of U.S. basketball team



NAT "SWEET-WATER" CLIFTON



FRANK WASHINGTON



MARQUES HAYNES

*Straight after the Davis Cup Challenge Round, Koo yong Centre Court, Melbourne, will be again the scene of tense excitement, when the Harlem Globetrotters, a team of giant U.S. Negro basketball players, make their Australian debut.*

ON their Australian tour the Harlem Globetrotters will have as their opponents the Boston Whirlwinds, one of America's finest professional basketball teams.

These two teams share the honor of playing before the largest basketball crowd in the history of the game, one of more than 75,000 in Berlin in 1951.

The Globetrotters, affectionately known as "The Trotters," are eight big, amiable, dusky boys, who all come from Chicago and to whom the word "Harlem" means little more than hot jazz.

Last year 3,000,000 spectators on four continents paid almost £2,000,000 to watch a five-man team of these Negro athletes dribble and manoeuvre a bouncing ball with lightning speed past their opponents and place it with deadly accuracy in a basket-like goal.

For the Trotters have a professional tour itinerary each year that makes Frank Sedgman's programme look like a school concert. Last year they travelled 60,000 miles.

They fly to most of their destinations, but some of their mileage is covered by jeep, truck, bus, and even on foot. They live out of suitcases, move into hotels for a night, or sometimes just a few hours, and then move out again. They have to eat exotic and occasionally disagreeable foods for weeks or even months on end.

Last year in Venezuela, South America, they played an afternoon match in a valley city, bundled themselves straight afterwards on to a rickety bus with worn brakes, and went thousands of feet up to Caracas, where it was 40 degrees cooler.

Caracas citizens were waiting for the match to begin at the stadium. The Trotters were tired. Couldn't they have a rest, they asked the officials. Better not, they were told. Why not? Well, seniors, the officials explained, the natives of Caracas were excitable people and wanted to see the match. If they didn't see it soon anything was likely to happen.

The Trotters played, won, and caught a plane immediately for Panama City, where they played again that night. The following morning they were in Cuba.

And if you have the idea that basketball is a game played only at girls' schools, a kind of fancy variation of "touch-you-last," you are in for a shock when you see it played by the Trotters and the Whirlwinds.

Professional basketball is a fast-moving, exciting game requiring toughness and stamina. And if gate takings are any indication, it is becoming one of the world's most popular spectator sports.

Each side has a team of five men and the object of the game is to place the ball in the home goal, a net suspended 10ft. from the ground. Each net counts two points. A game lasts 60 minutes.

The ball cannot be carried for more than one pace, but may be moved from one end of the court to the other by bouncing it at each stride, or it may be passed to a team-mate sideways, forwards, or backwards.

The Trotters are famed for their polished, brilliant style of play. They usually outclass opposing teams, but spectators become so absorbed in the game that they don't mind.

They are also well known for their skylarking, which they call "showboatin'." They like to pile on an enormous score and then bring out their comedy routines.

They are all accomplished clowns when the mood takes them, the most accomplished being gangling "Goose" Tatum, who once "ate the ball" by substituting a specially baked spherical loaf of bread for the real ball. While the convulsed audience cheered he solemnly munched his way through the loaf.

Towards finishing time Tatum will seize the ball, jump on to a team-mate's back and wildly pick-a-back down to the goal post, neatly place the ball in the net, and peer after it short-sightedly to see whether it has gone down the right way.

Each player is expert at one trick or another. Frank Washington likes to roll the ball up one arm, across his neck, and down the other arm. Another favorite gag of his is to bounce the ball towards the goal at furious speed and then flop on to the ground and calmly spin the ball on his index finger.

Once when they were in France the Trotters played in pouring rain. Rather than dis-



AUSTRALIAN Peter Mullins, who will play basketball with the Boston Whirlwinds against the Harlem Globetrotters, is a graduate of the Washington State College, Pullman, U.S.

appoint the crowds, they bobbed, weaved, and ran in the mud, dressed in old neck-to-knee bathing suits. The irrepressible Tatum scored a goal carrying an umbrella.

Abe "Boss" Saperstein, owner-coach of the team, is a former professional player himself. The Trotters adore him, call him "Pops," "Dad," or "The Little Caesar." He started the team in 1922.

In the first few years before the Trotters were established as a team, the going wasn't easy. They played in the early

days for low "gates"; in Alaska in the blizzards and in California in blinding heat. They travelled in a broken-down car and often slept in the fields because they didn't have the price of a bed.

They played before audiences of 12 or 14, who demanded their money back if they didn't like the game—and got it. They appeared before Arizona Indians, who watched them in stony, unnering silence.

Now the Trotters have become a 1,000,000-dollar enter-



TIME OFF FOR CLOWNING. Louis Pressley of the Globetrotters perches on a team-mate's shoulders for a basket-try during a match at Madison Square Garden in New York.





**BOB KARSTENS** (front left), coach of the Boston Whirlwinds, instructs his team on strategy. The Whirlwinds are an all-white American college players' team, which is touring with the Globetrotters and is expected to provide some tough opposition. First match between the two teams will be played at Kooyong centre court, Melbourne.

prise, with luxurious headquarters in Chicago and New York.

Teams change every few years, but Abe Saperstein is always there.

Most Trotters earn about £4500 yearly, and stars like Tatum about £12,000. Some are now men of property. This is mainly due to Abe, who looks after their investments and advises them on financial deals.

The Boston Whirlwinds, who will oppose the Trotters, feature an array of former U.S. college stars and one Australian.

The Australian is Peter Mullins, who has an impressive sporting record and since 1950 has been in America studying at the Washington State College, Pullman, of which he is now an honors graduate.

Peter, who attended the Marist Brothers' School, Darlinghurst, N.S.W., was a fine schoolboy athlete. In the juvenile high jump he cleared 5ft. at the age of 13, a record that still stands.

He also represented his school at inter-collegiate carnivals, was a brilliant freestyle swimmer over 50 yards, and played A Grade cricket.

In 1946 he was vice-captain of the first N.S.W. basketball team, and in 1948 he went to England for the London Olympics, where he won sixth place in the decathlon championships. The same year he won the N.S.W. Javelin Title.

He continued to play basketball and captained the N.S.W. team and was a member of the national team in 1949.

Shortly after, he went to the U.S. on a college scholarship. He intends to return to America after his Australian tour with the Whirlwinds to take a higher degree.

The Whirlwinds are coached and managed by Bob Karstens, who was a star player for two decades and can still double for a player if the need arises. He is one of basketball's most experienced and capable personalities.

Since they began playing the professional circuit five

seasons ago, the Whirlwinds have improved themselves to the point where their present team is regarded as second only to the Harlem Globetrotters.

Their travels have taken them to all parts of America and adjoining countries, and also to Europe, North Africa, and the Near East.

Besides the actual basketball matches, Australian audiences will be entertained at half-time by specialty acts.

Travelling with the two teams are skilled performers, including table-tennis players Doug Cartland and Marty Reisman, hoop artist Ray Wilbert, and unicyclist and juggler Jacques Cordon.

These entertainers are old Globetrotter fixtures, and their specialty acts are said to be among the finest of their class in the world.

Doug Cartland and Marty Reisman, both high rankers in the table tennis world with many national and international titles to their credit,

can play a deadly serious game which has onlookers gasping at their speed and cleverness.

They can also indulge in ribtickling comedy that reduces the crowd to helpless laughter.

Ray Wilbert is a brilliant hoop manipulator, who has been featured in music halls all over the world.

He began juggling bicycle wheels in his father's bicycle shop at the age of six and was soon doing unusual tricks with them. That was the beginning of the skill which has given him so successful a career in show business.

He had his first professional engagement at the age of 11, when a show visiting his home town, Niagara Falls, hired him to do his tricks between acts of a drama.

Word soon reached theatrical agents in the large cities and by the time he was 14 he was rated as a first-class novelty act.

Jacques Cordon was a cham-

pion cyclist and track star in his native France. Abe Saperstein discovered him performing in a circus in Europe and put him under contract. Together Abe and Jacques worked out the spectacular unicyclist and juggling act to be seen at the Globetrotters' matches.

After leaving Melbourne, where they are scheduled to play four matches, the basketball teams are due to appear at the Sportsground, Newcastle, N.S.W. They will then move on to Brisbane, and later in January return to Sydney.

In Sydney they will be seen at the Sportsground, where the recent Carruthers-Gault World Bantamweight Championship was held.

The teams may also visit western towns in New South Wales, such as Lithgow, Dubbo, and Broken Hill.

Adelaide will also see the Globetrotters and the Whirlwinds, and plans are going ahead for a fixture at Woomera, S.A.

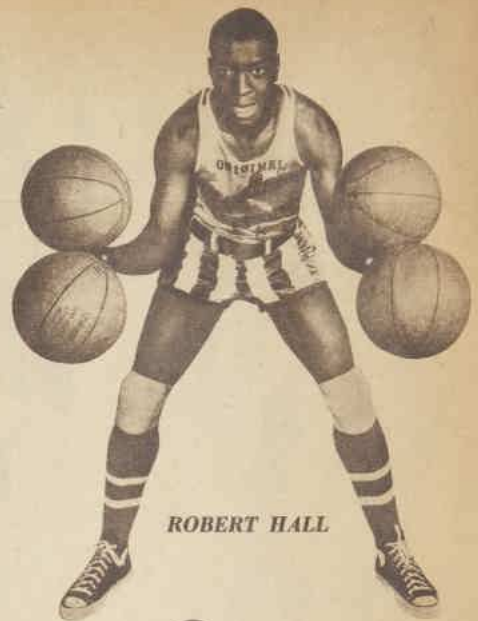
When Abe Saperstein announced the Australian tour in New York City, he said cheerily, "If they ask us to play a team of trained kangaroos in the middle of the Woomera Rocket Range at the same time as they are letting off an atom bomb, all we want to know is what time the game is and we'll be there."

He said this jokingly. It never occurred to him that the Australians would take him up on it.

But they did. As promotion manager of the Globetrotters, Harry Hennin, was closing his Press conference in Adelaide he had a telegram from the Woomera Men's Basketball Association, calling Abe's bluff.

Abe was not disconcerted. He prides himself on the fact that the Trotters always live up to their word even when the word is said in jest.

So, if it's possible, the Trotters will be taking up the challenge and will make their appearance before Australia's defence workers at Woomera.



**ROBERT HALL**



**BILL "ROOKIE" BROWN**



**SAMMY GEE**



**UNICYCLIST AND JUGGLER.** Frenchman Jacques Cordon, who will appear on the Globetrotters' programme, has made his clever act famous throughout America and Europe.





**PARADED BEFORE ROYALTY.** The Queen Mother stops to chat to models at the Royal Dress Show put on by London's Big Ten fashion designers. Third from the left, standing, is Eileen Cavalla, cockney barrow-girl and bus clippie, groomed in two days for the show by designer Mattli. Princess Margaret accompanied the Queen Mother.

## Cockney "sparrow" flies high in fashion world

Two days' drill, a haircut, and a facial sufficed to turn London barrow-girl Eileen Cavalla into the conquest of this year's Royal Dress Show held by London's Big Ten fashion designers.

It was a private Royal viewing. To the models, hand-picked for it from the most exclusive salons, it was as great an honor as taking a bow at the Royal Film Performance is to a film star.

The transformation of Eileen was like turning a raffish cockney sparrow into a peacock. For Eileen Cavalla shone out as the most glamorous clothespeg in a file of top-line English models who paraded before the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret in the newest finery created by Mayfair's bigwig fashion designers.

Only two days before, Eileen had been clattering up and down the steps of a double-decker London bus, collecting fares and swapping wisecracks as only a cockney girl can with the clientele of London Bus Route No. 77.

Her passengers were a mixed bag—howler hats and striped pants for Whitehall, housewives from Lambeth nursing their carryalls, cap-and-choker gents for the south side of the River.

Before she became a trousered clippie, Eileen was best known as one of the noisier voices of Soho's colorful vegetable market.

She had a barrow there, sold marrows and cabbages and fruit beside the littered kerbside, and beneath her winsome curves she owned lungs of brass and a heart of gold, not to mention the spirit that flowers uniquely within the sound of Bow Bells.

"Ere y'are—thrippence a pahnd, 'taters!"

"Tomatoes, 'ari a pahnd fer tenpence!"

And at night, after a hard day's bargaining and clamoring for custom, she helped trundle the barrow home.

When her father fell ill, she worked thirteen hours a day to keep the family of six.

Soho knew Eileen as the Belle of the Barrow-Girls. When this title hit the papers, with a picture of her flaunting a marrow in one hand and sweeping back her long golden hair with the other, the talent scouts came sloping by with offers of stage and film jobs.

She treated them with incredulous scorn. The post brought her 600 proposals of

marriage. She ignored them.

Instead, the Belle of the Barrow-Girls took a job washing cars. She became Miss Gorgeous of the Garage Trade, and then the Belle of Bus Route 77 when she decided to become a clippie.

A few weeks ago one of London's top designers, Mattli, was heard loudly complaining that he had lost the services of one of his top models, Sarah Chester-Beatty, a society lovely.

And the Royal Dress Show was coming up, too.

Eileen read an evening-paper snippet about it. She

By  
**BILL STRUTTON,**  
of our London staff

announced to her family that she was going after that job as a model.

"Garn!" they chorused. "Oo do you think you are? Barbara Goalen?"

On her day off, Eileen got into her best dress and knocked on the door of Mattli in swanky Upper Grosvenor Street.

Eileen told herself Mattli could only say "no," but two days later a telegram flopped through the slit in the front door of the Cavalla council house.

Mr. Mattli would like Eileen to call again.

Designer Mattli said afterwards, "Immediately I saw her I knew she was the answer to all my hopes. She has a perfect model figure. She is 5ft. 7in. tall, has a 35-inch bust, 22-inch waist, and 35-inch hips. And so lovely!"

But the right measurements and a lovely face aren't enough to turn a barrow-girl-car-washer-clippie into a mannequin for one of the top houses. So Mattli and his wife—herself an ex-model—took Eileen home for the weekend.

They put her through hours of gruelling training, walking up and down, turning correctly, learning poise with the painful incentive of a sharp pencil rammed tight in her belt at the back.

"Don't try anything fabulous," they warned her. "Just push your hips forward. Keep you head up."

Confessed Eileen. "Every time I moved, I creaked. They put a hat on my head and I just walked and walked. I must have covered miles in



**A CLOSE-UP** of Eileen wearing the dress in which she paraded. It was made for society beauty Sarah Chester-Beatty, who formerly modelled for Mattli. The dress is made of grey brocaded taffeta with raindrop beading.

the lounge of the Mattlis' flat."

She was faced with a big sacrifice. She swallowed hard and submitted to their persuasions to cut off her long, curly, golden hair—to "shape" it into a feather bob.

They filed and painted her work-chipped nails. They darkened her lashes. They altered the shape of her mouth into the sophisticated and somewhat disdainful lines favored by the leading models.

They changed her name to Valentine.

It was a much-transformed Eileen who stood in the regal line of Mayfair beauties and curtsied in her turn as the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret passed them.

Up until the last moment, Mattli hadn't dared tell her he had been grooming her for the Royal Dress Show in case her nerve failed her.

"Me? Nervous? Huh!" she said afterwards. But her hands were still trembling.

She stood in the dress designed for Sarah Chester-Beatty to wear—a cocktail dress of grey brocaded taffeta, beaded with steel-grey "rain-

drops"—then walked across the £1000 carpet of the fabulous Hampstead house where the show took place to pirouette before Royalty, seated smiling and approving in red-and-gold Regency chairs.

Her only thought was, "I hope this dress doesn't burst. It wasn't made for me."

The dress show was held in the great Hampstead home of Lady Clark, president of the Fashion Designers' Society.

Plainclothes police looked on as the models paraded wearing a quarter of a million pounds' worth of jewellery.

Immediately it was over, TV cameramen and Press photographers swarmed towards the Belle of the Royal Dress Show.

"Just one more shot for me, Cinderella!" an agency photographer implored her urgently. He knelt with his camera angled upward.

Eileen—sorry, Valentine—turned her dazzling smile on him and struck a stately pose.

"All right, ay?" she asked cheekily.

She looked as though she had been a Mattli model all her days.



**AS A CLIPPIE** on London buses Eileen had a ready answer for passengers who joked with her.





## Reflections—

Fine furniture reflecting the sunlight or the warm glow from the fire... fine glass and silver mirrored in the smooth gleam of polished wood... Maintain the beauty of your furniture by giving it the lasting polish of LIQUID VENEER. Just a touch of LIQUID VENEER cleans, beautifies and preserves highly finished surfaces and adds years to the life of your furniture. Good for motor cars too. LIQUID VENEER is obtainable at all good class hardware stores.

## LIQUID VENEER

PRICES 4 oz. 2/11, 12 oz. 5/9.  
Australian Distributors:  
FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.  
36/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



## 15 hairsets for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET  
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlpet—squeeze Curlpet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlpet for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET  
C.N.S.

for CUTS  
and BRUISES  
USE THE ONE AND ONLY SAFE EFFECTIVE



Vaseline is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. U.S.A.

To REMOVE SMOKE STAINS



Plus DETERGENT

# Worth Reporting

WE sat for several hours in the second row of the Y.M.C.A. Concert Hall, in Sydney, clapping as 226 students from the College of Retailing stepped up to receive prizes and certificates from Sir Norman Nock, President of the Retail Traders' Association of N.S.W.

Each of the students, we found, worked in a store during the day, and studied at night—learning about such things as General Salesmanship, Business Psychology, Electrical Retailing, Hardware Merchandise, and Business English.

Miss Maureen Bridle (who founded the College in 1936), wearing a long chartreuse dress and a flashing engagement ring, informed us that she was leaving to be married, and that Miss Shirley Wood would be taking her place in 1954.

Seeking more information, we found Parisian-born Jeanine Brent—one of last year's 927 students—showing French and Australian friends a Junior Diploma certificate, and her prize for topping the term in Fashion.

From Mademoiselle Brent we passed on to Mr. George Lambert, a grey-haired gentleman who had just won third prize for Electrical Retailing.

"I haven't been in retailing long," said Mr. Lambert, after we'd asked him how he happened to be a student when the average age of others seemed no more than 20.

"Oh!" we said, "what were you doing before?"

"Actually," replied Mr. Lambert, in an English accent, "I was in prison."

We gulped, and murmured a non-committal "Oh?"

"I was the accountant for the women's prison at Holloway, near London," Mr. Lambert continued. "After I migrated to Australia I thought I'd go into retailing. I like it better than my last job, too."

## History in the Post Office

BILLY HUGHES' deaf aid, the microphone from Kingsford Smith's plane "Southern Cross," a Coronation mailbag, and the lightning conductor from the top of the Sydney G.P.O. clock are items which jostle with old letters and manuscripts in the office of Mr. E. Walter, Historical Officer of the G.P.O., Sydney.

Mr. Walter, who sits all day in an 80-year-old cedar chair, working on the postal past, asked us whether we knew that:

- Letter carriers once wore black silk hats with gold lace bands.
- Two camels used to pull the mail coach during a drought in western N.S.W.
- Years ago (longer than we can remember) telephone calls were free.
- In the early 1900's a "lady attendant" (telephonist) could be fined one shilling for looking away from her work.
- Anyone who smoked was made to work an extra three hours.



"Mind speaking a little louder, Mac? I can't hear you."

## Contrasts in Peru

HOLDING oxygen tubes in their mouths "because the plane was not pressurised," Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Walker, of Windsor, N.S.W., flew at a height of 20,000 feet over the Andes from Lima to Cuzco, ancient capital of Peru.

"Looking down on this weird country with its stark, desolate peaks and deep ravines, tones of brown, nothing green, an occasional winding path, or heap of ruins, made us wonder how human beings could ever have got there, much less lived there," said Mrs. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker report that the conditions of Peruvians living in Cuzco is "one of utter poverty and filth, in great contrast to the magnificent homes and obvious wealth of those who live in Lima."

YOU may have to sweat over a hot stove, but there is no need to be dull, according to a 63-year-old Londoner, Mrs. Lawson Dick, who specialises in paintings to decorate kitchen walls.

"I love good food, and spend plenty of time in my kitchen," explained Mrs. Dick when an exhibition of her paintings opened. "I don't see why kitchens should be boring."

Her works of art featured food and drink—chianti, strawberries, mackerel, and muller.



"She won't need a noisemaker. Exactly at midnight I'll drop an ice cube down her back."

## The bulldog breed

ENTHUSIASTIC owner of a batch of British Bulldogs, reader Lilian Rumsey, of Toowoomba, Queensland, sent us a letter telling us that she had called the male pups Warspite Too, Jervis Bay, and Fogarty Fegan (who won a posthumous V.C. for his bravery while captain of the Jervis Bay during the last war).

"The two girl pups," she wrote, "are called after famous English women—Florence Nightingale and Emmeline Pankhurst, the suffragette. Both pups live up to their namesakes."

"British Bulldogs," stated Lilian Rumsey (we don't know if she is Miss or Mrs.) "are lovable, are excellent watchdogs, children's pets, and are good to have round the house."

"To my mind there is nothing more beautifully ugly than a really good bulldog."

## Flower "sitters" for artists

AFTER talking with two artists, Mr. Albert Sherman and Mr. Alan Baker, whose floral paintings were on exhibition at Sydney's Forum Club, we found that red and purple flowers are hardest to paint, and white are easiest.

In front of Mr. Sherman's "White Camellias" and Mr. Baker's "White Gardenias," the artists told us the flowers were picked very early in the morning from their gardens, and were then taken into the studio where they were painted from life.

Both men explained that the flowers are arranged in vases, or held in place by cotton or chickenwire. The artist must work rapidly because flowers turn with the sun.

Mr. Baker said: "I am also busy painting flower murals in the lounge of a Sydney hotel. They show scenes from flower festivals in Australia. There's jacaranda from Grafton, lilac from Goulburn, cherry blossom from Orange, apple blossom from Batlow, and flowering fruits from Canberra. I've visited these festivals, making sketches which I enlarged to scale in the murals."

"Children gladly tell you when they need

CHOCOLATE

# LAXETTES



No tears, no struggles, no "dodging" when Laxettes are the family medicine for Constipation, Upset Tumors, Biliouness, Sick Headaches. Laxettes taste as delicious as any fine quality chocolate. Children take them happily—and that's very much better for them, and for Mother, too.

## It's simple to regulate the dosage

Each chocolate square contains a measured dose of phenolphthalein, the wonderful, tasteless laxative that gives easy relief overnight. Give one third or half square to infants, and increase the amount as directed for older children and adults. Not constipating, nor habit-forming, Laxettes are the ideal laxative for the whole family.

"A LAXETTE AT NIGHT — IN THE MORNING FEEL BRIGHT."

2/6  
EVERYWHERE  
FOR 18 FULL-DOSE  
TABLETS



## Spoons in your life

You may not have been born with a silver spoon in your mouth, but you probably cut your teeth on one. Later it was a spoon, remember, that enabled you to take jam with those nasty powders. And ever since, and every day and many times a day, you have depended upon a spoon. Isn't that proof enough that spoons are meant to last a lifetime? And so they will, even plated spoons, with a little kindness and the proper care.



Silver's best friend



# DUKE TO PRESENT YACHT CUP



DRAGON YACHT owned by Mr. Henry York, of Sydney, on the slips at Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron. The deep, heavy keel gives the Dragon great stability in the water, and the long rudder makes it very easy to manoeuvre during sailing races.



ALTHOUGH Dragons, like this one, are small enough to be kept on slips when they are not being used for sailing, most owners prefer to keep their yachts tied up to permanent moorings. The square board for'ard of the ship's mast is the hatch cover.



CLUBHOUSE of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, where the Duke of Edinburgh will present the Prince Philip Cup to the winner of the Dragon class yacht race on February 5. Arched whalebones in front of club are a Sydney Harbor landmark.

● The Duke of Edinburgh will present the Prince Philip Cup to the winner of the Dragon class yacht race at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron's Clubhouse, Kirribilli, Sydney. The Duke races the Queen's Dragon, Bluebottle.

THE Queen's Dragon was a wedding present from the Island Sailing Club on the Isle of Wight.

Because His Royal Highness was known to be interested in this class of yacht, the Australian Yachting Federation, together with the Dragon Association of N.S.W., decided to hold special festival races, to be known as the Prince Philip Cup Meeting.

Australian yachting enthusiasts will enter for this series, which will be held on Sydney Harbor. The presentation will be on Friday, February 5.

Different classes will compete in the Regatta, and competitors will come from Victoria, Queensland, and New South Wales.

The Dragons start with the Royal Yacht Club's "restricted" division. They have considerable success in racing against similar types of yachts in this division, such as Calkens and Tumblarens.

The Dragon class of yachts is recognised internationally.

The Dragon is a comparatively small yacht with an overall length of 29ft. two and a half inches and a width of beam 6ft. 5in. It has one mast and a mainsail, a Genoa jib, and a spinnaker. In appearance the yacht is sleek and graceful.

The Dragon yachts were originally designed as "racing weekenders," intended for weekend cruises as well as races.

Dragon yachts carry a crew of three—the skipper and two others.

The mainsail carries the racing numbers of the yacht. All members of the class have a big "D" above their number.

Dragons have a castiron



THE QUEEN'S YACHT sailing on English waters. This beautifully designed yacht is named Bluebottle and is of the Dragon class, the Duke of Edinburgh's favorite yacht.

weight of about one ton which forms the keel and which extends approximately 3ft. 6in. below the water-line.

This enables the yacht to heel over in a strong wind without risk of capsizing. The crew does not need to swing out over the side to supply the ballast to keep the boat upright.

The Queen's official programme will not allow her to attend the presentation of the Prince Philip Cup.

Boats competing in the

Prince Philip Cup will include two new yachts—one owned by Mr. Archie Robertson named *Mystere*, and the other, *Bandersnatch*, by Mr. Dudley Carver and Mr. Eric Strain.

Other New South Wales competitors will include Mr. N. G. Booth with his yacht *Ellsmere II*, Mr. H. W. Manning with his *Dragon* *Lyons*, Mr. G. H. Chidgey with *Salacia*, Mr. Allan Jarman with *Sea Joy*, Mr. H. York with *Mercury*, Mr. George I. Bate with *Marjorie Ann*, Mr. Paul Edds' *Robyn*, and Mr. K. C. K. Dalton's *Platypus*.

Victorian competitors in the race will include the Victorian champion in its class, *Kumulla*, owned by A. S. Sturrock, senior, Mr. C. Patience, and Mr. A. S. Sturrock, junior.

Other yachts to be entered for the Cup include *Dadandy*, owned by A. T. Rose, senior, manager of the Australian yachting team at Helsinki at the Olympic games. He is also vice-commander of Royal St. Kilda Yachting Club, Melbourne. His son, A. T. Rose, junior, is the skipper.

Others include *Heather*, owned by E. Scott; *Marie Louise*, owned by Mr. R. White; *Skoll*, owned by Mr. B. G. Warner; *Carol Ann*, owned by L. Cooke; *Leander*, owned by D. Franklin; *Zest*, owned by O. Tuck; *Ripple*, owned by V. White; *Snow Goose*, owned by D. Low.

Another yacht, owned and skippered by J. B. Savage, not yet finished and so far unnamed, will also compete.

Yachts are expected to leave Melbourne on January 15.

These pictures were taken on Sydney Harbor by Mr. P. C. Minter.



ROYAL YACHTSMAN, the Duke of Edinburgh, sailing the Queen's yacht before he left England. British boats carry the prefix letter "K" before their number.





START OF A RACE is an exciting moment. Shown above is the start of the "restricted" divisions Saturday race, in which it is usual for about six yachts of the Dragon class to compete. The Royal Visit Regatta will be one of the biggest to be held in Sydney.



WAITING to cross the starting line is a most anxious time for skipper and crew. Here *Platypus*, owned by Mr. K. C. K. Dalton, stands by for the starting signal. *Platypus* races with the Pittwater Division of the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, Sydney, on Sydney Harbor.



RIGGING the boat for a race is an important job. Here Mr. H. Manning and his crew prepare their *Dragon, Lynn*, for a Saturday afternoon race. The mainsail is run up the mast and the jib put into position and the craft is ready for action.



RUNNING FREE, *Platypus* sails with the wind behind her. A spinnaker has been set so that the sailing boat can get the fullest advantage from the wind and increase her speed. *Platypus* carries Miss Maureen Cullen as one of her crew.



You can't tell  
OAK  
Powdered  
Milk  
from  
fresh  
Milk

**THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE**

## Oak Powdered Milk has all the vitamins

### ONLY THE WATER REMOVED

All the nourishing goodness of milk from the lush Hunter Valley is retained in Oak Full Cream Powdered Milk. To mix—add to water, stir for a minute, and you've rich, creamy milk that has everything for drinking, cooking, and any purpose for which you'd use fresh milk. All the vitamins are there, and also all the minerals that make milk the world's most perfect food. Each tin makes 4 pints of rich creamy milk.

### TRY THIS RECIPE

#### SAVOURY TOMATO:

1 cup sliced onion, 2 tbsps. dripping, 1 cup Oak Powdered Milk, 2 tbsps. flour, 2 cups cooked tomatoes and juice, salt and pepper.

Method: Cook onion in fat until very tender. Mix milk powder and flour thoroughly; add tomatoes (chopped or sieved, if desired) gradually stirring until smooth. Add to cooked onion and cook over low heat or boiling water until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Season with salt and pepper. Add water if thinner mixture desired. Serves six.

### ORDER FROM YOUR GROCER

TINS COMPLETE  
WITH AIRTIGHT  
LIDS

**OAK**  
POWDERED  
MILK



"Now here are some really good New Year resolutions!"



It seems to me . . .

# EQUALITY IS A MYTH

ONE of these days I am going to write a book and call it "No Place for a Woman."

It will help dispel the myth that men and women are on equal terms in the modern world. They aren't, of course. Men are men and women are women and there are still a lot of places on the earth where a woman is regarded as a nuisance.

The proper place for a woman, so most men still believe, is in the home being looked after by a man. Maybe they're right, or so I sometimes think when travelling. A man can do any amount of useful things—buy tickets, tip porters, elucidate time-tables . . .

Some girls give a hollow laugh at this. They tell you they have to lead their husbands on strings. Perhaps so, but the protector—and dictator—is still a man's orthodox role.

I'll have another chapter for the book from my visit to the Western Australian oilfield at Exmouth Gulf, where I arrived in a chartered Anson with two pressmen and a photographer.

Our hosts were prepared to overlook the fact that they had had more than enough unexpected visitors already, but it was obvious that the arrival of a presswoman was regarded with collective and official dismay.

Presswomen are always encountering these situations. Owing to a tradition set by intrepid types who, revolver on hip, explore trackless jungles, they all have to pretend to be intrepid.

And many of them will tell you that what troubles them most is not lions, tigers, wolves, or occasional discomfort—but the expression which crosses the face of the male. It means, "What on earth does a woman want to come here for?"

YOU could explain that the oil strike made an Australia-wide sensation. Oil means money, and women as well as men are interested in money. But you don't make these speeches, because you see what worries them is where you can stay for the night.

You offer what seems the sensible solution—that you will sleep in the plane for the night, thereby being no trouble. You might add that you could sleep on a wire fence, especially after a 12-hour flight to Perth the day before and another two hops that day.

But you don't want to bore people by citing insurance statistics on the remarkable health and strength of the female as compared to the male, so you don't say any of this.

Instead, you see that you are not going to be allowed to sleep in the plane. You decide you had better be the little woman and let the men solve the problem. You have come to do a job, not to argue about woman's rights.

So you get on with the job, conscious of the discussions in the background.

You sit at dinner—and a good dinner, too—in the comfortable camp quarters while darkness falls over the spinifex. You hear, because it is an oil camp, stories of Arabia and Mexico and Venezuela.



Dorothy Drain

By . . . **EVENTUALLY** you find that your problem—or their problem—has been solved. One man has given up his room for you and gone to share his with another.

Someone else suggests tactfully that you stay in your room in the morning until after the men have had their showers and gone to work. You wonder later, as you lie awake for a while, whether anyone really thinks that you will go dashing across to the shower huts in a flowing housegown trailing perfume.

But you decide that, since any resemblance between you and Miss Marilyn Monroe is purely coincidental, they must have more perception than this about their unwitting guest.

All the same, if it will save embarrassment, you can pass up a bath for once. So you go to sleep.

I HOPE nobody thinks from the foregoing that I do not appreciate the chivalry which is tangled with the male disapproval of a woman in a community of men.

Next morning, when I emerged ready for the return journey to Perth, the camp steward, a cheerful Danish-American called Pete, asked me what I would have for breakfast.

"Just coffee, please," I said.

He returned with a plate of scrambled eggs, which he slapped down firmly. "You must eat," he said. "I watched you. You do not eat enough."

He was quite right. I ate every bit of it.

FLYING back south in the Anson I was grateful for Pete's insistence on food. Men sometimes do know best.

An Anson isn't exactly like a D.C.6, though, when I mentioned it later to an ex-airman, he said with real nostalgia, "Ah, they were lovely old planes."

Nowadays they bear the same relation to the big interstate and overseas planes as a motor cycle does to a Daimler.

Nothing press-button about them, either. To watch the pilot winding up the undercarriage with the handle beside his seat as he takes off is tiring in itself, though it is doubtless more tiring for the pilot.

In these little planes you can get some idea of why it is men develop such a personal regard for machinery. You do feel you're flying in them, not attending an afternoon tea-party in the upper atmosphere.

This Anson, however, was a strictly masculine kind of plane. Perhaps, with its wartime ancestry, it didn't approve of women, either.

At Geraldton, where we came down late in the afternoon to refuel, it refused to start again. No amount of coaxing would get it on its way till next morning.

Anyhow, Geraldton is a very pleasant town, and it was nice to be back in a hotel, once more pretending to be an emancipated woman.



You too, can have a healthy suntan

This summer, get a smooth, healthy suntan the easy way—with Nyal Kwik Tan. Kwik Tan promotes suntan . . . prevents sunburn. Kwik Tan's scientific sunscreen filters out the burning rays of the sun and promotes a healthy, golden suntan in next-to-no-time. All chemists. Cream: 2/6; Oil: 2/11.

**NYAL  
KWIK TAN**

**BE  
CERTAIN!**

Use the only  
deodorant with

"Action-Proof"  
Protection!

Your most effective deodorant for checking perspiration and its offending odour.

Only Odo-Ro-No has new "Action - Proof" formula!

Superior in every way!  
Use daily for complete 24 hour protection.

People on-the-go use

**ODO-RO-NO**



**FIERY ECZEMA  
QUICKLY CURBED**

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eruptions, Acne, Ringworm, Furunculosis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chronic skin disease has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes; kills germs and the itch in 24 hours; begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist. 10-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.





# How they enjoy



## TODAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN!



**NEW  
PICTURE  
PACK**



### 24 BIG BREAKFASTS in every large packet!

Young and old, everyone loves that livelier flavour of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. And everyone knows real, deep-down goodness when they taste it. Yes — here are the crispest, biggest, most mouth-watering corn flakes that ever came out of an oven — Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

**ONE THIRD OF YOUR DAILY FOOD NEEDS!**

Scientists have proved that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes

with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you *one third* of your daily food needs.

#### WHAT A BARGAIN!

Compare the cost of one serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with that of meat, eggs, fish and bacon these days! Only 30 seconds to serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes — no greasy griller or pots to wash. Save money — serve delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.

**FREE  
Funny Face  
masks!**



6 different masks  
in full colour for the youngsters

There's one on the back of every packet of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Just cut them out, bend along the dotted lines, and presto, your youngsters are transformed into Pirates, Clowns, Carnival Queens, Devils, Tigers—and even Monkeys. Look for them when you buy Kellogg's bigger, crisper Corn Flakes. Remember, there are 24 BIG breakfasts in every large packet of Kellogg's.

**ALWAYS SAY "Kellogg's"  
BEFORE YOU SAY "CORN FLAKES!"**



There's magic in Napro Hi-Liter  
Colour Shampoos — a magic that transforms  
drab, "lack-lustre" hair to vibrant loveliness.  
Silver-Grey brings the sheen of silvery  
moonlight to grey hair . . . Gold touches  
brown and fair tresses with the glow  
of sunlight . . . Titian gives every shade  
of hair the deep warmth of burnished copper.



**Napro**  
*hi-liter*  
**COLOUR SHAMPOOS**

SILVER-GRAY  
TITIAN  
GOLD

**NEW WAY to rid  
your home of FLIES!**



**Cox's**  
**D.D.T. FLYCARDS**  
New! Novel! Super-effective!  
Cox's D.D.T. Flycards have proved their efficiency in thousands of homes throughout England and Europe. No sticky surface; no smell. In a variety of colourful designs, including parrots (illustrated), rose baskets, crowns, etc. Price, 6d.  
Sold by Chemists, Departmental & Hardware Stores throughout Australia.

Page 20



LEFT: Sydney nurseryman Hughie Wilson shows the London plane trees which the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh will plant at the beginning of the Remembrance Drive in Sydney. Above is the snow gum, which the Queen will plant at the end of the road in Canberra. Canberra nurseryman Alec Crawford is shown examining it.

## The Queen to plant tree in heart of city

Two London plane trees are now being specially cultivated in a N.S.W. nursery in preparation for their part in an important ceremony next month.

THEY are the trees which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will plant in Macquarie Place, Sydney, on February 5 to mark the beginning of the Remembrance Driveway planned between Sydney and Canberra.

The driveway, a memorial to servicemen and servicewomen of World War II and the Korean War, will take the form of an avenue of trees and a series of groves, parks, and picnic grounds along the Hume Highway.

The drive will be 189 miles long.

The trees along the drive, which will be of varied types, will be provided mainly by the National State Forestry Commission in Canberra.

Private individuals can arrange to commemorate the name of a serviceman by paying £10, the cost of planting and maintaining a single tree.

Citizens who decide to honor the memory of a lost relative or friend in this way may have the name of the serviceman or servicewoman

they are commemorating attached by a tag to the tree.

The reserve in Macquarie Place, where the Royal visitors will plant the plane trees, is close to the historic obelisk erected by Macquarie in 1815, from which all roads in N.S.W. began, and from which all roads from Sydney are still measured.

On February 16 the Queen will plant a snow gum in

By  
**SHEILA PATRICK,**  
staff reporter

Canberra to mark the end of the driveway.

The snow gum (*Eucalyptus pauciflora*) is at present being cultivated at Yarralumla Nursery, Canberra, where it has been planted in a tub. It is now 5ft. 6in. high.

Acting - chief nurseryman Alec Crawford, who has been working at the Yarralumla nursery for many years, is keeping a watchful eye on the tree.

The plane tree (*Platanus hybrida*) is a native of south-east Europe. It is commonly known as the London plane tree because of its popularity in England, and it is well represented in Australia.

The two chosen for the ceremony on February 5 are growing in kerosene tins at the new 12-acre Pymble

nursery of the Sydney City Council, and are already more than 10 feet high.

Supervisor of the nursery, weather-beaten Hughie Wilson, said that the trees were three years old and would probably grow to a height of 50 or 60 feet.

"They are fine, sturdy specimens and should be in splendid condition by the time the Queen arrives," he said.

"They don't need much cultivation. I have them in rich soil made up of loam, sand, leafmould, and bone meal, and I water them regularly.

"The Queen will plant the bigger tree and the Duke the smaller."

Mr. Wilson also has other plants and flowers under cultivation for the Queen's visit: red begonias, petunias, and fuchsias climbing from big window boxes on to a white trellis, dahlias, and a patch of gladioli.

These are ready to be planted in parks which the Royal couple are likely to pass or to be used to decorate buildings such as the Town Hall.

Park superintendent of the City of Sydney, Mr. Bob Tarrant, said that by the time the Queen arrived in Sydney his department would have planted about 300,000 shrubs, plants, and seedlings in the Greater Sydney area.

This area extends to Mascot and is bounded by the suburbs of Paddington, Rosebery, Alexandria, Newtown, Camperdown, and Glebe.

Mr. Tarrant has been as-

sociated with gardening for 40 years. He started as a lad of 14 in England, where he worked in a private garden which employed 20 gardeners.

"The greatest thrill of my job," he said, "is to get hold of some bare corner of land and transform it into a pretty little park.

**Flowers in streets**

"WE are putting phlox and petunias at the base of all the trees in Bridge Street and many other places, and in the crown and flag of flowers in Hyde Park.

"We will need thousands of red, white, and blue phlox, which we are now growing in boxes and will plant them out in full flower at the last minute.

"Every corner will be crowded with lovely flowers and shrubs.

"I think the city will look lovelier than ever before with all those extra trees and flowers."

Mr. Tarrant said that his men would check the floral decorations the night before the Queen's arrival to see whether any had died or been stolen.

"We have hundreds of emergency plants in small pots which can be used to fill gaps if they are required," he added.

Mr. Tarrant regrets the vandalism he sees in Sydney, and believes it is well worth while training children to love gardens and to respect the work gardeners do.

Adults addicted to despoiling gardens, he feels, too hardened to be taught better habits.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 6, 1954



# ROYAL PAIR RELAX IN TONGA



QUEEN ELIZABETH and Queen Salote turn back to smile at the Duke of Edinburgh as they leave the Wesleyan Church at Nukunalofoa, Tonga, after attending service there on Sunday morning. Afterwards the Royal couple and members of their household were entertained at a picnic luncheon.

## The Queen and Duke took snaps of equerries in grass skirts

By ANNE MATHESON, our Royal tour correspondent in Tonga

Queen Elizabeth II's visit to Queen Salote Tupou, of Tonga, was a glorious and emotional climax to the Royal visit to islands in the Pacific.

"Come back again," Queen Salote said softly to Queen Elizabeth as garlanded with leis the English Queen bade farewell to Tonga.

THE sun was setting as Gothic slipped over the horizon, but Queen Salote did not see it disappearing from sight, for her eyes were wet with tears.

Nothing more disastrous than a blackout marred the Royal visit.

However, the lights that failed set the dinner party and small dance of British Consul J. E. Windrum off on a note of real informality and gaiety.

The house where Mr. Windrum and his American wife, Lois, live is probably the smallest in which the Queen will be entertained on the whole Royal tour.

It has its own electric light system, and Mr. Windrum had been having trouble with the magneto for some weeks. Nearly every day the lights failed, but as the Royal visit drew near they gave no trouble and it looked as though the temperamental period was over.

Two minutes after Queen Elizabeth arrived, wearing an evening dress of aquamarine tulle and sequins and a diamond tiara and jewels, the weatherboard bungalow was plunged into darkness.

"My husband worked for 15 minutes getting the lights going again. I excused myself and put raffles around and on the dinner table," Mrs. Windrum, a good-looking, dark-eyed Texan, told me.

She has made her Tongan bungalow a charming British

Residency. But she has little modern equipment.

"The Queen's visit called for some domestic appliances," Mrs. Windrum added. "I insisted on a first-class stove if I had to serve dinner for Queen Elizabeth."

She got her stove, but Mr. Windrum had to install it himself only a few weeks before the dinner party.

It was evident that Queen Elizabeth as a courteous gesture to Queen Salote, who never dances, decided to sit out with her at the end of the verandah which had been made into a lounge.

The rest of the 30 guests followed the Duke of Edinburgh on to the floor when he danced in turn with the wives of Salote's sons and with Mrs. Windrum.

The crowds thronging the entrance to the bungalow and peering over the straggling hibiscus hedge said, "Isn't she beautiful?"

The dance, which was extremely gay, was almost outshone by a dance at the home of the Commissioner of Police next door.

The mothers of some girls at the Windrums' dance were guests of the Police Commissioner and spent the evening watching over the hedge how their daughters were enjoying themselves, or running into the street to peer over the heads of the watching crowds.

It was eleven-thirty when Queen Elizabeth left the dance. A few minutes later the handmen asked if they could pack up.

The Tongans are rigid observers of the Sabbath, and even a band for Queen Elizabeth wouldn't keep playing after midnight.

The next morning the Queen wandered through the palace gardens, cine-camera in hand, and a snapshot camera hanging from her neck, photographing first the famous old tortoise brought to Tonga in 1779 by Captain James Cook.

The colorful tropical flowers, Gothic at anchor in the bay, and her escort, Black Prince,

of the Royal New Zealand Navy, lying farther out were some of the scenes that came within cine-camera range.

The Queen, who is taking photographs and making a cine recording of the tour, took her camera along later when, after service in the Wesleyan Church, she drove with Queen Salote, the Duke of Edinburgh, and a small party of the Royal Tongan Household and her own household from Gothic to Kavu, 15 miles away, where Queen Salote entertained at a picnic lunch.

Prince Philip was delighted to see so much feasting spread before them once again. "May I borrow your camera?" he asked the Queen.

Slipping the camera off her neck, she handed it to the

SOME OF THE DINERS at the feast given by Queen Salote to welcome Queen Elizabeth. There were three rows of food each 100 yards long.



Duke, who took many photographs.

The Queen shot with her cine-camera the animated and extremely colorful picnic scene.

Everyone was garlanded with leis and the Queen's equerries were in enormous grass skirts and wide leaf and flower leis.

Lieutenant-Colonel Martin Charteris' lei was so leafy and flowery his head could scarcely be seen. Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker's grass skirt was hung with shells and rustled delightfully as he swung it.

The Queen's ladies-in-waiting, Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Lady Alice Egerton, had grass skirts and flower garlands set one over

another, almost hiding their dresses.

"I must take photographs of you both to send home," the Queen said as she retrieved her camera from the Duke and took picnic snaps of Lady Pamela and Lady Alice.

Then, taking candid shots of the rest of her household swirling their grass skirts and flower garlands, the Queen ran off one spool more before the whole picnic party had lunch.

Sunday's lunch was eaten with knives and forks. Saturday's feast, shortly after Queen Elizabeth's arrival, had been true Tongan-style.

I squatted close to the top table, covering myself with grease from the sucking pig, dripping watermelon juice on my skirt, frequently repairing my make-up, and even more frequently dipping my hands in the finger bowls the Tongan ladies swung behind us. Even then I was covered in grease when the feast ended.

Most of us looked the same. To everyone's amazement Queen Elizabeth seemed to manage a good meal of pieces of chicken and turkey stuffed with leaves, sucking pig crackling, yam, watermelon, and a Tongan sweetmeat of tapioca and breadfruit diced and cooked in sugar and coconut milk without disturbing her make-up.

Once or twice the Queen used the finger bowls, but she didn't even use her lipstick after the feast.

During the feasting Queen Elizabeth caught the Duke's eye several times as he sucked coconut milk from a small hole in the top of the shell and smiled good-humoredly.

Between them Queen Salote sat beaming her enjoyment that the long-planned festivities of welcome had gone off so well.



THE TWO QUEENS about to sit down to the feast of welcome which was eaten with fingers while squatting at 12in. high tables. Queen Elizabeth surprised the Tongans by eating watermelon with salt.



ROYAL COUPLE wave farewell at Nukunalofoa wharf from the Royal barge after their Tongan visit. Queen Salote wept at the parting. The Duke said: "It was two days; I'm sorry it wasn't two weeks."



ENJOY  
THIS  
SUMMER!



## BE YOUR BRIGHTEST. LOOK YOUR BEST!

You must be fit to look your best and feel your brightest and the simple rule for fitness is to take some FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE in a glass of water first thing every morning. FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE builds fitness by helping nature to restore wastage and relieve strain. It supplies substances essential for the normal conditions of the nervous system and overcomes nervous fatigue. Get a bottle today—start taking FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE first thing tomorrow morning.

Remember fitness makes life worth while every hour of the day.



THE GREAT NERVE TONIC

**FISHER'S  
PHOSPHERINE**  
**FISHAPHOS**

Sold in  
VIC., QLD., S. AUS.,  
W. AUS., and TAS.

All Chemists and Stores.  
FISHER & Co., 554 George Street, SYDNEY.

YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

# Taking stock

In all the excitement of parties and Christmas-New Year holidays it's difficult to get a quiet moment for the think that's necessary to make a worthwhile New Year resolution—a resolution, that is, that's worth making and keeping.

**M**OST resolution addicts think of the first thing they want or would like to be, adopt this as their aim for the New Year, and by the end of January have forgotten about it.

"I'll try not to argue so much with Dad... I'll diet down to 8st. 7lb... I'll give Mum breakfast in bed on Sundays... I'll have more early nights... I'll be better groomed this year, I really will..."

Even if these aren't persisted with, they'll be nice while they last.

Whether you're an optimist, greeting the New Year with bright hopes, or a pessimist, convinced that there's no sense in making resolutions you're going to break anyway, you'll find that the end of the year is a good time for personal stocktaking.

Under personal stocktaking you can include just about everything that concerns you—your looks, your character, your capabilities, your possibilities, your potentialities.

In effect, it's just a way of getting acquainted with yourself. And its advantage is that it takes no great brainwork, but it does need honesty with yourself, objectivity, and imagination.

Before you start your stock-taking, keep in front of you in letters of fire the fact that no person on earth is as good as he thinks he is; nor is he as bad as he thinks he is.

Then try to be objective from beginning to end of the survey. Get right outside yourself and make your estimate as though you were considering someone else altogether.

Appearances first!

What do you look like? This is a hard one because the mirror you, posed and still, is exclusive to your own view. Other people see you in action

as you twist and turn, smile and frown.

Make it a full-length view, and don't pose or straighten up. Try to catch yourself off guard.

For the rest of the year the boys can automatically suck their stomachs up to balloon their chests and the girls can dream soulfully into their own eyes. This time it's the critical view.

If you don't like what you see, don't despair. It'd be nice to throw your old self out the window and be reborn, aged 18, as film-star material. But alas, you're you, and you're

as you seem to those who don't like you; as you seem to your friends.

If you really think about it honestly, you'll be surprised.

Here is an example of how it will help you tidy yourself up:

Under your faults, perhaps, you've listed nail-biting. I know no one's a nail-biter by choice. But imagine how you appear to someone else when you're having a good nibble.

Don't jib away from the sight. Take a long, long look at the ugly picture.

It won't cure you of something that is half nerves, half habit. But the vision of the way you look to other people will make you finger-conscious, and if you can get finger-conscious you'll be halfway cured.

You might find, on a quite different plane of self-analysis, that one of your faults is that you consistently underestimate yourself, that you're always being ashamed of yourself and apologising for yourself.

Apologise for yourself if there is any real need. But why apologise if you're consistently doing your best?

You might find that you're too selfish.

You might find that you're too unselfish—that you're consistently doing things for other people, but that you make sacrifices for them and turn yourself into a doormat in order to buy their good opinion.

Once you look these sorts of faults in the face you'll start to get over them. The point is that you have to do this yourself.

Other people's criticism isn't much good. When it goes home it usually just hurts and you try to forget the hurt and the criticism as soon as you can.

But you—why, you're your own best friend—or you could be if you play fair with yourself in some honest stock-taking.

## Bachelor's opinion:

### INTELLECTUAL WOMEN

HEAVEN preserve us from the female genius!

Of course, no man likes a nitwit, but, on the other hand, neither does he like the chatty know-all who can spout wisdom on any subject.

Such is the male ego that a man is offended subconsciously by any woman who shows up his I.Q. to a disadvantage.

He likes to regard the female mind as something quite unfathomable, but, probably for the reason that it isn't true, he persists in his belief that it is essentially inferior.

After all, man, poor creature, has little of woman's blessings of grace and beauty. His life would be dull indeed if it were not for his superior wit...

stuck with being you for the rest of your life.

You've got assets and liabilities. Develop the good ones and tone down the bad.

Next, how do you sound?

Few people ever listen to their own voices, else they couldn't keep on making the sounds they do.

No one wants you to turn into a B.B.C. type, but if it's a loud voice, for heaven's sake give your family and friends a happy New Year by quietening down. If you gabble, try to speak more slowly. If you drawl, speed up.

Next, what sort of person do you seem to someone else?

For fun, try a triple view: As someone would see you meeting you for the first time;

BING CROSBY airs some of

his French in a tune called "Cela M'Est Egal" from the film "Little Boy Lost," and says that when all is said and done there's no difference between a Frenchman and an American. A moot point, but, nevertheless, it's a jaunty little tune. Flipside to DO7006, also from the film, is "The Magic Window," a serenade to the child in the story. Hardly a cup of warm milk, but still Crosby fans should be quite happy.

VERA LYNN adds her quota to the already large quantity of discs inspired by the Coronation and the Royal tour with Y6510, "Queen of Everyone's Heart." Actually

## DISC DIGEST

it's quite a pretty waltz and a best-seller in England, but it's very hard to believe that such fawning lyrics are meant to be taken seriously. Vera couples it with "When You Hear Big Ben," at which time she wants her sweetheart to fall into her arms again. Apparently he had intended to fall into the Thames!

I MUST give full marks to Y6512, however. The tunes are good, their mood is well contrasted, and Stanley Black's Orchestra plays with assurance and polish. First is "Serenade To Eileen," a romantic num-

ber that every young man with an Eileen in his life will want to hear, and the reverse is that terrific samba "Anna," heard in the film of the same name. By the way, listen to the piano in "Eileen." It's played by Maestro Black himself.

FRANKLY sentimental and as slow as a good-night kiss is Joni James' new waxing, "My Love, My Love," on MGM 5160. Almost everybody will like this. Backing is a bouncy little number called "You're Fooling Someone," in which clever dubbing enables Joni to sing a duet with herself, adding further interest to an already good recording.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



# PARTY AT GREENSLOPES HOSPITAL



**HAPPY GROUP** of patients and their friends watch an exhibition of dancing, which was part of a varied programme at the annual Christmas party for patients at the Repatriation General Hospital at Greenslopes. Red Cross chairman, Mr. John Park, attended the party.



**THE PARTY** was arranged by the Hospital Visitors section of the Red Cross, and pictured are, from left, Mrs. B. Toogood, Mrs. J. McAllister, Mrs. E. Hind, and Mrs. M. Graham Brown, wrapping gift packages for presentation to each patient.



**NEW GUINEA** campaign veteran of the 1939-45 war Alex Jamieson, of Rockhampton, enjoyed supper with Red Cross Field Officer Mrs. C. Tuxworth and Mr. Norman Martin, officer-in-charge of the Red Cross centre at Greenslopes.



**PRETTY ESCORTS** for Corporal Noel Costigan, who fought with the third battalion in the Korean War, were physiotherapist Jean Chalmers (left), who has been on the Greenslopes staff for three years, and trainee nurse Claire McDonald.



**OFFICIAL PARTY.** Deputy Commissioner of Repatriation for Queensland, Mr. A. L. Gould (right), with the matron of the hospital, Miss C. Monckton (second from right), Mr. H. R. Black and Mrs. Black, Red Cross secretary.

**ABOVE LEFT.** President of the Greenslopes Red Cross, Mrs. L. Peebles (left), watched the dancing with Sister Evelyn Huxley.

**ABOVE RIGHT.** Community singing was part of the varied programme. The Field Service Commissioner for the Red Cross, Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Hudson, joined in with square dance enthusiasts Glenda Poole (left) and Beverley Borsick.



**SITTING OUT** a dance were, from left, Nurse Nola Muller, Danny Maloney, one of the patients, Nurse Alison Furler, Private Tim Cahalane, a former patient, Glenda Dittman, and Ronald Lanesborough, just discharged from hospital. The Northern Command Band played at the party.



# Barry Hordern's

Retaining the fragility of spring fashions, the short-skirted summer evening frock will be important for all except formal and Royal occasions.

● White mousseline printed with a black pin spot and crimson flowers is chosen for Nina Ricci's model (left). The strapless fitted bodice-top has a floating stole arranged to form one sleeve.

● The flattery of filmy mousseline for veiling the shoulders is seen in Jeanne Lanvin's model (right). The full skirt is worn over a matching taffeta underslip, also matched to the deep taffeta hemline flounce.

● Tangerine, a new color in Paris, is Schiaparelli's choice for the nylon organza model (right). The folds of the bodice-top have a petal-like appearance which is repeated in the skirt with layers of material over a stiffened underslip.





# Paris Notes.



● Delectable pink is chosen for the model (above) with a moulded bodice and long graceful shoulder drapes. The elbow-length gloves are made in the dress fabric.

● Yellow shantung model (right), designed by Heim. The frock relies on cording to achieve its crisp, chic character. A flat tailored bow at the bosom is the only trim.

● Layers of contrasting organza give Gres' entrancing outfit (above) a new and exciting line. The sheer coat, designed with a becoming fichu, covers a strapless princess-line frock of pink.

*Dorothea Johnston*



# Sorry Spectacle

[from page 10]

work it out. Somehow, just wanted to let you know how things are going.

George.

Chief of Police,  
Southampton, Long Island,  
New York.

Quick. Former employee of our now going under alias George Seibert has stolen print of our forthcoming epic the Odyssey and is on his way to Southampton home of dramatic critic Arthur Samuels. Seibert believed armed and dangerous. Post adequate guard around Samuels' home, apprehend this culprit dead or alive and wire me collect. Reward.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Can't understand this. Mr. Samuels seemed mystified but grateful for guards stationed around his home last night. But this morning at dawn he suddenly turned on us. Slashed at one man with something that appeared to be a hearing aid. And now some big party seems to be getting under way there. Awaiting further instructions.

Sam Teal, Deputy,  
Southampton, Long Island.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Would you mind bringing a net and collecting your police dogs? They're messing up the shrubbery. Otherwise, everything fine here. Good old Art Samuels, Bernard Lyle, Johnny, and I having wonderful time with party of friends. Yes, Johnny and Bernie, the culprits who made the picture, are here at Southampton with us. X marks our room. Air-mail special follows with truly amazing details. I told you not to worry about this. I'm right here. Love.

George.

Hotel Statler,  
New York, New York.

July 16, 1952  
Air Mail Special.

Mr. Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity,  
Federal Pictures,  
Hollywood, California.

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day. But before I retire to my well-earned couch, I want to get a fast final report off to you, in the hope that it may keep you from blowing your head off. Some people should just never be allowed firearms.

But to business.

Late yesterday, when in my temporary extremity I wired you to look out for falling timbers, things did not look good here. In fact, I thought we were cooked. I began to know how Ulysses felt when he was caught in that Scylla and Charybdis business.

I couldn't possibly back out, and neither could I possibly unveil Gus' celluloid monstrosity before all these high and mighty critics. We would be instantly arrested for indecent exposure.

It would even have been better, I thought wildly, to show these characters Johnny's original version. That was at least straight, even if straight paragon. Maybe if Johnny had only had a chance to cut it a little.

And suddenly I sprang to the phone as to the back of a charger. "Hollywood!" I cried to the operator. "Get me Hollywood!" And I put through a call to certain underground contacts I happen to have there in the studio, and in two minutes I found out where Johnny was hiding out and got through to him. And rapidly sketched in a plan.

Other friends there in the studio, who shall be forever

nameless, then stole a print of Johnny's original version of the picture out of the lab vault, and within the hour Johnny was on a plane on his way here.

With all the original film, plus a Moviola editing viewer and a medium-priced splicer. Plus—a sheer bonus plus I hadn't even known of till I talked to Johnny—a good hour of additional Odyssey film he'd shot over there, which he'd considered too classical even to show to Gus the first time around.

He'd thought it best to confine that first showing mainly to the "production value" stuff he thought they could most easily understand, saving what he considered the really good stuff till later, after he'd got them a little used to the marvels of mythology—an unfortunate decision, because, as it had turned out, there had been no later.

Could he now bring this good stuff with him and work it into a brand-new version of the picture? Could he? Indeed he could!

I then called Bernard Lyle in Boston, and he hastened down to join the group. We all met at dawn, at Samuels' house at Southampton. While Samuels made a diversion at the front door by attacking the constabulary, we made it in the back door.

And all day today, Johnny and old Lyle, working against time in the midst of a mounting hubbub, edited the film as Johnny had always intended that it should be edited.

By shortly after eight tonight, Johnny had his original five hours of film cut into the most thoroughly wonderful two-hour picture that I think I've ever seen.

And when Samuels hallooed up the stairs to tell his old friend Lyle that they were ready—I figured all along that Samuels and Lyle might know each other—we were all ready, and, gathering up the film and our paraphernalia, we marched proudly downstairs for the Southampton premiere.

We put an extra speaker directly at the great critic's feet and turned up the sound on it till it would have deafened a stone. And Samuels just loved it. As did everybody.

It was now as Johnny had meant to tell it, the fantastic but simple story of the adventures of Ulysses in getting home to Penelope after the Trojan War. The struggle of every man, after every war, to get home to his wife. When he finally made it, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.

At any rate, by this time tomorrow, the whole country will be singing the praises of Homer's Odyssey. Although, believe me, it should really be called Homer's and Johnny's Odyssey. Or maybe even better, Gus' Odyssey, because it was really Gus who brought the whole thing about: true art has some strange handmaidens.

But whatever it's called, this picture will still be packing them in when you and I are old Magee. Oh, I forgot to tell you. It wasn't only as known Culture-lovers that liked it here.

On Johnny's cross-my-heart assurance that he could pull it off, I also called Sid Silvers of the New York distribution office and had him come out. And Sid has promised to go to work on the distribution end as he has never worked on a picture before. Just as soon as he can stop sobbing. I knew we'd do it someday, he said.

Which leaves only one thing. How about getting me back the three fifty I spent for that copy of Bullfinch's Mythology? Believe me, I'll never try a joke with that Gus again. That man just has no sense of humor.

As ever,  
George.

# DRESS SENSE

In answer to the reader's letter below and to numbers of similar requests received in this week's fashion mail, the design at the right has been sketched.

"WOULD you design a suitable and attractive frock for the larger woman? It seems impossible to obtain a paper pattern for a style which is simple and fashionable for a woman in her mid-forties or mid-fifties who has lost her streamlined figure."

In Paris, redingotes are enjoying a new vogue, and this silhouette is a perfect one for the not-so-slim and matronly figure. It is seen in the design sketched at the right. The fitted waist and the skirt widening gently to the hemline are flattering to the older woman.

The dress requires 4½ yds. of 36in. material and 1 yd. of 36in. contrast. See caption for

by  
**Betty Keep**

further details and how to order.

"I HAVE a piece of dress material that has a very large floral all-over design and am anxious to have your opinion as to whether it is suitable for a frock. I am tall, 5ft. 6½ in., and fairly thin, so that may help."

Certainly use your floral print for a dress—big prints are coming in, particularly those with large floral motifs. In my opinion a simply styled design is the best choice to set off a large all-over print. Choose a slim-line skirt and a bodice top designed with a low U-shaped neckline and set-in sleeves. Have the sleeves quite short and the skirt finished with trouser pockets in the side seams and a narrow self belt at the natural waistline.

"PLEASE tell me the colors which will be worn next winter, as I want to buy fabric for a new topcoat early in the season. My winter clothes are all fairly dark so I wondered if a light-colored material would be correct and smart."

In Paris coats are very colorful—blues, greens, and reds are worn with navy or black. In neutrals there is a lot of camel's hair color—pinkish beige and grey. Most popular materials are fleecy woollens, wool velours, alpaca-like weaves, and tweeds. In the tweed group, black-and-white is first favorite.

"MY problem is a style for a short-length party frock to be made in satin—and I would also like a color suggested. It is for a brunnette with dark eyes, aged 19 years."

The palest shade of amber worn with gold accessories is my suggestion—gold is an incoming color. For the design I suggest a fitted bodice with a turtle neck, dipping into a "V" at the back, plus a full,

gathered skirt. An alternative idea is a snug, off-the-shoulder bodice with tiny pulled-up sleeves and a full-gathered skirt.

"BEING one of those unfortunate girls with a skin that never does anything but get red and sore, I am seeking your advice about a sunsuit. I always change after coming out of the water, and would be everlastingly grateful if you could suggest something smart with sleeves, something which would not look out of place on the beach."

The swimsuit with sleeves, elbow and below elbow, is an elegant new resort-fashion and one that makes the "covered-up" look suitable for beach "sitting." Suits in this category are made in one piece, with oval or "V" necklines, are self belted, and have either bloomer or very short trouser legs. The fashion started in the U.S., where the cover-up sunsuit or swimsuit is made in black jersey. However, there is no reason why the idea cannot be carried into a soft cotton.

"I AM writing to see whether you can help me with a few ideas for my trousseau lingerie. Firstly, I would like to know the newest shades, and, secondly, I want an idea for a slip to wear underneath a transparent evening blouse and separate skirt."

Coral, champagne, and can-can-pink (the latter is a clear bright pink) are the newest shades for lingerie. The correct slip to wear under a sheer blouse has an all-lace bodice top moulded over net for a better fit. There are several popular slip designs. Perhaps the newest is one with a tulip top. The width in the bodice is provided by shaped lace inserts over the bosom. The camisole-top slip and the princess-line slip are also correct. Both can be designed with all-lace bodice tops or in plain, lace-trimmed material.

D.S. 68. — One-piece dress for the not-so-slim requires 4½ yds. 36in. printed material and 1 yd. 36in. plain. Sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney.



## ★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Young natives just starting out on a career may discover January 7 full of pitfalls. All subjects of Aries should find January 9 exceedingly fortunate.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): A new enterprise begun on January 5 or January 6 is under smiling stars and looks a long way ahead to future possibilities. The first fruits may develop on January 9.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Some of you will grit your teeth and tear into things with a will on January 6, probably against opposition. January 10 gives you the green light.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): If you're young and impressionable there may be a storm brewing on January 5 with the boy-friend or girl-friend. You can smooth out any problem in personal relationships on January 9.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): If you wear a uniform, January 10 is likely to hold a surprise. Minor ailments may require attention. Unexpected business propositions may make January 11 outstanding.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): You'll have a wonderful evening on January 9 if you're in love; if you're not, it's a fine time for social activity or a mild gamble. There may be a setback on January 11.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Home is still the centre of activity for most of you. January 9 may start a minor revolution, but January 11 will take you right out among crowds of people.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Misleading and deceptive, January 7 may cause you much needless anxiety. January 9 is excellent for outings, meeting new friends, or visiting relatives.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): If you're starting on a new job, January 5 will be interesting and you'll learn a lot. January 7 is good for the pocketbook.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): If you rub folks up the wrong way on January 6 you'll certainly draw sparks. January 8 is fine for making new contacts.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): You could crash into a dozen obstacles unless you keep an extra firm hand on the wheel on January 5. January 9 brings rewards.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): Inquiries in regard to clubs, hobbies, sports may prove disappointing on January 5, but friends may be invaluable on January 7.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



# FAST-MOVING SPY THRILLER

With mystery and suspense, ace British moviemaker Carol Reed (of "The Third Man") weaves a gripping tale of espionage in his new film, "The Man Between." Set in post-war Berlin and filmed on authentic locations, the story involves an English girl in romantic adventure with a sinister man from behind the Iron Curtain.

*Film Fan-Fare*

Co-edited by  
M. J. McMAHON



CLAIRE BLOOM as Suzanne, a pretty English girl spending what proves to be an adventurous holiday in post-war Berlin, in "The Man Between."



JAMES MASON plays Ivo Kern, the heroic villain of this London Films production. Kern, a former German lawyer living dangerously in East Berlin after World War II, becomes involved in blackmarket activities.

HILDEGARDE NEFF (right) as Bettina, the German wife of a British Army doctor looking after refugees in Berlin. Against her will and unknown to her husband, Bettina is dragged into the murky plots of Ivo Kern.





# Australian in new film roles

From BILL STRUTTON in London

To Australia's John McCallum comes a new starring role under his shiny new film contract.

JOHN is co-star with Margaret Lockwood in "Trouble in The Glen." The story is written by the same author who scripted the prize-winning "The Quiet Man," and it's likely that John Wayne will again be called over from Holly-

wood to play the other male lead.

McCallum goes straight into this role from his lead in a racing film titled "Devil on Horseback" being made in the Buckinghamshire countryside by the new and talent-filled Group Three Organisation. In it he co-stars with his wife,

Googie Withers, and the boy star, Jeremy Spencer—who has been brought back from schooling to play the role of a young and ruthless jockey who goes wrong.

"It's not so much a neck-and-neck, fight-to-the-finish racing film; it's rather a story about racing behind the scenes—the people, the trainers, the jockeys, the crooks," John said.

"It was good fun making it, because we did it mostly in the open air. Filming inside a studio during the brief English summer is not my idea of pursuing an agreeable career.

"As a matter of fact, Googie and I have decided to give up our town house, too. We're moving out into the country near Denham, where we have lots of film friends. We like the country life so much that we decided it was more sensible to live in the country rather than be cooped up in London.

"It doesn't demand much more travelling to the studios, anyhow, because most of the studios are outside of London.

"The only snag is when either Googie or I am working in the theatre. But when I'm swearing about having to travel up the West End every evening, I'll think of my orchard and all that fresh air."

John and Googie stand as examples of people who can mix films and theatre with the quiet, contented life. This summer John McCallum has mixed his love of cricket and countryside and the needs of a film career with the hand of an expert.



AUSTRALIAN ACTOR John McCallum turns cameraman to photograph his wife, Googie Withers, between shots of "Devil on Horseback," in which they star together. John and Googie have become Britain's most successful man-and-wife team of the screen, stage, and real life.



NEW ZEALAND'S Sir Edmund Hillary (centre) and "Tiger" Tensing, visit the set of "Devil on Horseback" and sign autographs for Australian John McCallum and English boy star Jeremy Spencer.

## ★★ The Robe

FOX'S technicolor biblical spectacle, "The Robe," tells a dignified, slow-moving story of the Roman Tribune who was placed in charge of the crucifixion and later converted to Christianity.

It is the first production in CinemaScope, the new, wide-screen process which requires no special viewing glasses.

There is no doubt that this innovation has much to recommend it. It gives sometimes startling illusions of depth, and every now and again brings spectacle to vivid life.

At other times the screen has a way of blurring that is

## Talking of Films

disconcerting. The fault here may be in the continual use of painted backdrops simulating Roman scenery and vistas of Galilee.

During sudden onslaughts of sound which descend from different sides of the theatre one is also apt to query the fidelity of stereophonic sound.

Seriously taken from New Testament events, the film story stars Richard Burton as the young Roman who wins by gamble the robe of Jesus at the foot of the cross.

Pretty Jean Simmons handles the slender role of Burton's patrician fiancée adequately.

Symbolising the masses who are to win freedom to embrace the new Christian faith, Victor Mature's Demetrius, the Greek slave, measures up to demands. Jay Robinson's performance as scheming, sadistic Caligula, on the other hand, is artificial to the point of farce.

In Brisbane—Regent.

## ★★ Appointment with Venus

A MAGNIFICENT cow called Venus with a long pedigree and a mellow moo is the focal point of a secret service assignment in producer Betty E. Box's "Appointment with Venus" (B.E.F.).

After a promising beginning in the slightly eccentric comedy tradition of recent British films, "Appointment with Venus" gradually settles down to a routine underground story with only a few lighthearted moments.

However, fine acting by all members of the cast does much to compensate for this.

Venus is a resident of a tiny Channel island, Amorel, which is occupied by the Germans.

As she is a valuable British subject and is also "expecting," the British Government decides to whisk her away to safety from under the Germans' noses.

David Niven, as the officer assigned to this mission, and Glynis Johns, as a former resident of the island who

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

helps him, make a very pleasant team.

Notable in the supporting cast are Barry Jones as the dignified Provost of Amorel; George Coulouris as the more-intelligent-than-usual Nazi officer; and Kenneth More as the pacifist artist who relinquishes his principles to join in the rescue of Venus.

In Brisbane—Tivoli.

## News from studios

WHAT'S in a name? Judy

Holliday, blonde star of "The Marrying Kind," is wondering. Starting out as "A Name for Herself," her new picture became, successively "She Has What It Takes" and "She Got What She Wanted." It is currently titled "It Should Happen to You."

★ ★ ★

GARY COOPER, who said he was returning to Europe for a vacation, is returning all right, but not for a holiday. Now filming "The Garden of Evil" in Mexico, Cooper leaves soon for the Continent to star in "Don Quixote." Also heading across the Atlantic Ocean for "Quixote" are Jack Palance, Faith Domergue, and Irish beauty Constance Smith.

he can, for his producer-boss, Herbert Wilcox, is ready to roll with a lot of plans for him. Ever since he lost his star mainstay, Michael Wilding, to Hollywood, Wilcox has turned his attentions to McCallum as a sympathetic, romantic successor.

So far most of the scripts that have come his way have specified him as a tough, rugged character, or a stiff, starchy one, or worse, given him no character at all. McCallum has rarely been allowed his private self on the screen—a quiet, natural charmer with an easy good humor.

Wilcox aims to change all this. And, shrewd producer that he is, he's not doing it entirely on his own assessment of the Australian's value as a star. Wilcox has been studying reactions to his appearances in British films on the Continent and in previews in America.

"They're extraordinarily good," he said.

John McCallum has a reputation for quietness and for going easy. His wife, Googie, is a vivacious and mercurial character. But one reason for the quiet dazzling success of their marriage lies beneath the fact that John, in his own quiet way, can be quite as determined as the lively and headstrong Googie.

Not long ago they were visiting film friends in London. They arrived with McCallum apologising in advance for having to leave early. Googie announced, "Oh, but I'm not going!"

Later they noticed that while the tall McCallum was politely taking his leave and arding determinedly towards the door, Googie was still saying that she would not go.

At the door, with her wrap on, she still wasn't going. But all the time, Googie was happily marching off with her husband.



YOUNG MOPPY (Jeremy Spencer), at left, the head lad, Ted Follows (Meredith Edwards), the new owner, Mrs. Cadell (Googie Withers), and trainer Roberts (John McCallum) in a scene from "Devil on Horseback."

## CITY FILM GUIDE

MAJESTIC.—★★★★ "The Greatest Show On Earth," technicolor circus drama, starring Betty Hutton, Charlton Heston, Cornel Wilde, Gloria Grahame. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

METRO.—★★★ "The Story of Three Loves," technicolor drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Pier Angeli, James Mason, Leslie Caron. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "The Robe," technicolor CinemaScope biblical drama, starring Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REX.—★★★★ "Call Me Madam," technicolor musical comedy, starring Ethel Merman, George Sanders, Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Peter Pan," Walt Disney's full-length technicolor cartoon. Plus ★★★ "Water Birds," Disney True Life adventure.

TIVOLI.—★★★ "Appointment with Venus," romantic adventure, starring David Niven, Glynis Johns. (See review this page.) Plus "The Adventurers," starring Dennis Price, Jack Hawkins.

WINTERGARDEN.—★★★ "Military Policemen," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Mickey Rooney, Marilyn Maxwell. Plus "The Gambler and the Lady," crime drama, starring Dane Clark, Kathleen Byron.





1. **GAY** act by Chris (Janet Leigh), Jigger (Donald O'Connor), right, and Blimp (Buddy Hackett) celebrates army discharge.



3. **BAND** is organised with the legacy, but their music is too highbrow for audience appeal and they are forced to break up the band.



5. **STRANDED** in a small town, the troupe is forced to break up, but not before Jigger realises he loves Chris. Later, pianist Smiley ("Scat Man" Crothers) lands a good job in a nightclub.



7. **OPERA SINGER** gives Jigger instructions when he learns that his family have arranged a concert for him to rescue them from sudden financial difficulty.



2. **FAMILY GATHERING** tells Jigger that his grandfather has left him a legacy for serious singing lessons. If he becomes a successful singer he will inherit the rest of the fortune. Jigger has no desire to be a singer and prefers his clarinet.

## Technicolor musical

★ "Walking My Baby Back Home" is a comedy with music, which includes a quota of dancing for filmgoers who enjoy watching the nimble footwork of talented Donald O'Connor.

Teaming with O'Connor for the first time, pretty Janet Leigh sings, dances, and provides romantic interest in this lavish Universal picture about show business.

Buddy Hackett, a new comedian, makes his screen debut in a feature role as Blimp. O'Connor's faithful henchman.



4. **MEETING** Chris' uncle (George Cleveland), Jigger and Blimp join his minstrel show and go on tour with Chris.



6. **PERSUADING** pianist Smiley to join with him and form a new band, Jigger plans to start rehearsals for a new kind of music he has devised, a cross between Dixieland jazz and symphonic.



8. **BANDSMEN** come to Jigger's rescue with the new music when he loses his voice. The concert is a success. Critics proclaim Jigger a musical genius and he is able to claim Chris, who loves him, as well as the estate.

You never see  
the finest sugar  
your grocer sells

... yet it gives you  
healthy, glowing energy,  
combats tooth decay and  
nourishes and benefits  
the whole system ...



It's the Pure Grape Sugar  
in Sun enriched

**SULTANAS**  
SEEDED  
**RAISINS**  
**CURRENTS**

NEW COOKBOOK - PRIVILEGE OFFER!

Get this practical new cookbook featuring the best of over 88,000 recipes entered for The A.D.F.A. £1,000 Contest! Just print your name and address, enclose a 3d. stamp and forward to: The A.D.F.A., Box 4524, Melbourne.

ADFA THE AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION



with **Rosella**  
**TOMATO SAUCE**



# Crisp

cool and satisfying  
for summer weekends

## BARBECUE SALAD



From the Kraft Kitchen

### BARBECUE SALAD

This crisp, cool, coleslaw salad is the perfect sequel to your barbecue chips and hamburgers.

You need:

1 firm cabbage; 2 hard-boiled eggs, sliced; 1 bunch spring onions; 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar, cut into fingers; 1 red and 1 green pepper (if liked); 3 or 4 tomatoes, cut in wedges; 1 small carrot, scored and sliced; 1 small bunch radishes; Kraft Mayonnaise.

Prepare all salad ingredients, wash cabbage thoroughly and turn back the outer leaves. Scoop out the centre and shred the heart of the cabbage very finely. Mix lightly with Kraft Mayonnaise and pile back into the cabbage shell. Now arrange the hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes, carrots, spring onions, radishes, cheese fingers, etc., to make an attractive pattern and place a small bowl of Kraft Mayonnaise in the centre.

Place in the crisper of your refrigerator, or on ice, until ready to serve and let your guests help themselves.

Remember, Kraft Cheddar is actually richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein. Also, Kraft Cheddar gives you added food values you won't find in meat... the essential Vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub> and D plus calories and those valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. Processed Kraft Cheddar is sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or from the economical 5 lb. loaf.



Add the "WONDER FLAVOUR" of KRAFT MAYONNAISE.

In the smart re-usable 5 oz. "Swanky Swig" glass, or big family-size 12 oz. jar.

## KRAFT CHEDDAR

PROCESSED AND PASTEURISED FOR PURITY



# 5

good reasons why  
KRAFT CHEDDAR  
is best cheese value

- 1 No rind—no waste
- 2 Flavour never varies
- 3 Slices easily—never crumbles
- 4 Stays fresh
- 5 Pasteurised for purity

KFC 48



singing. Someone had already run across the compound and told the Christians that death had come, and they lifted their voices in the Christian hymn "Nearer My God, to Thee."

It was foreign music to them, the tune was uncertain, and suddenly it was drowned in a wild wailing throughout the compound. Every servant and every neighbor was crying aloud until the instinctive human sorrow of India, always brimming and ready to run over, broke into the old music of the centuries.

"Ram—Ram is true—" The cry of desperate faith in the presence of death rang like a shriek through the dawn, the old heathen words welled up out of the heart of India, and David heard them and did not lift his head.

The plague swept through Poona and one out of every ten of Poona's people died. Among them were Darya's two sons, and when they were dead, Leilamani and her baby daughter followed them, and Darya was left alone in the beautiful house built over the fountain of living water.

But David had his son.

The sun was sinking into the Red Sea in a fury of dying color. A great smouldering along the horizon, it inflamed the half-clouded sky and, as the sun touched the water, the hot light ran across the smooth, sullen water like liquid metal.

"I haven't seen such a sunset since I left India," said the young man.

"It is terrifying," the girl said thoughtfully.

She was slim and white clad, English, her fair hair drawn back from the pale oval of her face. He was tall and slender of shoulder, his hair was a bright auburn, and his eyes were grey and deep-set.

Both of them, Ted MacArd and Agnes Linlay, were going home. They had met in ship fashion, attracted to each other because they had come from India and were going back again. Her father was Governor-General in an eastern province, and had his father been an ordinary missionary she might not have allowed herself to continue the casual friendship begun soon after she came aboard. But everybody in India knew David MacArd, the famous missionary, who was Ted's father. Besides, he was the grandson of the great MacArd, the American financier.

Nevertheless, though he was pleasant, equally at ease with the dancing set as with the missionaries who clung to him, she did not know how far she wanted the friendship to go; neither, she felt, did he. He did not pursue her and yet when she appeared on deck after tea he was there as though he had been waiting for her. Yet she was not sure that he had been.

"How do you think of India?" he asked thoughtfully.

She lifted her accurate brown eyebrows. "Meaning?"

"Is it home or isn't it?"

She gave honest thought to the answer. "I don't know. I want to see my parents again, of course, and in a way where they are is home. I am not sure that I really want to see India, and yet bits of memories fly into my mind, and did, all the time I was away. You know, early morning when the air is still cool and I hear the bulbul singing in the garden, or evening and the dusty sunset, and the ayah folding my clean clothes."

"And the waiting music in the night," he added.

"I wonder why there is always music in the night," she agreed.

"So many people—"

"I know."

They were silent, gazing into the flaming sky from which the sun had suddenly disappeared. The fiery stream faded from the oily sea and the curves

## Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

from page 5

of the ship's wake caught long lines of crimson afterglow.

"Perhaps we are never quite at home anywhere," she said. "When we're in India, we talk of going home somewhere else, England for me, America for you. When we're there—at least when I was in England—I was always thinking of India."

"So was I when I was in America."

Back of the sunset was the country he had left, his own and peculiarly dear because he had been so much of an exile. Once during the ten years he had been there he had gone back to spend a vacation with his father in India, and twice his father had come to visit him. He had had a good time at school, first at prep and then at college, although he could still remember how he had cried secretly when he left Poona, at twelve.

But he had soon forgotten that, and his old grandfather had been fond of him and had bought him anything he wanted. He had spent his vacations with his grandfather in the old Fifth Avenue house, now so out of fashion and yet so comfortable. He had not been lonely, because he had brought friends home with him, and besides he had always felt the life of the house and the family and been proud of it.

When his father came back there were the three generations of MacArds together, although the two women who had been the links between them were dead. He had studied their portraits often, both women beautiful and aristocratic, his grandmother gentle and his mother proud.

"Though your mother changed," his father had said once when they stood together before Olivia's portrait. "She was a proud young girl, but after our marriage the pride disappeared, for some reason, and she was often very humble and sweet."

"Did she change or you, Father?" Ted had asked.

"I don't know," his father replied. "India doesn't leave a man unchanged, certainly."

That summer, only two years ago, his grandfather had exerted himself, feeble as his massive frame had become. There had been a reconciliation of some sort between his father and grandfather and he was glad for it. Then he had been half afraid to tell his grandfather that he, too, wanted to go back to India. But his grandfather had not protested.

"I don't know what you see in that infernal country, but do as you please." That was what he said in his grumbling way, and then he said in a voice suddenly softer, "The second time it doesn't hurt. Children don't pay for their keep and I've learned to manage alone."

Nevertheless, it had been a happy summer. His grandfather had even talked of opening the long-closed Maine house, but in the end they had simply stayed together in town, and he enjoyed being with his father. The two older men had talked and he had listened, as usual. He was not a great talker except in that superficial chatter of his own generation.

Perhaps that was India again. He held a world of memories within himself which other young men knew nothing about—memories of the close black nights in his childhood when he woke to see the tiny oil lamp at his ayah's bed burning in a flicker scarcely larger than a lit match and yet which made him feel safe, memories of the endless slow-moving stream of white-garbed people in the streets outside the mission compound, or of the students at his father's school, stopping to fondle him and practice their English upon him.

He could still remember the

smell of clean brown skin when they wrapped him in their arms, a smell as fresh as new-cut grass on the lawns, because being Hindu they ate no meat and he could remember, too, how dark were their eyes, and how the whites were tinged with blue. He remembered above all the endless kindness towards him.

He had not missed his mother's love, no, nor his busy father, so often absent, because there had been many people everywhere to love him and care for him and hold him in their arms. That was his first memory now when he thought of India, the boundless outgoing love, not because of what he was but simply because he was a child and perhaps because he was motherless.

Women in the streets, old grandmotherly women, and younger mother women going to the well to fetch water, jars on their heads as they walked, and sister girls all knew him, and paused to speak to him, to give him a bit of fruit or an Indian sweet and he accepted all and ate and drank which would have frightened his father had he known, but there was much Ted never told his father or anyone, and that he shared alone with India.

He understood early that his India and his father's India were two different countries, and for him there was only one, his own.

He had never known any girl well until now he was be-



"Am I here too early, Eloise?"

ginning to know Agnes. In his childhood he had no girl playmates. Mrs. Fordham, it is true, had given birth to a belated girl child, but Ruthie, as they called her, was three years younger than he, a round-faced, round-eyed child with whom he would have been ashamed to play.

When he visited his father, she had already been sent back to some church school in Ohio, and Mrs. Fordham was as briskly childless as ever. And it always seemed too much trouble to explain to any of the girls in America why he was going to India and, since they did not know and probably could not understand, they had remained far from him even while he carried on the gay conversations that were suitable.

But the remoteness had made him shy of falling in love, and now he did not want to be more than friends with Agnes. Some day, of course, he must marry and have children. His grandfather had been plain about that.

"You are the only scion of the family, Ted," his grandfather had said the night before he left. The old man was lying in his bed, very straight and thin and only his big bones made him still look big. He was easily tired and he went to bed early, but he liked Ted to come in and talk.

"Your father never married again, though I wish he had," he had gone on, "but I couldn't say anything, because a second marriage would have been impossible for me, too. We MacArd men are faithful to our women."

He had turned his eyes away from Ted to the portrait on the chimney-piece opposite his bed. He could not see it very clearly any more, but memory lit the dim outlines of the beloved face.

"Marry a good woman," he commanded in a loud voice, "marry and have a lot of children. She always wanted many children and we had one. Your mother ought to have had a dozen children, she had as lithe and strong a frame as could be found, but India killed her."

He closed his eyes, overcome by the fitful sleep which fell upon him now at any moment, and Ted waited. In a moment his grandfather had suddenly opened his eyes.

"What the devil are you going to India for?" he demanded.

"I don't know yet," Ted had said. "I want to go and I may not stay."

But he knew that he would stay. He had found no place for himself in America—pleasant, oh, yes, that indeed, and everybody waiting to be his friend. He had missed the war by his youth, spending those years clustered in boys' schools, and now, college over, he had come out into a world he did not know, glittering, laughing, corrupt, and reaching for him.

The heir to the MacArd millions could scarcely escape the



"You were supposed to make believe you liked it—now I'll have to make her some more."

ing together and then almost quarrelling. It had seemed to him that it was quarrelling, and once, much troubled, he had asked his father, "Is Uncle Darya a bad man?"

His father had replied quickly and firmly: "He is a very good man, and I think he is going to be also a great man."

"Then why aren't you friends?"

His father had tried to explain.

"Ted, these are strange times in which we live, and nobody can understand them. Many things are wrong and good people are trying to make them right. I believe that my way of doing it is best, but your Uncle Darya has quite a different way and he thinks his is best."

"But can't you be friends?" So he had insisted.

"I hope so," his father had said soberly.

A few months ago, quite unexpectedly, Darya had begun to write to him. "Dear Ted: Your father has written me that you are coming back to India. With his permission I am writing to you. I think you should know the India to which you are returning, for it is not the country you left."

From then on Darya's letters had come almost regularly, and he had explained to Ted the changes he would see. Of course, Darya told him, there was the old India of the villages, almost untouched. It would take years of independence to improve the villages, and perhaps there would even have to be another world war before India could be free, but the weapons of independence were being forged, and Gandhi was drawing the villages into the struggle as no one else could.

They would have to have the help of the peasants, since most of India lived in villages, and only Gandhi could get their help.

None of this was real to Ted, it fitted in nowhere with his memories, but he was curious about it and he had spoken to Agnes of his curiosity. To his surprise, though of course he should have expected it, he told himself afterwards, she had grown suddenly cool towards him. They were dancing that evening, and he felt the coolness pervade her physically. She drew away from him in the middle of the first dance.

"Do you mind if we sit down?" she asked.

They had sat down and watched the dancing and after a moment she turned her lovely pale face towards him.

"I can't forget what you said after dinner about that wretched little Gandhi! I wonder if you know how wicked he is really and how he is disturbing the peace of India. When I think of my father and all the sacrifices he has made for the Empire, and how kind he is to every Indian, much kinder and more pitying than he is to any of his English staff, it seems to me the grossest in-

gratitude in these new Indians to be so disloyal to the Government."

He had replied in peaceable fashion. "I can quite understand how you feel. Now shall we dance again?"

She forgave him, and he was careful not to talk about Gandhi or his Uncle Darya again, and in her reserved way she resumed the threatened friendship. And he liked her, in spite of this, because she was simple and direct with the mannerliness of the well-bred English girl. He liked her because she had no coquetry and yet she was so feminine that he wanted to be with her because he had never been friends with a girl before.

There was something delicious about her, or perhaps simply about being with a girl. He felt an enticing difference in her, not only physically but in her way of speaking and thinking. They looked at the same scene and she saw it with other eyes than his. He never knew just what she was feeling, and so there was always surprise.

Every morning she was new to him, and he waited eagerly until they met, and they had come to watch the sunset together, as they did now.

"There," she said, "the sun has whirled below the sea. Soon it will be dawn in England."

"What do you see when you think of dawn in England?"

"The amber light stealing over the Cotswold hills. I've watched it often from the windows of my grandmother's house. The light comes up like a river running into the valleys. What do you see in America?"

"The towers of the tall buildings in New York catching the light first, but it is silver, isn't it? Amber makes me think of evening."

"Perhaps," she agreed.

The twilight descended swiftly and the rays of the almost full moon cast a pale glow over the darkening water. The first gong for dinner rang in a series of musical tones and she turned reluctantly from the rail.

"Will you be dancing tonight?" he urged.

"Yes—will you?" she replied.

"Yes. Shall we meet at the usual place?"

"Yes."

Their eyes clung for an instant, they nodded briefly and the left him.

He lingered, reluctant to leave the peaceful sea and the quieting sky. Life ahead was as familiar as his childhood, and yet it would be new. He was not a child but a man, young, of course, but a man. As a man he must meet his father and establish his own independence. It had not been worth while to insist upon it with his grandfather, they were not to live in the same house and he had yielded to the old gentleman's whims and demands with a mild amusement.

It must be different with his

To page 37

Page 31



# Midsummer Meals



ABOVE: Hawaiian tomato cocktail is served with cheese and salad shortcake, cherry shape, and potato salad. The meal (below), served in the Roy Cleaves' garden at Turramurra, N.S.W., includes chilled soup, luncheon meat moulds, and pineapple trifle.

At the end of a hot summer day it is pleasant to dine out-of-doors in the cool of the evening.

**BUFFET-STYLE** meals served in the garden are the answer to those who want a change from conventional sit-around-the-table dinners.

If your garden has no spot suitable for an outdoor meal, it may be possible to set the table on a verandah or porch where the family can relax and enjoy the fresh air.

The following recipes for savory and sweet dishes may be combined in a dozen different ways to make interesting summer menus.

The two menus illustrated on this page, for which recipes are also given, are suggestions for you to follow, or you may prefer to work out your own menu.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

## HAWAIIAN TOMATO COCKTAIL

(A refreshing before-dinner appetiser.)

Half cup unsweetened pineapple juice, 1½ cups tomato juice, 1 tea-

spoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, juice of 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Combine all ingredients, mix well. Chill thoroughly. Serve garnished with fresh mint sprigs and cubes of pineapple.

## CHEESE AND SALAD SHORTCAKE

Shortcake: Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons good shortening, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening, add cheese. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk, knead lightly. Press into greased 8in. sandwich-tin, glaze top with egg and milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from tin. When quite cold, cut into three layers and fill as follows:

Filling: Four ounces thinly sliced cold meat, 2 chopped gherkins, sweet chutney, 8oz. cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons finely diced celery, thinly sliced beetroot, chopped ham, ½ pint liquid lemon jelly, 1 tablespoon white vinegar or lemon juice.

Spread bottom layer of shortcake





## A salad with meat, fish, eggs, or cheese is just the thing for a summer day.

with cottage cheese. Cover with cold meat and chopped gherkin. Spread underneath surface of middle layer with chutney, place on top. Spread upper surface with balance of cottage cheese (reserving about 1 tablespoonful) mixed with diced celery.

Spread underneath surface of top layer with reserved cottage cheese, place in position. Arrange beetroot slices around edge, pile chopped ham in centre. Mix jelly with lemon juice or vinegar. When beginning to thicken, spoon over top of short-cake, allowing jelly to trickle down sides. Add another layer when first one is set. Lift on to serving-platter and garnish with tomato, cucumber, hard-boiled egg-slices, cocktail onions, and celery.

### POTATO SALAD IN CUCUMBER BOATS

Two cups diced cooked potato, 1 tablespoon grated onion or finely chopped shallot, 2 or 3 tablespoons diced parboiled red or green pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup mayonnaise, medium-sized green cucumbers, thin slices processed cheese, tomato wedges, celery curls, radish roses.

Wash and dry cucumbers, cut in halves lengthwise. Scoop out centre pulp, leaving walls about 3-8th in. thick. Edges may be cut into peaks if desired. Combine potato, onion or shallot, red or green pepper, chopped mint, and about half the mayonnaise. Toss lightly together to mix well. Pile into cucumber cases, top with triangular pieces of cheese to represent sails. Serve garnished with tomato wedges, celery curls, radish roses.

### CHERRY CUSTARD SHAPE

One cup stewed cherries,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup liquid red jelly, 1 pint milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 2 dessertspoons cornflour, 3 dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in 4 tablespoons syrup from cooked cherries, whipped cream or substitute.

Arrange cherries in bottom of wetted mould. Add sufficient jelly to hold but not float fruit. When set, add balance of jelly; and chill. Blend cornflour and sugar with some of the milk, heat balance of milk. Stir in blended cornflour, continue stirring until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add beaten egg, stir in dissolved gelatine. When quite cold, pour gently on to jelly in mould. Chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with whipped cream and cherries.

### CHEESE BUBBLE BREAD

Three ounces plain flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1oz. butter, 1oz. grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne. Rub in butter, add cheese. Mix to a very dry dough with the milk. Roll to wafer thinness on floured board. Cut into strips  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., place on greased tray. Bake in hot oven 6 to 8 minutes. Allow to cool on tray. Store in air-tight tin when cold.

### LUNCHEON SAUSAGE MOULDS

Three cups minced cold meat (cold roast meat, luncheon sausage, or tinned meat packs may be used), 2 cups packaged chicken soup (prepared according to directions), 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Heat chicken soup, add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Add parsley and minced meat. When beginning to thicken, fill into individual moulds, chill until set. Unmould and serve with salad ingredients. Or the whole mixture may be set in a ring-tin, unmoulded, and served cut in slices.



### JELLIED TUNA RING

Quarter pint lemon jelly, diced red pepper or tomato, 3 cups medium-thickness white sauce, 12oz. tuna (or other tinned fish), 2 tablespoons each parboiled red and green pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper, good squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 4 dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup boiling water.

Set a thin layer of lemon jelly in bottom of wetted ring-mould, add diced red pepper or tomato. Barely cover with remaining jelly, allow to set. Combine white sauce with flaked fish, red and green pepper, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, mayonnaise, and dissolved gelatine. Fill into mould, chill until set. Serve with endive and sliced cucumber.

### PINEAPPLE TRIFLE

One packet pineapple jelly, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water, 1 egg-white, 5 slices sponge roll, 2 tablespoons sherry, 5 slices tinned pineapple, cherries, cream.

Dissolve jelly in hot water, when cold and beginning to thicken beat until very thick and creamy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Place a slice of sponge in each serving-dish, sprinkle with sherry. Pile pineapple mixture roughly on top. Set. Decorate with pineapple pieces, cherries, and cream.

### HAM AND EGG LOAF

One and a half pints lemon jelly, 3 strips red pepper, 18 small French beans (cooked whole), 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1lb. ham delight (cut in one

piece),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped tomato pulp.

Set a thin layer of jelly in bottom of large loaf-tin. When set, arrange 3 bundles of six beans wrapped with strip of red pepper. Add more jelly, allow to set. Arrange layers of diced meat, sliced eggs, and chopped tomato in tin, beginning and ending with meat. Pour balance of jelly into mould. Tap sides of mould so that air-bubbles rise to surface, chill until set. Unmould, serve with shredded lettuce and tomato wedges.

### CHILLED CREAM SOUP

One cup diced potato, 1 chopped carrot and piece of swede, 4 chopped shallots (include green stalks), 1 stick celery, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 cups stock,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup shelled peas, 2 cups milk, 1 table-

spoon flour blended smoothly with some of the milk.

Cook potato, carrot, swede, shallots, and celery with melted shortening for 5 minutes. Stir frequently and do not allow to brown. Add salt, sugar, stock, and peas, simmer 30 minutes. Rub through a fine strainer, return to saucepan with milk and blended flour. Stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Allow to cool, chill before serving.



# One Hot Dish

● Even in mid-summer an all-cold meal is not acceptable to everybody - so to cater for those who insist on one hot dish we offer you the following selection of savory recipes.

BE guided by family taste, the time and ingredients available, and serving facilities when choosing the one hot dish for an otherwise all-cold meal.

To avoid spending too much time in the hot kitchen choose a dish that is quick and easy to prepare, and where possible let the cooking dish double as the serving dish.

Small servings are adequate, as the savory entree most suitable for this kind of meal is only part of the menu.

Take your pick of the hot savory entrees suggested on this page; any one of them will complement a menu composed of cold dishes.

Remember all spoon measurements in our recipes refer to level spoons.

## EGGS MEXICANA

Six eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint white sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon horseradish, 1 teaspoon curry powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked rice, salt, pepper, paprika, bacon rolls, sliced tomato, butter, parsley.

## Midsummer Meals

Hard-boil eggs, remove shells, cut in halves. Place in greased ovenware dish, or cut eggs into quarters and divide between 4 or 5 individual ovenware dishes. Combine horseradish, curry powder, grated lemon rind, rice, and white sauce. Season with salt and pepper, pour over eggs. Dust with paprika, top with sliced tomato, and dot with butter. Place one or two bacon rolls on each, bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.

## SCALLOPED WHITEBAIT

One small tin whitebait, 1 break-fast cup white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs, plus extra breadcrumbs for topping,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tablespoons butter, cayenne pepper, and salt.



LAMB CREOLE with cheese toast is a piquant, appetising little hot savory which adds interest to an all-cold meal and makes it more satisfying for those with hearty appetites. See recipe below.

Grease 6 ovenware dishes or scallop shells, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Combine whitebait, sauce, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne pepper. Fill into prepared scallop shells, sprinkle tops thickly with extra breadcrumbs, and dot generously with butter. Bake in moderate oven until thoroughly hot and lightly browned on top. Garnish with pieces of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

## EGGS BON FEMME

Four eggs, 2 small onions, 2 tablespoons vinegar, pinch of nutmeg, 4 peppercorns, 1 tablespoon butter, pepper, salt.

Grease an ovenware dish or 4 small individual dishes. Cover peeled onions with cold water, bring slowly to the boil, drain and rinse in cold water. Slice thinly, and place in bottom of dish. Sprinkle with nutmeg and vinegar, add peppercorns. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, season lightly, and

dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until eggs are set. Serve at once.

## HERRING AND TOMATO BAKE

One tin herrings in tomato sauce, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soaked brown bread, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, lemon juice, paprika, tomato slices, parsley sprigs.

Mash herrings with the tomato sauce mixture from the tin, chopped parsley, soaked brown bread, melted butter, lemon juice, and paprika. Fold in slightly beaten eggs, fill into individual greased dishes. Top with tomato slices, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

## RABBIT ALMOND CHEESE CASSEROLE

(The following recipe was a prizewinner in a recent recipe competition sponsored by a processed cheese company):

One stewed rabbit, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups grated processed cheese,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper, 1 cup shredded salted almonds, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup boiled rice.

Remove meat from rabbit bones and dice. Melt butter or margarine, add flour, blend well, gradually stir in milk. Cook until smooth, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of the grated processed cheese. Stir until cheese melts, add salt, pepper, almonds, and parsley. Arrange a layer of rabbit in a greased casserole, cover with a layer of almond cheese sauce, then a layer of boiled rice and another layer of rabbit, then another layer of cheese sauce, followed by a layer of rice topped with cheese sauce. Sprinkle with balance of cheese, cover, and bake in a moderate oven 40 minutes.

## LAMB CREOLE WITH CHEESE TOAST

One tablespoon finely chopped shallot, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 small apple, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon finely minced gherkin, few drops chilli sauce (or tobasco),  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mixed mustard,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup wine (may be omitted), 1 cup good white sauce, 2 cups cooked lamb cut into chunky pieces, pepper and salt, pieces of buttered toast, grated cheese.

Saute the shallot in the butter for three minutes. Add the grated apple and cook for another minute. Add chopped eggs, gherkin, chilli sauce or tobasco, mustard, wine, and white sauce. Fold in the cooked lamb, season with salt and pepper, and heat thoroughly. Sprinkle buttered toast with grated cheese, brown quickly under red-hot griller, arrange on serving plate. Pile meat mixture in centre, serve piping hot.



RABBIT ALMOND-CHEESE CASSEROLE is a delicious and easily made dish which won a prize in a recent recipe competition conducted by a processed cheese company. See recipe at left.

## CASSOLETTES ALEXANDER

Half loaf fresh bread, 2 or 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 or 5 chickens' livers, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped olives, bacon rolls.

Cut bread into thin slices, stamp out with a cutter, dip in melted butter or substitute. Press into patty tins, dust with salt and pepper. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes until golden brown, crisp, and firm. Wash and dry livers, mince finely. Saute in melted butter or substitute 5 minutes. Stir in mustard, flour, and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Cook 3 or 4 minutes, season with salt and pepper, add olives. Fill into bread cases, top with bacon rolls, reheat before serving.

## SAUSAGE AND TOMATO CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds sausage meat, small quantity good shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup meat or vegetable stock or water, 2 cups cooked rice, 1 small tin tomato soup, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 table-

spoon finely chopped parsley or green pepper, 2 or 3 tablespoons chopped celery, salt and pepper to taste.

Roll sausage meat into small balls with floured fingers, fry lightly in hot shortening until lightly browned all over. Place in greased ovenware dish, add stock. Combine rice, tomato soup, onion, parsley or green pepper, celery, salt and pepper. Add to dish on top of sausages. Bake 30 to 35 minutes in moderate oven. Serve hot.

## KIDNEY ROLLS

Half cup stale breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  small onion finely chopped, 1 tablespoon parsley finely chopped, salt, pepper, 1 egg slightly beaten, bacon, lamb or veal kidneys.

Mix crumbs, onions and parsley with enough egg to moisten. Season and spread on thin slices of bacon. Fasten with skewers around pieces of kidney (scalded, peeled, and soaked). Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven.



# COOL SWEETS

● **Make the most of your refrigerator or ice-box when you are preparing light, delicious sweets for dinner or luncheon.**

**S**UMMER sweets should be cool, colorful, and refreshing, easy to eat and flavored and served with fruit.

Handle gelatine with care: measure it accurately, do not heat it with milk or use it with uncooked pineapple, which prevents gelatine from setting.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

## RASPBERRY CREAM TART

(Or use strawberries or any other berry fruit available.)

One 8in. biscuit pastry-case, cooked and cooled, 2oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 2oz. castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons cream, 2 egg-yolks, raspberries, small quantity raspberry jelly.

Melt butter, add flour, beat until smooth. Stir over low heat for 2 minutes, but do not allow to brown. Add milk, stir continuously until boiling. Remove from heat, stir in cream, beaten egg-yolks, sugar, vanilla, and lemon juice. Cook 3 minutes, stirring constantly, but do not allow to boil again. Remove from heat, stir while cooling. Allow to become

## Midsummer Meals

quite cold before filling into pastry-case. Chill 2 or 3 hours. Pile fruit on top, glaze fruit with thickened jelly, return to refrigerator or ice-chest until ready to serve with cream or custard.

## APRICOT GATEAU

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, few drops almond essence, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 6oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, apricot jam, ice-cream, chopped nuts.

Cream butter with sugar and essence, add unbeaten eggs one at a time, mix well. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, then milk. Fill into greased 6in. cake-tin, base lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 hour. Cool on cake-cooler. When quite cold cut a  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick slice from top and scoop a cavity about  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep in cake (reserve crumb for future use). Fill centre with ice-cream, replace top slice. Coat top and sides quickly with apricot jam, sprinkle thickly with chopped nuts. Serve with apricot or butterscotch sauce.

## SWEET BISCUITS TO SERVE WITH ICE-CREAM

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1oz. icing sugar, 2oz. cornflour, 2oz. self-raising flour, pink warm icing, cherries, angelica.

Cream butter or substitute with icing sugar. Work in sifted cornflour and self-raising flour, making a dry mixture. Roll half a teaspoonful at a time into balls, place on greased tray, flatten slightly with a fork. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven until crisp and dry. When cold, coat with pink warm icing and decorate with cherries and angelica if liked.

## ECONOMICAL ICE-CREAM WITH CREAM

Three-quarters pint fresh milk, 6 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Warm the milk, add the powdered milk and condensed milk, and beat until thoroughly mixed. Add dissolved gelatine, and beat 5 minutes. Turn into refrigerator trays, freeze until just firm. Return to basin, beat until smooth, fold in lightly whipped cream and vanilla. Return to trays, freeze until firm.



HERE ARE SWEETS in step with the season—cool, refreshing, and easy to make. Sorted with cream, custard, or ice-cream, they make a pleasant ending to a simple dinner. Apricot gateau, raspberry cream tart, and little sweet biscuits to serve with ice-cream are illustrated above. Apricot or butterscotch sauce to serve with apricot gateau must be icy cold.



# PRIZE RECIPES

A light-as-a-feather sponge filled with cherry liqueur cream wins this week's main prize of £5 in our cookery contest.

**F**ILLING and butter cream frosting for the prizewinning cherry cake are rich, but the cake itself is plain.

If maraschino cherry juice is not available for the liqueur cream, 1 teaspoon cherry brandy (made up to a dessertspoon with water) or 1 dessertspoon sherry may be used.

Sherry may also be used in the butter cream.

Consolation prizes are awarded to recipes for wholemeal salad bread and casserole Australis.

When entering recipes in this popular weekly contest remember that recipes with universal appeal, simple

every-day ingredients, and interesting flavor combinations are most welcome.

Write or type on one side of the paper only and attach full name and address, including State, to each page. You may send as many entries as you wish. Address letters to "Recipe Contest," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

## CHERRY BLOSSOM CAKE

Three eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon red coloring, 5oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla. Beat egg-whites stiffly,

gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt, and vanilla, color pink, but avoid overstirring. Fill into greased floured sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. When cold, join and top with cherry cream, spread sides with butter cream.

The top of the cake may be decorated further with cherries if desired.

**Cherry Liqueur Cream:** Cream 2oz. shortening, gradually add 6oz. sifted icing sugar, 3 tablespoons sieved apricot jam, 4oz. cake crumbs, 1 dessertspoon maraschino cherry juice, and 1 or 2 tablespoons chopped cherries.

**Butter Cream:** Cream 2oz. shortening, gradually add 8oz. sifted icing sugar, pinch salt, and 2 dessertspoons maraschino cherry juice or fruit juice. Color pale pink.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Bradbury, 102 Maitland Rd., Mayfield, N.S.W.

## WHOLEMEAL SALAD BREAD

One cup wholemeal self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white self-raising flour, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts (almonds or walnuts or both), 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Sift white self-raising flour with salt and pepper, add wholemeal flour, mix well. Rub in butter or substitute, add nuts and parsley. Fold in beaten egg and milk. Half-fill greased nut-roll tins, place lids on, bake in moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes. Cool

on cake-cooler, slice, and spread with butter or softened cottage cheese when cold. Serve with salads.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Dowling, Third Avenue, Maroochydore, Qld.

## CASSEROLE AUSTRALIS

One pound bladebone steak, 3 sheep's kidneys, 2 tablespoons wholemeal flour, salt, pepper, 1 carrot, 1 apple, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon diced green pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped bacon, 2 tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup water.

Trim steak, mince or chop. Skin and core soaked kidneys, slice thinly. Coat meat with seasoned flour. Arrange in greased ovenware dish. Cover with grated carrot and apple, finely chopped onion, diced green pepper, celery, and bacon. With thickly sliced skinned tomatoes. Add water and lemon juice, cover,

and cook in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  hours. Prepare fluffy topping, drop a dessertspoonful at a time on to tomatoes, cook a further 15 minutes without lid. Serve hot.

**Fluffy Topping:** One and a half cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon

butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter or substitute. Fold milk into dry ingredients, mixing thoroughly, but lightly.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss D. Barber, 7 Alma Rd., Maroubra, N.S.W.

## Fruit for health

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

**F**RESH fruit and fruit juices should have high priority in the diet of every infant, growing child, and adult.

As well as having a laxative effect, fresh fruits provide valuable vitamins and mineral elements necessary for good nutrition.

All fruit should be sound, ripe, and washed well before being eaten.

Only a small portion of any new fruit should be given to small children at first.

For dental hygiene a

toddler should end every meal with a piece of raw, ripe apple. The acid in apples causes saliva, nature's mouthwash, to flow and clean the mouth and teeth.

As a source of vitamins the citrus fruits are regarded as the most useful in a child's diet, but when not in season other juices can be substituted.

Tomato, swede turnip, carrot, apple, pineapple, and papaw juices are all rich in vitamins.



ABOVE are shown some of the colorful and easy-to-do cross-stitch motifs for towels, pot-holders, table napkins, placemats, aprons, and tablecloths that are included in American Vogart Transfer Pattern No. 231. The sheet of motifs, which measures 24in. x 28in., has a variety of small and large designs for all types of embroidery work on household linens and the cost is only 2/-. Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department. For the address see page 45.

# Germ warfare isn't a MYTH!

Germ warfare is a grim reality

Disease germs are being air-borne by the dirt-carrying flies



An added danger lies in the fact that billions of these flies have become immune to many insect sprays.

But not one fly living to-day is immune to Mortein Plus. Mortein Plus kills ALL flies, even those which other sprays cannot kill. In Mortein Plus, DDT has been replaced with a more modern, more effective and safer insect-killing ingredient—piperonyl butoxide.

Mortein Plus can be sprayed without hazard in sickrooms, around children's toys and in the vicinity of milk or other foods. Mortein quickly kills flies, mosquitoes and all insect pests.

MORTEIN DOES NOT STAIN

kills the carriers of disease!





as a teacher in his father's school and he could not allow his father to dominate him, even by his powerful, persuasive, courteous presence. He loved his father, but he knew that they were different men.

The second bell rang and he went down the stairs to his cabin. The ship was not crowded — he had the small room to himself as he prepared to put on his evening clothes, the formal black trousers, the short white jacket, black tie, and wide cummerbund of the tropics, a garb becoming to a tall and slender young man with grey eyes and auburn hair.

He looked like his grandfather, except that the darkness of his mother had tempered the fiery red of the elder's hair and beard. His own face was smooth-shaven, but his beard was stubborn and he shaved again tonight.

Nevertheless, he was ready too early for the final bell, for he had learned to dress quickly in the years at school, and his skill at sports had taught him a compact co-ordination of movement with no waste of action. With the few minutes left him he did what was habitual to him. He pulled a small book from his pocket and opened the pages at a marker. It was a New Testament and he was reading the Gospel according to St. John.

His father had never compelled him towards the Christian religion, but when he had left India, a little boy, his father had asked him to read the New Testament every day, and he had made the promise and kept it, inconvenient as it often was. The words of grace had crept into his mind without effort, and while in earlier years they had often been meaningless, now, when his young manhood had sharpened every nerve and feeling, they impressed upon him meanings at once poetic and profound.

"Many believed," St. John had written, "but Jesus did not commit Himself to them, because He knew all, and He needed not that any should testify, for He knew what was in man."

As usual the seemingly simple, deeply significant words stirred his imagination. He closed the book thoughtfully and put it back into his hip pocket, but the words haunted him as he went downstairs to the dining saloon.

He was seated at the captain's table because he was young MacArd, that was inescapable, but he had learned not to mind, and he took his share in the table talk, smiling, provocative, observing, and seeking, in his way, too, to know what was in man.

At this same time, David MacArd was in Bombay to attend the Durbar for the Prince of Wales and then two days after to meet the ship that was bringing his son back to him. It was a doubtful time for a Durbar. India was seething with new discontent and Darya had made one of his rare visits to Poona months earlier to protest to David the assertion of Empire and to beg him to advise the Viceroy against it.

Their paths had parted five years ago. Darya had chosen to follow Gandhi, subduing his own powerful personality to the firm little leader whom David did not approve.

The visit had not brought the two nearer. David had seen at once that Darya had become a single force, gathering all his soul and mind into one thrusting purpose, that of independence for India. He had left his father's house and had given his inheritance to his brothers.

Stripped by the death of Leilamani, their sons and baby daughter, Darya had for the first years wandered from village to village, a sadhu except that he had no religion, a beg-

nothing. Thus he had come to know his own people and the bitterness of their life. But he had no talent for common folk, though they were his own. He was an aristocrat, a man of learning and wealth, and they were afraid of him.

This he could not bear, that a peasant, starved and nearly naked, should fall to the ground before him and take the dust from his feet, and worse, when he raised the man up and forbade him to grovel, that the man would not believe him, and would run away from him in fear. There was no way in which Darya could make the poor and the ignorant trust him, and without trust they would not follow him.

Angry at himself and peasants alike, he had left the villages then to seek Gandhi, and in that wry and humorous man he had recognised the necessary leader. With an unselfishness which Gandhi seemed not to notice, Darya subdued himself. He bent his far more subtle mind and complex spirit before the practical little man who was neither aristocrat nor peasant and yet could understand both.

"David," Darya had said, "you must use your influence with the Viceroy to prevent this visit from the Prince of Wales. It is not the time for a show of Empire. I tell you, the nationalists will not stand for it. They are still furious because we were compelled into the world war without our wish or will, and our dire poverty made still worse. I tell you, there will be mass riots everywhere and the life of the Prince will be in danger. I warn you, Congress will boycott the whole Durbar. We will declare hartal in Bombay when he lands there."

It was autumn, the heat was subsiding slightly, and the college grounds were filled with swarming students.

David had been aware of unrest, but he had ignored it. The years of mastery over young men and women had taught him order and command. He saw no order in the unruly shouting mobs that swarmed about Gandhi, and he did not respect Gandhi as commander. He repressed the Gandhian movements in his schools and admired the steadfast calm of Government, while he disliked its use of force.

The bombing of Pathan villages, even though the people had been warned to leave, troubled his Christian conscience and he had remonstrated with the Viceroy himself about shooting into mobs. Yet the whole of India was disturbed and this wretched Gandhi had begun it all with his passive resistance, the non-co-operative movement which a year before Congress had adopted as its policy.

He was sorely torn, for he could not as a Christian approve the military rule in the Punjab, where thousands of innocent people had been killed by British soldiers, and he shrank to the very soul from the Amritsar massacre, where the dead and dying were left where they fell after that attack by General Dyer and his men. Even the wounded had not been cared for.

"That is not my business," the General had declared. "You know that I agree with the Viceroy that India is not ready for independence," David had replied sharply to Darya. They sat together that day in his study, two middle-aged men, different indeed from the two young men who had once felt as brothers.

They had been drawn close for a little while after the tragedy. Yes, he and Darya had clung together weeping that day when he heard of Leilamani's death after he had lost his own Olivia, and he had hurried to Darya's house.

## Continuing . . . .

He felt guilty even now because he still had his son and Darya had no one.

"You know, too, that I went to the Viceroy myself after Amritsar," David went on irritably. He took off his spectacles and smoothed his greying beard. "The Viceroy did not like my interference. I am only an American."

"You are the son of MacArd," Darya had said grimly.

"I am also a missionary," David had retorted, "and we are all suspect."

"Who can suspect you?" Darya had flung back. "You are conservative, successful, rich — Christian, an upholder of the powers that be. No one could suspect you of sympathy for us."

David had been deeply wounded. For a moment he could not answer. Then he had said, very controlled, "You are angry, Darya, and so you do me an injustice. I have not said that I do not sympathise, but I say you cannot accomplish anything by revolution. You must first show yourselves fit for self-government."

Darya had leaped to his feet, a tall thin flaming figure burnt black by the sun, his darkness enhanced by his white cotton garments and the little white cotton Gandhi cap on his head.

"How can my people be made fit, as you call it?" he had shouted at David in a voice tremendous with wrath. "Starved, despoiled, robbed, beaten! All these years the English have lived here as our masters, but they have never known us, they have not tried to understand our minds and hearts. They have ruled by force and by force alone, trusting to their vast military and police organisation. They have never tried to win our love or loyalty, though we were ready to love them — yes, even I, in the years at Cambridge, I loved England."

In spite of India, there was that to love, and they could have won by love, but they trusted to their guns. Now they resent what they call our disloyalty! Yes, yes, you are right, they act in self-defence, but why do they fear us? It is because they have made us hate them. It is too late, David! What has begun cannot be stopped. You will see years of strife and we shall win!"

He had left the mission house with a proud step, and David had sat long in troubled thought. If the law and order of the British Empire were destroyed there would be chaos. The university here in the compound, his life work, the climax of the network of schools he had built up throughout the Marathi-speaking India, the fine hospital, they could not function in a lawless country.

Time, time was necessary, and when the young men and women pouring from these halls were enough in number to

## Come, My Beloved

[from page 31]

leave the whole country, independence would be the logical end to a peaceful evolution. But Darya, misguided by Gandhi's fervor, was forcing an era out of its time.

He had sighed, doubted, and then, suddenly resolute, he had taken a sheet of paper and written a brief note to the Viceroy, advising against the Durbar. There had been no answer. The Durbar went on as planned.

He viewed the spectacle on this morning of the seventeenth of November. It was barely dawn and the moon, not quite full, was low over the horizon. Strong searchlights from the shore played through the pinkish light of the approaching sun and fell upon the ship Renown, and upon the launches which were taking officials, both English and Indian, to welcome the Prince of Wales.

They had left the shore in the early light to the roar of saluting cannon, first the Vice-Admiral and then the Viceroy, wearing only the Star of India as decoration upon his grey morning suit.

With them were the highest among the ruling princes of India, three maharajahs, and two nawabs who were to travel with the Prince in his royal tour, and on shore later in the day these were to be joined by three more, the Raja Sri Hari Singh of Kashmir, the Maharaj Kumar of Bikaner, and the Nawazada Haji Hamidullah Khan of Bhopal, according to the programme.

The splendor of the scene could not be denied. The sun rose clear and glorious, and a brisk wind whipped up small waves in the harbor. The Renown lay too far out for him to see what was going on on the decks, but he saw her flying standard.

Every ship in the harbor was decked with fluttering flags and only fleets of Indian fishing boats went their usual way. The heat already shimmering above the water lent a quality of mirage over the whole scene, a shining, quivering mist of light.

It was soon too hot to stand longer, and he made his way to the enormous amphitheatre which had been prepared for the assembly of the day. A long vista of red carpet led to the entrance, where a reception pavilion had been erected, roofed with golden minarets and domes. Upon the central dome there blazed the royal coat of arms.

He presented his card of entrance, was admitted, and saw before him an immense space bounded by flag-decorated towers and in the space, rising thirty tiers high, thousands of persons were already seated. Most of them by far were Indians, the official and the rich, their bright many-colored gar-

ments shining in the sun, their turbans sparkling with jewels.

The sober black garments of the Europeans were here and there, but only the blue and scarlet and gold imperial uniforms of the English officers could match the Indian splendor.

David took his seat, one of the severely garbed, and with the crowd he waited in the hot sun. An hour before noon the roar of welcoming cannon told them that the imperial entourage had come ashore.

They waited not much longer. He rose with the crowd and saw the young Prince of Wales walking beside the Viceroy in a stately procession towards the pavilion where the flags were flying. There seated on a gilded dais, he received the ruling princes of India, the men of his own Indian staff, and finally the members of the city council.

UNDOUBTEDLY, it was a spectacle, and in spite of Darya's warnings, David told himself, it was a success. Yet he could not be easy until it was over, for among the gorgeous robes and turbans he saw too the spartan Gandhi cap, the homespun white cotton that marked the rebels.

Outside upon the streets, however, the people had gathered in suffocating crowds and he heard their shouts of greeting to the British Prince.

"Yuvraj ki jai! Yuvraj ki jai!"

Nevertheless, he was glad that the royal tour of the city was not to include the Byculla quarter, where the rowdies and the riff-raff lived, and where if riots were to break would be their focus. The hartal, which Darya had threatened, might even now be a failure.

The markets were closed, it was true, he had noticed that this morning with foreboding, for when hartal was declared it imposed upon people a religious necessity for a period of mourning within one's home. So far the people had not heeded the command of the rebels. They could not resist the royal display.

And he, too, was compelled to admit and willingly did admire, not only the carefully planned pageant of Empire but the grace and sincerity of those who took part in it, and most especially the grace of the young Prince himself.

That slight dignified figure now came forward at the appointed time and standing he read the King's address with extraordinary composure and clarity. It was impossible not to believe in his goodness and not to be touched by his youth. With the same natural pleasantness, he received the welcome of the city, which Sir David Sassoon presented, and in reply spoke so simply and with such earnestness and honesty that David wished Darya were present and could hear.

"I want to know you," the young Prince said, gazing upon the vast audience of India, "I want to know you and I want you to know me."

The beauty of order, the strength of control, the power of law, all were here, and surely they would prevail, David told himself.

The great assembly was over and music burst into the air. The royal company prepared to descend from the dais, and the crowd rose.

Suddenly at this very moment David heard his name called in a whisper. He turned his head and saw Darya standing among a group of Indians just behind him.

"Even I," Darya said, under cover of the music. Then with his invincible smile, he said, leaning forward to be heard, "Look at me, David — you will not see me for a long time."

anxiously, "what are you planning now?"

From whence had Darya come? He must have taken advantage of the crowds and made his way in. Among the vivid silks of the courts of the native princes he was dangerously conspicuous in the whiteness of his cotton garments, his little Gandhi cap stark among the gorgeous turbans of scarlet and blue and gold.

"In a moment I shall be arrested," Darya whispered and his look was proud. He stood with his head high, his arms folded. It was not a moment. Almost instantly two British guards stepped forward and clapped their hands on his shoulders.

"This way, please, sir," they said with respect but command.

Darya turned his head this way and that, he met the eyes of those who gazed at him, he smiled again at David and then walked with dignity down the carpeted aisle between the two tall British guards.

For a moment the royal company paused, though without confusion, and then as Darya disappeared, the hand struck into new music, and the imperial show went on.

Ted saw his father first, tall, gaunt, bearded, his eyes shadowed by the oval brim of his sun helmet. He stood near the gangplank ready to be the first to descend from the ship, and while he waited this last instant his father caught sight of him and raised his hand.

Ted lifted his hat high and waved it, and then stood smiling, but only in the instant, for almost immediately the gangplank was fixed, the quick dark hands of the dock sailors fastening the ropes with skill, and he leaped down the few feet of board and clasped his father's hand.

"Dad, this is wonderful —"

"I'm glad to see you, son," his father was unbent almost as dark as the Indians themselves, or perhaps heat-borne. His grey beard cut close to his cheeks was a startling contrast to the brown skin and tragic dark eyes.

It was not a smiling face, but Ted had never remembered ready smiles upon his father's face. It was kind and it wore a controlled patience, a stillness almost terrifying. It was a stern face, as he remembered, in repose or prayer.

"We'd better not stand in this sun," David said. His son looked so young, so tender, that he felt immediately anxious, the old sickening anxiety of the boy's childhood in this devilish climate. Twenty-two was too young to begin life here, but it was either here or get rooted in America, and Ted had chosen India.

"I shall have to get hardened to it again," Ted said with gaiety.

There was gaiety in all he said and did, a sparkling youthfulness, springing quantity. Tall as he looked, he was not as tall as his father or his grandfather, and the peculiar brightness of his white skin, his grey eyes and the auburn hair enhanced his natural spirit with an electric lightness. He was more slender than father or grandfather had ever been, inheriting from Olivia his narrow wiry build and movements too quick for absolute grace.

Mercurial, David thought regretfully, perhaps too-fine drawn, too taunt, too sensitive for India. Though Ted did not look like Olivia, she had bequeathed something to him of her inner self.

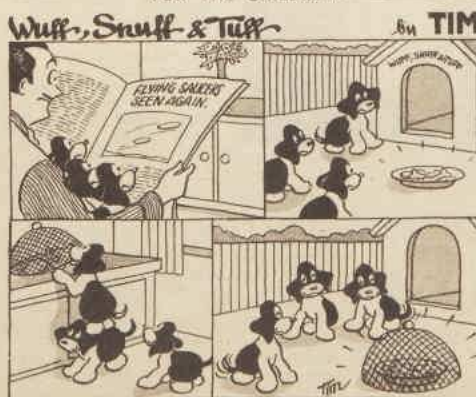
"I have taken rooms at the hotel," David said. "We can leave the luggage with the porter." They got into a carriage and sat down side by side in the shelter of the hood, and the horses ambled slowly down the street.

"Do you plan to go straight

To page 39

Page 37

## FOR THE CHILDREN







**NARROW** velvet ribbon threaded through the cuffs of these hand-knit gloves achieves a smart effect. Directions for making the gloves and trimming as shown are given at right.

## Dress-up cotton knit gloves

A pair of hand-knit cotton gloves dressed up in any one of the five ways suggested on this page will make a smart and valuable fashion accessory.

**DIRECTIONS** for making the gloves are given below, and here are some ideas for the trimming.

- Run a narrow black velvet ribbon, eyelet fashion, through each cuff as illustrated, left. Thread the ribbon through a bobby-pin first, and run the pin, closed end, through the eyelets. Finish with a bow.

- Stretch the ribbed edge of the cuff and bind with narrow black velvet ribbon. Sew ribbon round the thumb, ending with a neat bow as shown in sketch below.

- Make a tiny knotted fringe of the knitting cotton on the edge of the cuff ribbing.

- Stretch edge of cuff-ribbing and sew on a double frill of fine pique or grosgrain ribbon. Before attaching, run a double row of stitching along centre of the frill-to-be. After attaching, thread narrow elastic

through middle to bring the cuff in tightly to the wrist when worn.

- Round the top of the cuff-rib embroidery a band in cotton of a contrasting color and dot with tiny pearl buttons to give the effect of a narrow bracelet.

### Other pretty ideas

**HAND-DECORATED** gloves make attractive birthday gifts.

Make afternoon shorties to wear with pastel knits by tinting the white gloves to the exact shade of the dress. You might use pale blue with matching blue seed-pearl trim, or lime with a scattering of colored sequins around the cuff.

Stitch a circle of miniature daisies to a narrow elastic band and slip over the cuff, or sew a cluster of miniature daisies to the cuff for teenager charm.

Here are the directions for making the gloves:

**Materials:** 1 ball of Milford's knitting cotton, No. 6, 3-ply, 2oz.; 1 set of No. 12 Milford's Phantom knitting needles.

**Abbreviations:** St., stitch; k, knit; p, purl; tog., together; dec., decrease (by taking 2 sts. tog.); inc., increase (by working twice into 1 st.); sp., spaces.

Cast on 50 sts.

**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end of row.

**Next 4 Rows:** Same as 1st row.

**6th Row:** K 1, \* thread over needle, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end of row, finishing k 1.

**7th Row:** P to end of row (this makes spaces for ribbon).

**8th Row:** Knit.

**9th Row:** Purl.

**10th Row:** Knit.

**11th Row:** P 25 sts., make 1 st., p 25 sts. (51 sts.).

**12th Row:** Knit.

**13th Row:** P 25 sts., make 1 st., make 1, p 25 sts. (53 sts.).

**14th Row:** Knit.

**15th Row:** P 25 sts., make 1 st., p 3, make 1, p 25 sts. (55 sts.).

**16th Row:** Knit.

**17th Row:** P 25 sts., make 1 st., p 5, make 1, p 25 sts. (57 sts.).

**18th Row:** Knit.

**19th Row:** P 25 sts., make 1 st., p 7, make 1, p 25 sts. (59 sts.).

**20th Row:** Knit.

**21st Row:** P 25 sts., make 1 st., p 9, make 1, p 25 sts. (61 sts.).

Cont. making 1 row plain k and always having 25 sts. at beg. and end with make 1 and 2 extra p sts. between and another make 1 until there are 71 sts. in all in the increase row, stopping on the p row.

**Next Row:** K 25 sts. Thread 21 sts. on another piece of cotton and k to end of row.

**Next Row:** P 24 sts., p 2 tog., p 24 sts.

**Next Row:** Knit.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** Rep. last 2 rows (three more times) (8 rows in all).

**The Fourth Finger:** K 6, thread 37 sts. on cotton, cast on 2, k 6. Arrange 14 sts. on 3 needles and k round for 23 rows.

**Next Row:** K 1, k 2 tog. all round.

**Last Row:** K 2 tog. all round.

Run thread through rem. sts. and finish off.

**Third Finger:** Pick up and k 2 sts. at base of fourth finger. Arrange 37 sts. on 3 needles and k 2 rounds. K 8. Thread 25 sts. on cotton, cast on 2 sts., k 6; arrange 16 sts. on 3 needles and k 28 rounds or length of finger.

Shape tip and finish off as before.

**Second Finger:** Pick up and k 3 at base of third finger, k 6 along top of hand, cast on 2 sts., pass over 13 sts., k 6.

Knit 30 rounds on the 16 sts., then shape tip and finish as before.

**First Finger:** Pick up and k 3 sts. at base of second finger, k 13.

Knit 26 rounds, then shape and finish off as before.

**Thumb:** Arrange the 21 sts. on 3 needles and start the round with first st. on cotton. K 23 rounds, with a dec. at the beg. of the 2nd, 4th, and 6th rounds. Shape tip and finish off as before.

Sew the seam along the side of hand.

Make the other glove in the same way and press under a damp cloth.



**FOUR WAYS** of dressing up plain gloves for different occasions are illustrated above. For detailed instructions see article on this page.

## Matinee jacket for baby

**THIS** pretty jacket offers a happy solution to the problem of what to give a baby.

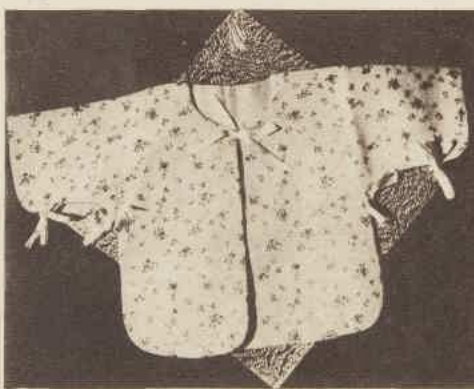
It can be made by hand or machine from a remnant of plain or printed silk or cotton fabric, and lined with silk, cotton, or crepe-de-chine.

**Materials:** One piece of printed cotton and 1 piece of silk for lining, each measuring 19in. by 25in.; 1½yds. satin ribbon, ¼in. wide.

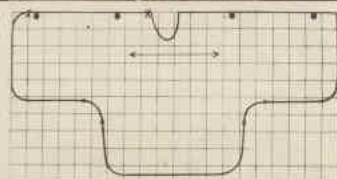
**To Make Pattern:** Make full-scale pattern from diagram in which one square equals 1in. Solid spots mark edge to be laid on fold of fabric; arrows mark straight grain of fabric. Slit up each section between x's to make front opening.

**To Make:** Cut 2 pieces from pattern, 1 in cotton and 1 in silk. Place jacket and lining sections right sides together, and stitch all round outside edge, leaving an opening of 5in. at lower back edge. Clip in at curves of underarm. Turn jacket right side out and slip-stitch opening. Press jacket.

Work small buttonhole-



**PRETTY** baby's jacket is not hard to make. Pattern diagram (right) will help you. Scale: Each square equals one inch.



stitch loops, ¼in. long, at neck and at positions marked O on diagram.

Cut 14in. length of ribbon

for neck tie. Cut remaining ribbon into 4 equal pieces, pull through loops and tie into bows.

## Cool cotton socks to knit

**THE** fancy rib top gives a snug fit to these hand-knit cotton socks.

**Materials:** One ball of Alexander's knitting cotton, No. 8; a set of four No. 12 sock needles.

**Size and Tension:** Worked at a tension of 9½ sts. and 10 rows to 1in. in stocking-stitch, the socks will fit an average child's foot of 8½ to 9in. length. The length of foot is as required.

**Abbreviations:** St., stitch; k, knit; p, purl; s, slip; tog., together; dec., decrease; inc., increase; m 1, make 1 st.

Cast 20 sts. on both 1st and 2nd needles and 16 sts. on 3rd needle—56 sts. in round.

**1st and 2nd Rounds:** (K 2, p 2) 14 times.

**3rd Round:** (Pass over next st., k next st., but do not s it off needle, k passed-over st. and s both knitted sts. off needle, p 2) 14 times. Repeat these 3 rounds 9 more times, then rep. 1st and 2nd rounds.

**Next Round:** (K 12, dec.) 4 times.

Work 25 rounds of k 1, p 1 ribbing on 52 sts. Turn work inside out and now proceed round in opposite direction.

**Next Round:** (K 11, dec.) 4 times (48 sts.).

**1st Pattern Round:** K 16, (k 2 tog., m 1, k 2) 4 times, k 16.

**2nd Pattern Round:** K 16, (k 2, m 1, k 2 tog.) 4 times, k 16. Repeat these 2 rounds 3 times more.

### THE HEEL

K 13, arrange next 22 sts. on two needles, and s last 13 sts. of round on end of same needle as first 13 sts.

Work 23 rows of stocking-st. on these 26 sts. and s the 1st st. of each row.



**Next Row:** S 1, k 14, k 2 tog. in backs of st., k 1, turn.

**Next Row:** S 1, p 5, p 2 tog., p 1, turn.

**Next Row:** S 1, k 6, k 2 tog. in backs of st., k 1, turn.

Continue in each row to work 1 st. more before the dec. in this way, work 1 st. after dec. and turn. When the last p row is worked there should be 16 sts. left.

Place the 22 sts. on one needle.

**1st Instep Round:** K the first 8 heel sts. With another needle k the second 8 heel sts., and with this needle pick up and k 12 sts. alongside of heel flap for 1st needle of round. For second needle, k 3, (k 2 tog., m 1, k 2) 4 times, k 3, as 1st pattern round. With third needle, pick up and k 12 sts. along other side of heel flap, then k the first 8 heel sts.

**2nd Instep Round:** 1st needle, k until 3 sts. remain, dec., k 1; 2nd needle, k 3 (k 2, m 1, k 2 tog.) 4 times, k 3; 3rd needle, k 1, k 2 tog. in backs of st., k to end.

**3rd Round:** 1st needle, k; 2nd needle, pattern; 3rd needle, k.

**4th Round:** As 2nd round.

**COOL TO WEAR** and easy to launder, these socks will fit a 7-to-8-year-old.

Continue to dec. in alternate rounds at end of first and beginning of third needle until there are 13 sts. both on 1st and 3rd needles. The pattern is worked on 2nd needle.

Now work without further dec. on the remaining 48 sts., until the foot is 1½ inches less than required length, and work the 2nd needle in pattern, finishing with a 2nd pattern round.

### THE TOE

**Next Round:** 1st needle, k; 2nd needle, inc. in 6th, 10th, 14th, and 18th sts.; 3rd needle, k (52 sts.).

**1st Round:** 1st needle, k until 3 sts. remain, dec., k 1; 2nd needle, k 1, k 2 tog. in backs of st., k until 3 sts. remain, dec., k 1; 3rd needle, k 1, k 2 tog. in backs of st., k to end.

**2nd Round:** K. Repeat these 2 rounds until there are 24 sts. in round.

K the st. of 1st needle on to 3rd needle. Either graft together the two sets of 12 sts. or cast them off in pairs to make seam. Work second sock.



## HARD OF HEARING?

you can hear TODAY!



the new Australaid way

NOW you can buy good hearing over-the-counter! And you can prove it for yourself, the easiest, most satisfactory way - simply place an Australaid into your ear in your Guild Chemist's shop... and LISTEN!

The Australaid is fully endorsed by the Federal Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia as being the most efficient general hearing aid sold. It is guaranteed for 12 months. It is Australian made too, so it COSTS LESS - and BATTERIES and spares are freely available. Don't be "out-of-things" any longer! Get a FREE TRIAL of the Australaid - now!

Price complete is only £24.17.6

Don't be HALF-SAFE!



New Cream Deodorant

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS

Even a daily shower isn't the answer to freedom from underarm odor. It can't stop the perspiration which causes this embarrassment!

So don't be half-safe - Arrid used daily protects two ways:

1. It stops perspiration... safely, effectively... for 1 to 3 days.  
2. It stops underarm odor on contact, keeps you bath-fresh up to 48 hours.

Arrid saves clothes from perspiration stains, rotting, and clinging odor. Arrid is safe for skin, keeps you safe from embarrassment, too.

Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant - Arrid.



ARRID TO BE SURE

ASTHMA COUGHS Go First Day

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis ruin your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Neoclear, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Neoclear from your chemist or store today under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

home to Poona tomorrow!

Ted asked.

"Unless you have some reason for delay," David replied. Ted hesitated, then decided against mentioning Agnes. Did he speak her name it might be too much, his father might think the friendship deeper than it was. She would not be at the hotel, her parents were staying at Government House, and he had not asked to see her there. They had told each other goodbye this morning after breakfast.

"We shall meet again," he had said with his quick nervous handclasp.

"Of course," she said.

"And may I write?" he asked.

"I hope you will," she had replied.

He looked deeply for a moment into her charming blue eyes, the sweet steadfast eyes of good and highborn young Englishwomen, and impressed upon his memory the gentle oval of her face, the serious mouth and firm chin, the fresh and lovely complexion, the slender elegant figure in white linen, the low beautiful English voice.

Something trembled in him for a moment, words rose to his lips, and he restrained them. It was too soon, he did not know what he wanted to make of his life, he could not speak of sharing it in any degree with her until he knew for himself what it was to be.

"I shall write after I get home," he said. "And you, too, write me. Tell me what the first hours are."

"I fancy we shall be feeling somewhat the same," she replied.

Thus they had parted, she had left him quietly before he met his father, and he had caught a glimpse of her with a tall, sallow Englishman and a thin, sallow, graceful woman in a green frock, her parents he supposed, come to meet her, and to take part in the Durbar, but she did not introduce him.

So he could not speak of her now, and certainly he did not want to call upon her at Government House. It would be far too significant, especially with the Durbar going on.

"I'd like to get straight home," he told his father.

They rode in silence for a few minutes, and he gazed about the scene, so familiar and yet so new, the swarming crowds, the dark, amiable, tense, proud Indian faces, the turbans of every shape and color, the women in their brilliant saris, far more of them on the streets now than there used to be, a few Englishwomen, too, and some Eurasian girls, very beautiful in English garb, and the ever-present beggars, wretched, deformed, emaciated, their high voices, pleading for mercy, threatening all the noise of the everyday life, and no one paying them any heed.

"I wonder that something isn't done to get the beggars fed and off the streets," he said abruptly.

"I suppose it is still as it was in the time of Christ," David said. "The poor we must have always with us."

His father spoke, or so Ted thought, almost with indifference,

## Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

[from page 37]

ence, as if India had worn down even pity, or mercy, and certainly the hope of change for such as these. He understood and rebelled. However long he lived here, he would not allow himself to become indifferent. He would keep his heart alive.

So they did not stay in Bombay. He had no desire to see the Durbar, and they left on the earliest train. He was very quiet, sitting by the dusty window and watching the familiar landscape slip by. This was more than coming home. It was beginning his own life at last.

"Here we are," his father said.

The train journey had been long and hot, the dust grey and fine seeping in through closed windows, creeping up out of the shaking floors of the cars, sitting from the cracks of the wooden walls and ceilings. The green grass, the hanging vines, the spreading trees, and the big brick buildings made the compound heaven by contrast.

"How much you have done!" Ted exclaimed.

"I have finished the plans I made before you were born," his father said gravely. "The chemistry building yonder was the last unit. The dormitories are all built and occupied. Over the whole presidency there is a network of lower schools, headed by our graduates, and these feed into the university."

He nodded towards a low, beautiful building at the south end of the compound, a graceful compromise with Indian architecture. "This is the girls' home-industry college. I have named it The Olivia MacArthur Memorial, in memory of your mother."

A bell rang at this moment, and a stream of girls in soft-hued saris poured out of the doors, laughing and chattering as they came. When they saw the two men, they pulled the flying sari-like ends of the saris over their heads.

They all knew that the Head's son was coming to teach, and they stole quick looks at the tall fair young man who did not look at all like his father, and turned their faces away before he could see them, curious, half fascinated, because in a way he belonged to them and they to him. He would, they supposed, succeed his father some day as India's great Christian educator.

Yet there was a hint of hostility in their looks. Gandhi and Dr. MacArthur were not friends, and the students were all secret followers of Gandhi, or nearly all, but because of Dr. MacArthur there had been no open attempt to join the non-violent resistance movement. The fair young man might or might not follow in his father's path. They hurried on, young and hungry for their night meal.

"Was my mother interested in all this?" Ted asked.

His father hesitated as always when he asked a direct question about his mother. Then he said, overcoming silence with effort. "Your mother died too young, she had not time to

fulfil herself. We were married and the next year you were born. She had the task of adjusting to India and to marriage. I tell myself that she would have been interested, had she lived. She was full of energy, vitality, spirit - many gifts."

"And beauty besides," Ted mused.

"Yes," his father said abruptly. He turned towards the house. "We must go in and get washed for dinner."

On the wide verandah the servants had gathered to greet the son of the house come home. They held garlands of flowers, and one by one they came forward smiling, humble, tender, as they looped the garlands over his neck. Then they stooped to take the dust from his feet and escorted him into the house like a prince.

His father was patient with all this, but abstracted, and in the hall he picked up two notes from the table.

"The Fordhams," he said, and opening it he read aloud.

"Welcome home, dear Ted. We'll leave you to yourselves this first evening. We look forward to tomorrow."

The sealed pink note addressed to Ted was from Miss Parker. He opened it and read her underscored lines, remembering Auntie May, as she had made him call her all the time he was a little boy.

He had been fond of her but distantly, because even then he had known that she loved him because of his father, and he had divined even in childhood that she had her dreams, the brightest one that some day David MacArthur would ask her to be his second wife. The years had faded this dream, his father had never thought of such replacement, and Ted knew it and had learned to pity the ageing lonely woman.

"Dear Ted, my special welcome to you. It is almost like a son coming home - my own son, I mean, but I just cannot put it into words. I have so many memories of you, and now you are a young man and come back to be your noble father's strength and help. With fondest love from Auntie May."

His father did not ask about the pink note; there was no need. They went upstairs together into the rooms he knew so well, where he had grown up lonely and yet never alone, loved and adored by the dark people and spoiled, as he knew very well now, by every one of them, guarded and shielded even from the stern father, and yet he had loved his father best, always.

"I shall be down in about half an hour," his father said, almost formally.

He knew his father felt strange with him, that he was searching for the new relationship, father and son, yes, but man and man, teacher and superior, comrades in Christ. Ted's heart softened suddenly, its old trick. He was always too easily touched and moved.

"By the way," his father paused - "I have had your room changed. The old one was small, I thought. I have put you in the front room; it used to be the guest-room, you remember."

"Thanks," Ted said. But he was startled. His old room had been small, but it was next to his father's room. Now perhaps the older man did not want to be so near to the young one.

"I shall miss you," his father was saying with a shy smile, half hidden in the grey beard. "But you must have room to grow."

"Thank you, Dad," he said. And then he was glad that he was not in the small room after all. This front room was

wide and pleasant, just now almost cool, the shadows from the verandah dimming the sunshine. There were no flowers, there had never been flowers in this house that he could remember, only green things, ferns, palms, that the servants arranged.

A punkah above his head began to sway slowly and a strange loneliness, a homesickness of the spirit, crept over him like a mist from the past, when this world was the only one he knew. It had crept over him often in America, even while he knew that was his own land and he an American.

There it was India that he missed. Here, standing in the midst of the familiar past, he felt a pang of longing for his grandfather's house, the clean avenue, the taxicabs, the well-dressed people, his own people, the cool brisk air. Perhaps if he were in New York at this moment there would even be snow; it was only two weeks until Thanksgiving!

He had not spoken to his father while they were driving homeward in the old bullock cart, the bullock bawling, from the train an hour ago, he had not spoken of the streets he remembered so well.

They were unchanged in all these years, the straining dark faces, too eager, too tired with heat and hunger, the thin dark bodies, that life of the streets all open to the passer-by, the unpainted houses, the unfurnished rooms of the common people, the narrow streets crowded with vehicles and bullocks and people, the priests and beggars, and pressed against the walls the vendors of spice and grain, cross-legged in the dust, and women carrying water from the wells, the jars on their heads, and dyers stretching bright green and orange and yellow lengths of cloth in everyone's way and the twang of a weaver's loom somewhere behind a thin wall.

In the streets all India swarmed about him again, and though he stood in this oasis of quiet, it was there, it was there.

He reached into his hip pocket and brought out the small Testament. Its leather covers were wet with his sweat and he opened it and read.

"For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world but that the world through Him might be saved."

It was extraordinary, he was not superstitious, but there it was, India was not to be condemned, it was simply to be saved. His fear lifted suddenly, he was even light-hearted. He had come here to work, and there was work to do. The vast old house on Fifth Avenue was thousands of miles away, and years would pass before he entered it again.

"Where is Uncle Darya?" Ted asked.

They sat at the English mahogany dining-table, he and his father alone as they had always sat during the meals of his childhood, but now his place was set at one end of the oval instead of at his father's right hand, where when he was small his father could lean towards him and cut his meat. His father, he supposed, had given such orders.

The servant, in snow-white cotton garb, was passing chicken curry and rice, tinted bright yellow with saffron.

"Darya would have been here to greet you," his father replied, "except he has gone and got himself arrested. He is in gaol."

"In gaol?" Ted exclaimed.

"Darya has committed himself to that fellow Gandhi." His father's voice was calm, but Ted knew his elder well enough to see the signs of concern if not of agitation in

To page 40

## DAVISON LEATHER LACQUER

Makes OLD GOLF BAGS Like NEW



There is no need to buy a new golf bag. Pad or brush Davison Leather Lacquer, in black or brown and you will be delighted. Revives and waterproofs and gives a new look to all leather goods. Dries in a few minutes.

DAVISON PAINTS LTD.

## BABY TAKES A BOW



At 4 years of age tiny Norma Roach, of Melbourne, already knows her halloo steps - rehearses every chance she gets. "Norma is so keen on her dancing that we have to see to it that she makes up that lost energy daily," says Mrs. Roach. "So I make sure she has plenty of Vegemite every meal-time." She's another little "Vegemite" child. For healthy nerves, firm body tissues, good digestion and clear skin, you must have a fresh supply of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and Niacin every day. Vegemite provides a rich supply of these vitamins because it is a pure yeast extract. So put Vegemite on the table at every family meal-time - Vegemite, made by Kraft V44.

## RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS & ACIDS

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Chills, Disordered Curves Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be purified. Kidney function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex - the new scientific discovery, which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.



his look, in his lips pressed together in his beard.

"But gao!" Ted remonstrated.

"Darya wanted to go to gaol. I cannot understand what is going on in India nowadays. There is a perfect madness to set into prison, a passion for martyrdom, a perversion of patriotism. The Viceroy is deeply troubled, because he believes firmly in India's right to eventual independence. It is simply a matter of when the people can be made ready. But Darya has become almost as fanatical as Gandhi himself. He even protested the Durbar."

"I never thought of Uncle Darya a fanatic," Ted said. "He was a little sad—or so I remember him."

"He became a different man after he lost his family. I have had you but he has no one nearer than his brothers and their children. He is a very personal sort of man, as Indians are, affectionate and so on. It was difficult for him to adjust. An ordinary Indian would simply have married again, but Darya seems really to have loved his wife. Did you know her name was Leilamani? Your grandmother's name was Leila."

"I know. And so now what will happen?"

The servant was passing spinach cooked until it was grey, and peas black with pepper. He had forgotten about the execrable vegetables, cooked always as Indians ate them. But his father took them as habit and helped himself to both.

"Sooner or later Gandhi will have to be put down," his father was saying with sudden vigor. "Government cannot tolerate this sort of thing. Non-violence sounds mild enough, but it can cause the greatest annoyance and real disruption, the people living on railroad tracks, for example, with complete disregard for their lives, and of course they can't be run over or the country would be in an uproar. I shan't be surprised if we hear of riots in a day or two about the Prince himself."

"Have you ever seen this man Gandhi?" Ted inquired.

"Only at a distance," his father replied. "An insignificant little man. I am surprised that Darya finds anything in him."

"I'd rather like to talk with Gandhi," Ted persisted.

"I advise you to stay away from him and all his works," his father said stiffly.

They ate in silence for a few minutes. At some point, Ted was thinking, he would say to his father that now he was a man, young it was true, but his own master nevertheless, he must decide for himself what he would do, whom he would see.

"At least you wouldn't mind my going to visit Uncle Darya in prison?"

David hesitated. "I suppose not, though he won't be there long. Government simply wants to make an example. The Viceroy has talked at length with me about the strategy."

"Rather a pity that they had the Durbar at this moment, don't you think? A sort of display of power?"

His father corrected him. "A display of strength, not power, and strength is essential."

Now or never, Ted thought, and from the very beginning he must have courage to disagree with his father.

"I wonder, even so, if it is wise," he said pleasantly. "The people here have such a profound recklessness of themselves. They have so little to lose, I suppose, a mud hut, two lengths of cotton cloth, a handful of pulse or wheat. They don't mind death, it comes so soon anyway—27 years is the life span, isn't it? And I suppose for most of them prison is a good deal better than everyday life, for at least they get food."

"I agree that they have too

## Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

[from page 39]

little," his father replied. "And it has been the whole purpose of my life to create better leadership for them, so that conditions can be improved. I think I am making the greatest possible contribution towards their independence in providing educated Indian leaders, Christian if possible. The sooner, then, can independence become a reality."

He added, "England would welcome responsible Indian leaders, but not a fanatic who insists upon wearing a dhoti and spends half his time spinning on a primitive wheel, so that the people won't buy good English cloth."

"I know too little to agree or disagree," Ted said honestly. "But I shall go to see Uncle Darya."

His father did not answer. The plates were removed and the servant brought on what Miss Parker, Ted remembered, used to call a shape. It was a trembling block of blanchmange, surrounded by a circle of thick yellow custard. He helped himself to the accustomed dish and ate it without too much difficulty.

"Go to the villager," Darya said.

The guard had allowed the tall red-haired young American a special favor. He need not talk with the prisoner through the barricade. Instead, the wooden gate was unlocked and Ted had come into the bare room opening upon a grey, dusty patch of ground.

Here he had found Darya alone, writing at a table made of two boards supported on posts driven into the earthen floor. He had looked up startled and for a full second he did not recognise his visitor. Then he saw who it was and he sprang to his feet and threw his arms about him.

"Uncle, my friend, my son—"

"Uncle Darya, I had to come as soon as I knew you were here."

"Your father did not object?"

"No."

Ted had begun their talk. So sat down cross-legged on the earth, refusing the stool Darya tried to give him, and one question was enough: "Uncle Darya, how came you here?"

"You must know," Darya began, and he took up the story of his life from the moment when he saw his little younger son die and after him the older son, and then Leilamani had died and the baby girl and at last Darya was left alone.

"I said I would become a sadhu," Darya declared. His great eyes darkened, his mobile face grew tragic.

"I divided my property between my brothers," he went on. "I put on common clothes and sandals, I set forth by foot to travel everywhere through the villages, not begging as true sadhus must do, for I knew myself still richer than the people in the villages, and I fed myself and even gave to them when they starved. Oh, Ted, if you would know India, go to the villages!"

Ted did not speak. Across his clasped knees he listened, watching the handsome weary face of his father's friend.

"North and south I went," Darya was saying, "east and west I travelled, alone and always on foot, and I slept at night with the peasants, I ate with them, I listened to their talk, staying sometimes for days and weeks in a single place until I knew the people as my own. I buried my sorrow in their sorrows, I forgot the death in my house because they died by the thousands and the hundreds of thousands."

"I saw my India, a wretched, starving, suffering people, living upon a rich soil never their own, oppressed by greedy landlords and driven by debt and taxation. The whole country

moves to and fro with the restlessness of the misery of the people and I forgot all that I had ever been. I am become another man, a single flame burns here."

He knotted his hands on his breast. "And then I found Gandhiji."

His hands dropped.

"Mind you," he said, "I am not a blind worshipper of this man. No, indeed, I can see him as he is, but still I will follow him because he is not working for himself. Ted, I tell you, renunciation is the test. If a man renounces all that he has for the sake of others, then that man can be trusted. Without renunciation, trust none."

The heat in the small room was like a weight of lead. The high wall kept away the hope of any wind, and the dusty patch of earth outside the door, where not a weed could grow, reflected an intense sun. There was no shield.

"What will you do here?"

Ted asked in actual distress. "It will grow hotter until the monsoons come and that is many months away."

"I look at the clouds," Darya said. "Morning and evening the clouds float across my bit of sky and I stand in that patch of dust and gaze at them,

in it no bitterness, no anger, and no sorrow, only content and joy and exaltation."

"Uncle Darya, what is your hope?"

"To see my people free," Darya said, "to see them able to help themselves, to see them owning their own land, choosing in their own government, living in decency and self-respect and mutual co-operation."

He lifted his face to the square of sultry white sky, where the light was metal hot. "And one day I shall see them no longer slaves on their hours, and the children will not wait with hunger any more, because they will be fed and not one will be hungry."

"By the grace of God?"

Darya's face changed, he opened his eyes and stared at the young white man. "Not by the grace of man! That is what you Christians always say. God, God! How dare you speak His name? Look into your own holy books—'Not every one that crieth Lord, Lord—can you not remember?'"

The gentle voice was a roar and Ted was silenced. It was true—and how had he mentioned the name in the presence of such renunciation? He had no right to speak the name of God.

"Uncle Darya, I must go."

He got to his feet and held out his hand. "You have shaken me, I confess it, not by what you have said but by what you have done. You are right. I am not worthy to speak the name of God. I ask you to forgive me."

Darya grasped his hand in both his own. "No, no, I let myself be angry and that is not good. You are not guilty, you are like a child. I must keep my anger for those who are guilty. Come again, my son—come and give me joy."

"I will come, Uncle Darya, though not often, alas, because Poona is too far from here. But my father says the Viceroy will not allow you to be in gaol very long. It is only a symbol, my father says."

"A symbol of power," Darya cried, "and I will resist it. If I am released, I shall make them arrest me again and again and again, until they see that it is no use. I, too, have power, and no one can take it away from me. Ted, you will see Gandhiji himself in gaol before long. Remember my words, I tell you it will be so."

"I hope you are wrong."

"Have you seen him?"

"No."

"When you see him you will understand why we must follow him. He is the only one who gives us a road to walk upon. And who are we?" Darya spread out his beautiful dark hands. "Men without guns?"

"Uncle Darya, I must go."

"Go, then, but come back."

Ted went home wondering that Darya had joined his life with Gandhiji's. For if he had understood his Uncle Darya aright in all the years of childhood, it was to know that the beautiful and intelligent man loved life, he enjoyed physical pleasure, he was fastidious and thoughtful. And all this rich humanity was yielded up now to the ugly spare little man who did not care what he ate except that it must not be better than a peasant's food, who chose a length of white cotton homespun as his garment, a little dark ascetic who lived by choice in a mud hut, and walked barefoot.

Renunciation, honesty, purity, whatever one chose to call it, whatever the charm, there it was, and Darya was not a man to be easily won. He knew the best as well as the worst even of England, he could wear an Englishman's morning coat, striped trousers, and silk top hat not only with enjoyment but with exceeding grace. He belonged by birth in a palace, his father's mansion.

In his loneliness he read and re-read the letters from Agnes, always with vague disappointment at the end. She came no closer to the interchange. Though he poured his thoughts and feelings into his own let-



"Another date? You mean we didn't spend all your money tonight?"

Now he had chosen gaol, now he had chosen poverty, and the renunciation was precious to him not for God's sake but for man's.

Something trembled in Ted's heart, a flickering flame, a marvellous light, but he turned from it. He did not wish at this moment to examine his soul. He was young, his life was pleasant, the future hung bright over the horizon. For Agnes Linlay was constantly in his mind.

He must hear her voice and see her in her own surroundings and know for himself what was between them, and what could be, before he examined his soul.

And by day the other country where his grandfather lived receded from his living thought and feeling. The old habits of childhood returned, they rose out of the shadows where they had waited during the years that he had spent in America, and again the old half-Indian ways of the mission house became his ways, the hot nights, the shadowy days behind the dropped bamboo curtains and under the slowly waving punkahs, the foods peppered to sting the palate, the cooled melons, the flowering vines in the garden, the dark, white clad servants hastening to meet his every possible need.

And even in the schoolrooms, the eager, the too eager, faces of the young Indian men, the half shy and always charming faces of the girls, their slender hands hovering ready to draw their saris over their heads, a gesture modest and enticing, coquettish and severe. There was much more here than Gandhiji's India.

And every week or two Agnes wrote in answer to his almost daily letters, the letters he sent in his need for companionship, for though he loved and revered his father, there was no possibility of companionship with a man who was now altogether missionary and more than that, a missionary prince, a man upon whom the Viceroy called for advice when Church must come to the aid of Government. And Mr. and Mrs. Fordham were old and ridiculous and touching.

Of all their children, only Ruthie was coming back. They talked a great deal about her and even showed him her picture, a round-faced, simple, pretty girl, whose small lips were too full for prettiness in the pleasant, common face.

Besides these, there was only poor old Miss Parker in the compound, and her he avoided and knew himself cruel. He could not help it. She had grown mouldy and unhealthy, and even religion had not kept her flesh sweet.

In his loneliness he read and re-read the letters from Agnes, always with vague disappointment at the end. She came no closer to the interchange. Though he poured his thoughts and feelings into his own let-

ters, his increasing warmth brought only her kindly cool regard, her mild gaiety.

Twice he had asked to see her, and twice she had put him off. The first time when he visited Darya he had wanted to continue eastward to her, but she put him off because she had planned a holiday with her parents into Kashmir, where her father liked to hunt, and again when he asked, she replied that everyone was too busy with plans for the visit of the Prince of Wales, who was to arrive on Christmas Eve.

Riots were expected, she wrote him, for there were rumors that nationalists were sending in malcontents from the jute mills, paying them each six annas a day to stir up the people against the Prince. But Government was rounding them up before the royal visit, and more than three thousand rebels were in gaol. As for hartal—

"Actually complete hartal will be helpful," she wrote, "for the people will stay at home. Otherwise many might be crushed to death in the crowds on the streets."

Her letters rose to enthusiasm when the Prince of Wales arrived, and Ted read them through fully, remembering Darya lonely in his prison cell.

"It has all been a great success," she wrote in January. "Most satisfying to us, of course, was the vast entertainment on the second day after Christmas, given entirely by the Indians. It was in the open, on the maidan, and thousands came to see him. How they cheered when the Prince drove slowly around—and it was so very comforting to us. Then he mounted the magnificent dais and sat down, although he rose as soon as the programme began, to receive the sacred offerings—silver coconuts, sweet rice, flowers—all on silver platters. He was finally garlanded and could sit again."

Then three great processions came slowly towards him, the first one of priests in their saffron robes, chanting Sanskrit hymns to the most beautiful music, soft and yet wild and sad. Then came thirteen bullock carts, each with a spectacle, a tableau of Indian life, the figures so motionless and poised one could have sworn them of bronze instead of flesh and blood. Then there was the Tibetan dance procession.

"Of course there was everything else—Manipuri dancers, very pretty and so young in their stiff golden skirts and dark bodices, and finally a tremendous historical pageant of the Mogul era."

"Oh, but the best was when it was all over and the crowd surged forward towards the Prince simply to show their love! And even on the twentieth, when he left, the cheering crowds gathered along the

To page 42





BRILLIANT DISPLAY of gold mesembryanthemums or, as they are commonly known, pig's face. In other countries the plant is called fig marigold, sun daisy, and ice plant. Mesembryanthemums are ideal for colorful rockery displays.

## PIG'S FACE FOR COLOR

For that hot, sunny spot in the rockery or border bed there are few plants that will give a brighter display than the succulents known as mesembryanthemum, or, to give its ugly, common name, pig's face.

IN explanation of its common name, let it be said that the unopened buds of many varieties do resemble the face of a pig, complete with ears and snout.

There are some scores of varieties in the family, ranging from vigorous trailing plants which spill 20ft. or more over rocks or walls to dainty little types of leafy habit and insignificant blooms.

Others, such as Mesembryanthemum violacea, produce sprawling plants that in a few years will smother big sections of a flower bed or rockery with rich purple blooms.

One of the most common and certainly one of the hardestiest is Dorothy Russell, which produces fragrant blooms as big as florins from masses of silvery, fleshy foliage. When grown over a mound or rock, this variety is easily one of the most attractive of the entire family.

Mesembryanthemum chamberlainii is an oddity among the numerous varieties. Its flowers are as big as sixpences, bronze at first, with a beautiful metallic sheen, later changing to a bright cerise-violet.

The variety known as aurantiaca produces double orange blooms of good size, and is also one of the most beautiful plants for setting out in a sunny spot where a minimum of attention is likely.

Crystallinum has tiny pink flowers and leaves that glisten and sparkle. This is much used for lines in carpet beds and for decorating dish-gardens set in sunny places.

Some of the family have

either white, gold, or yellow flowers.

There is also a very brilliant variety with scarlet flowers and cream centres. This, like all the others, opens its flowers only when the sun is shining, for they are all sun worshippers and rarely do their best until the sun is at its full.

Most varieties do well along the sea coast, but residents of the lower mountains and tablelands, where frosts are not heavy, also decorate their gardens with them and achieve beautiful effects after planting them fairly close together.

They all thrive in any sort of soil, ranging from the poorest sand to the heaviest clay loams, and are suited to the driest banks where other plants may fail.

Nearly all of them can be raised from cuttings, and often

### GARDENING

develop seeds, which mostly self-sow.

Cuttings should be taken after the plants have finished flowering, and should be left in a shady place for the ends to harden before being planted, or they may rot.

This is due to the fact that they are true succulents and need the ends of the cut or broken stem to dry thoroughly before being placed in moist soil.

The robust, sprawling varieties do best if planted where their roots can creep under a rock or wall where moisture is retained for a long time.

For this reason most mesembryanthemums make their finest displays in the

rockery, where their rather long, woody roots can forage at considerable depth.

While they do not appear to appreciate heavy feeding, the best results are achieved when the plants are given some good humus such as old cow manure, well rotted vegetable matter, or leaf-mould. Then they grow rapidly and flower for some months if planted in a protected position.

They are ideal plants for window-boxes, concrete troughs, deep tubs, or large pots.

In such positions they should be watered regularly.

The gold and violet varieties make fine contrasts when planted together.

The white varieties are mostly upright and look best planted in the company of such plants as agatheas (has blue daisy-like blooms), ageratum, nemesis, or annual phlox for contrast.

Deep yellow or gold varieties also need blues or violets to display best their brilliant colors. Purple verbenas, swan river daisy, tweddia, and purple columbines also make showy contrasts.

Mesembryanthemums are very hardy, rarely attacked by any insect pests, but occasionally develop a white form of rust which, unless checked by spraying with lime sulphur, may kill them outright in a few months.

For hollow wall-tops, in which trailing plants like lotus, Kenilworth ivy, and ivy-leaved geraniums are sometimes grown, the trailing varieties of mesembryanthemums are excellent.

—R. G. Edwards.



## Imperial LUNCHEON BEEF





## Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

from page 40

river to see him off, although the Pansy was moored by Outram Ghat and his departure was supposed to be private. They were all middle class and working people, too. A great triumph for the British Empire! My father is delighted and so are we all."

Ted put this letter down. She had never been so warm, so excited, but none of this emotion was for him. It was time indeed to go and see her face to face.

Ted reached Calcutta on a day already growing hot and went at once to the hotel after the dusty journey. His bearer had fetched his bags and bedding and now hastened ahead to prepare his bath and tea.

In the lobby he lingered at the desk, hoping for a letter from Agnes. There was a chit, an invitation not for immediate luncheon, but for tea this afternoon and tennis, a cool little note, not unfriendly perhaps but wary, or did he so imagine?

The pale grey paper was thick, and it was embossed with the crest of Government House. But Government House, he reminded himself, was home for her. He must not expect her to be as she had been on the ship, simple and single and free to be herself. She was the Governor's daughter, and an Englishwoman in India.

He stood fingering the note, remembering with a sudden blush the frankness of his letters. He had all but made love to her, for love was very easy. He was still lonely, the nights were hot and long and he dreamed of companionship.

Well, then, he would sleep and rest and read, perhaps even study his language lessons, for he was determined to master not only the literate Marathi but Hindustani and vernacular Gujarati, and after that if possible the other chief languages of India, so that wherever he went he could speak to people.

Poona, he was beginning to feel, was not to be his final home, but the future was not clear until he had seen Agnes. He mounted the marble steps then and went to his room.

There his bearer had already let down the mosquito net, had drawn the shutters and the punkah was in motion.

"English bath, Sahib," the faithful one said, grinning white teeth in a dark face, meaning that here was a vast porcelain tub and cumbrous plumbing and running hot and cold water.

"That is good," Ted replied. "Now bring me some food, and then you go and sleep, too. I shall sleep all morning."

"Yes, Sahib." The man drifted away, closing the door silently. The room was suddenly quiet, the thick walls shut away the sounds of the street and there was only the faint squeak of the punkah, moving to and fro.

The gardens at Government House were a display of imperial splendour. The heat had not been allowed to scorch the flowers—English larkspur mingled with the luscious Indian blooms and roses—and orchids grew in the shadow of huge bath houses. Lawns spread in acres of green and in the centre the dignified mansion rose like an immense English country house.

The hired carriage rolled along the driveway and stopped at the entrance steps, his bearer leaped nimbly down from beside the driver and Ted got out.

"You may come back in two hours, or wait," he directed.

"I wait, Sahib," the bearer said with dignity. He was handsome in fresh white garments and he was aware that he did honor to his master, even here.

"Vere well," Ted said. He mounted the steps and at the open door behind the mosquito screen a servant, a Sikh, tall and bearded, splendid in a blue-and-gold livery, waited for him.

"Miss Linlay," Ted said. "Expecting you, Sahib," the Sikh said suavely and ushered him into the reception-room to the left of the huge square entrance hall.

There he waited, but only

a moment, for almost at once she came, looking cool and beautiful in her white linen tennis frock, as he saw immediately, her fair hair drawn back and her face pale, though touched with a faint sudden blush. At her throat she had fastened a yellow rose.

"Agnes!" He took both her hands and looked down into her smiling face, and how blue her eyes were, he thought, more blue even than he remembered and her lips even more sweet. He was overcome with a sudden impulse to bend and kiss those lips, an impulse so strong that he could resist it only by the utmost will. But he knew that she could be deeply and delicately offended, and he would not risk it.

She stood looking at him, smiling, warding him off nevertheless and he imagined that she was chained, less free, at least, than she had been on the ship. But he was prepared for that.

"You had my note quite safely. I see, arriving so exactly," she said, "and it is still too hot for tennis, I fear. Perhaps it is as cool here as anywhere."

She sat down on a rather high chair of teak, cool and polished, and he drew a small gold chair near to her, and sitting down he gazed at her frankly and with delight, determined not to allow her to withdraw from him.

"I have come a long way to see you, and I have waited a long time. I wanted to come last autumn, when I went to the United Provinces to see an old friend. But you wouldn't let me, and again—"

She fended him off. "And who is the old friend?"

"An Indian friend of my father's; I call him uncle. He is Darya Sapru."

"Ah, that name I know," she observed. "My father says he could have had a knighthood last year if he had not joined himself with Gandhi."

"Really? But I don't think he would have accepted a knighthood."

He saw the slightest hardening of the lovely clear blue

eyes and he hastened away from the subject. "Anyway, my father and Darya have been lifelong friends, although now they are rather apart, because my father does not feel Gandhi is right."

He stopped abruptly, smitten with guilt.

She said, "I am glad to know your father feels that."

"Yes, and I mustn't take shelter behind my father," he said resolutely. "I don't know if Gandhi is right or wrong. There is so much I don't know now." He frowned.

"The old India was nicely clear or so I seem to remember it, maybe because I was only a child, and now everything seems complex. I had to listen to Darya, of course. Seeing him in gaol was very confusing."

AGNES eyed him coolly. "Why was it confusing?" she asked. "Darya made a demonstration during the Durbar in Bombay."

"It is you I want to talk about," Ted said. "Not the Prince and not Darya and certainly not Gandhi or politics, nor even India. Only you—"

He took her narrow white hand as it lay on her knee, and he held it long enough to discern response. There was none and he put it down again.

She got up almost at once.

"Let's go out to the courts. After all, they are shaded, and the darkness falls so quickly after the sun sets. My father will soon be home."

She gave him a quick glance, her eyes upon his shoes.

"I am quite ready," he said, smilingly submitting himself to her survey. "White linen suit, white shoes."

"Very handsome," she retorted, thawing nicely into an answering smile.

They sauntered across the green lawns and approached the courts. There were already people playing, ladies sat under the green striped umbrellas, and liveried Indian servants were offering tea, sandwiches, and

cold drinks. Agnes introduced him casually as they came near.

"Lady Fenley, this is Ted MacArd, from Poona. Sir Angus, Ted MacArd, and Lady Mary Fenley, Ted MacArd, Frederick Payne, Mr. MacArd, and Bart Lankester, and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wayne—"

He shook hands, smiled, repeated names, and she disposed of them all by offering to play him at singles immediately upon a still vacant court. He tested some racquets, chose one rather heavy, they tossed for the serve, and she won.

He suspected that she played well, but he did not imagine her superlative, as indeed she was. She seemed scarcely to move about the court, and yet his balls were returned with swift accuracy and in the least convenient spots. She used no tricks, no cuts, or pretences, a straight game, but devastating and hard.

He was put to it to match her, and he lost the first three games with scarcely a point. Then he rallied himself, forgot who she was and that he was very nearly if not altogether in love with her, and concentrating upon her as an adversary, he won two sets out of three by a bare margin.

Defeated, she came to the net and they shook hands formally. Her fair skin was rosy-red and the straight short strands of hair about her forehead were wet.

"You play too well," he said. "Impossible," she said, "since you beat me."

"I had to work hard," he retorted.

"Why not?" she asked.

They sauntered side by side to the umbrellas again, and she took hot tea.

"Don't drink that cold stuff," she suggested, disapproving when he chose lemonade. "It's dangerous when you're hot."

"Not for an American," he replied, determined for a reason he could not understand not to yield to her. "We're used to cold and hot together."

"There's my father," she

He saw the tall Englishman walking slowly across the lawns towards them. "He looks tired," she said. "Things are so difficult again, since the Durbar."

Everyone rose as the Governor approached and she introduced Ted formally. "Father, this is Mr. MacArd. I told you we were shipmates. He is from America, you remember."

"Ah, yes." The Governor shook hands with him limply. "I think I've met your father. Of course I know of your grandfather."

"Thank you, Your Excellency," Ted said clearly.

He sat down again when the Governor was seated, he chatted with Lady Fenley, he glanced at Agnes once or twice, rather restlessly, until he perceived that this was to be his visit.

There was not to be a stroll alone under the great banyan tree at the far end of the lawns, nor did she seize the opportunity he made by suggesting that they look at the rose gardens. In sudden anger he got up after a half hour or so.

"I must be leaving now," he said, refraining from her name.

"Must you?" she murmured.

"I shan't leave Calcutta until the day after tomorrow," he went on.

Actually he had no plans whatever, but he said not tomorrow, because it gave him a day longer. Yet he warned her that it might be only a day. A day would be enough to see whether she wanted to see him again. She did not speak. She gave him her hand, he pressed it, and released it, he bowed to the assembly under the green striped umbrellas and went away.

The sun was setting ferociously over the great temple of Kali as he got into his carriage and they went down the road towards the city and then along the Chowringhi, the most famous street of the East, and so to his hotel. He was still angry and his lips were tense and white.

To be continued

# The Modern Fly is a very tough guy!

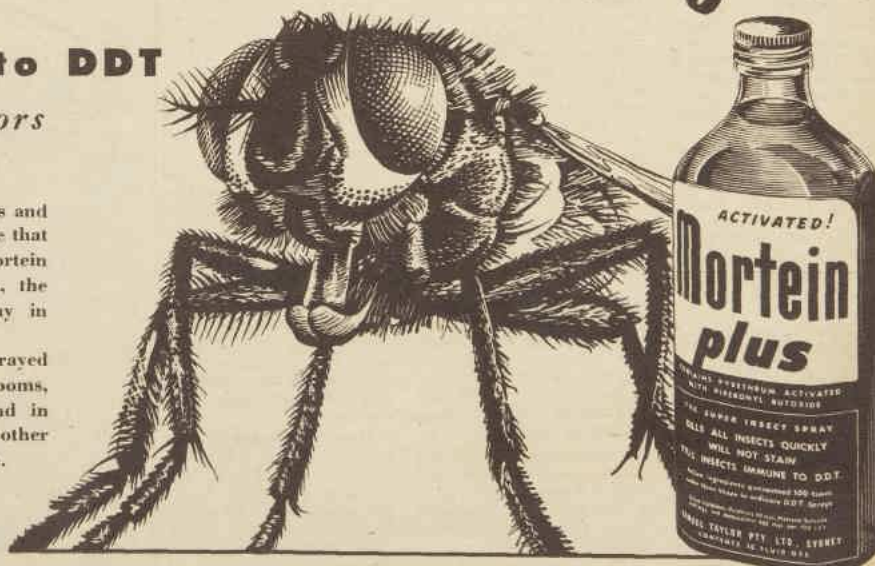
## He's immune to DDT

Sprays which killed his ancestors leave him undisturbed

Scientific investigation has established beyond all doubt that each succeeding generation of flies becomes increasingly resistant to DDT. Billions of flies now living are completely immune to many ordinary fly sprays. In Mortein Plus, DDT has been replaced with the more modern, more effective and infinitely safer insect killing ingredient, Piperonyl Butoxide.

Mortein Plus kills ALL flies and insect pests, including those that are immune to DDT. Mortein Plus is, beyond all doubt, the most effective insect spray in Australia—and the safest.

Mortein Plus can be sprayed without hazard in sickrooms, around children's toys and in the vicinity of milk or other foods; and it does not stain.



# yet Mortein plus kills him stone dead!





# Streamlined country home in Holland



INTERIOR of the covered entry and outdoor living-room of the new streamlined Dutch house. Corner windows serve the library. A creeper has started to climb the slatted wall.



BACK VIEW of house from road, showing garage and main entry. The porthole window lights the staircase, and clerestory windows light the passageway and bathroom above.



FRONT VIEW of the house. Glass doors from the bedrooms lead on to the balcony, and wide glass doors below open into the living and dining rooms.

Situated on a long, narrow piece of land in the pine-tree belt at Halem, Holland, this country home, built for a family of five, has many features of interest to Australian homemakers.

THE back of the house is close to the road and the front faces the sun.

The house was designed by noted architect S. Kompter, of Amsterdam.

Curved roof of the garage and porch (seen in the picture above) breaks the square line of the house in a most attractive way.

The porch also provides an outdoor living area.

The entrance door opens into a wide, tiled hall with a cloakroom at one end and a smartly styled staircase running from the centre to the bedrooms and bathrooms above.

Beneath the curving staircase a door opens into the library, and on the opposite side to the entrance sliding doors open to the combined living and dining room and adjoining kitchen.

The dining area can be separated from the living area when desired by simply pulling a cord which controls an accordion-like "wall" of plastic material that runs on a curving "railway track" set in the ceiling.

Wide picture windows overlook the lawns and gardens, and doors open from the living-rooms on to the front and side terraces and lawns.

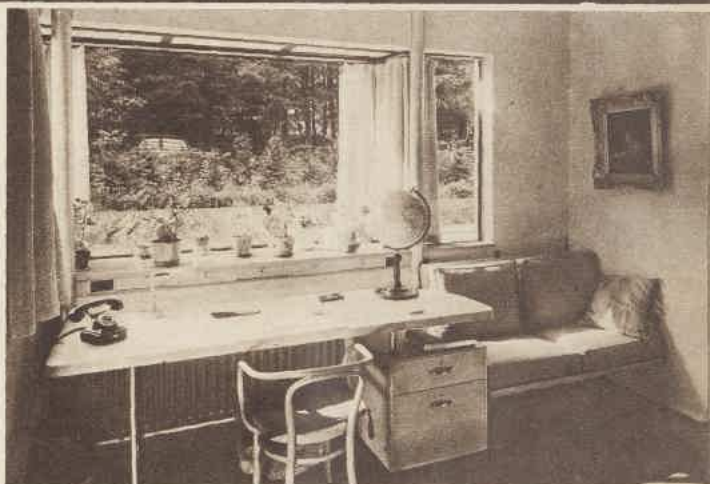
All the upstairs bedrooms

open on to a balcony, protected by the wide roof overhang. Clerestory windows at the rear of the house provide light and air for the upper floor passageway and bathrooms, also to bedrooms, which run from the front to the back of the house.

Several of the rooms, including the living and dining areas, are flush-panelled in white ash, its pale beauty highlighted by the delicate etchings of the natural wood grain.

The furniture, with the exception of a few heirloom pieces, is streamlined in keeping with the design of the house.

—Eve Gye



CORNER OF THE LIBRARY showing the built-in desk facing the picture window. Notice the modern design of the chair and the upholstered settee in the corner.



THE HALL, photographed from the entrance door. At left, doors open into the combined living and dining room. The design of the modern staircase is interesting and space saving.



DINING AREA has an uncluttered air with its simple, modern furniture. Pretty patterned covers to the cushioned modern chairs add vivacity to the color scheme.



VIEW OF THE LIVING-ROOM with dining area in the distance. The accordion-like "wall" can be opened or closed at will. It runs on a track set in the ceiling for the purpose.



## Cream away UNDER-ARM HAIR in 3 minutes



No razor to scrape tender skin and leave ugly stubble. Amazing Veet smooths away all superfluous hair in 3 minutes! Just apply Veet. Leave for 3 minutes. Then wash away. Skin is left soft as velvet. Under-arm hair spoils summer glamour. So use Veet cream. Success guaranteed or money back.

### LEGS TOO!

Keep sun-banned legs silky-smooth and hair free all through summer with wonderful Veet.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES



### Always fit for work or play..

For children from teething age to 14 years, Steedman's Powders are the gentle, safe, sapient that has been mother's standby for over 100 years.

Write now to "Steedman, Box 17570, G.P.O. Melbourne" for free booklet "Hints to Mothers."

Give

**STEEDMAN'S  
POWDERS**  
for Regularity

AT ALL CHEMISTS  
Made in England.

**SOON**  
you will be able to buy  
**"GUSTO"**  
MEAT Tenderizer

The amazing domestic "miracle" which has swept America. Tenderizer is a natural enzyme extracted from papaya and stabilized by a new process into a sprinkling powder which makes the toughest meat tender.

## Continuing . . . New Year Kiss

from page 3

uneasily what Laura's next question would be.

"He isn't married, is he?" Laura asked, preparing to be scandalised. She smiled with relief, tinged with disappointment, when Isabel smilingly shook her head.

"Oh, well," Laura continued in a resigned voice. "I can see you're not going to tell me anything more. You will, I suppose, some time." She smiled ruefully and added, "I'm just dying to ask when and how you met him. But I won't, though it calls for a lot of self-control."

"You're a dear," Isabel said impulsively. "I feel mean."

Laura grinned. "You are—but I understand." "Do you, though?" Isabel wondered. Would you, if I told you the truth? She wasn't sure that she understood herself. And now she had burned her boats. Where on earth would she be at midnight? Very likely standing at her own bedroom window, laying at the moon.

A few minutes later she followed Laura downstairs into the lounge. Fred Darlington was telling a shaggy dog story but he stopped as Isabel came in.

"Gosh," he exclaimed. "You look marvellous. Is that really your own color?"

Isabel laughed. "It's fresh air," she said. "It's a beautiful night. I've never seen the stars so bright and there's a party going on in the moon."

They laughed. Bill, who was standing at the other end of the room, said, "Did you see them shaking up the nectar and handing out the ambrosia?"

She colored and sat down, feeling that Bill was laughing at her. And yet—she raised her head and met his eyes. There was an odd, thoughtful look in them.

She turned away and tried to concentrate on Fred Darlington as he resumed his interrupted story, but as she had missed the beginning it was difficult and, eventually, she stopped trying to catch up.

For some reason she kept thinking of Bill's remark about the nectar and ambrosia. Teasing her he may have been, but nevertheless it was quite a flight of fancy for Bill.

Her gaze wandered idly about the room and came to rest on Alex Rowe and his wife, Joan. Last year they had surprised everybody by announcing their engagement and getting married a fortnight later.

Now, it was obvious that Joan would not be taking part in the more boisterous games of tonight's programme. These two, like the rest of the party, had known each other from childhood. How and when had they discovered they wanted to marry?

There had been nothing "loverlike" about them during the period before their engage-

ment. They were more like lovers now than they had ever been.

Alex was sitting protectively by Joan and her face held a look of quiet happiness which Isabel found herself suddenly envying. If they just drifted into marriage, she thought, then it was a lucky drift: they've made a good job of it.

Her eyes flicked involuntarily back to Bill and she saw that he, too, was looking at Alex and Joan. There was a gentle, musing look in his grey eyes. She caught her breath suddenly. Once before she had seen that expression. Some weeks ago, on the occasion of her parents' wedding anniversary.

He had called for her, and her father had offered him a glass of sherry in celebration. "I often wonder," Bill had said, after toasting them, "if happily married people realise the effect they have on others. It gives one a nice warm feeling—a glow."

"It gives us a nice warm feeling, too," Isabel's father had said quietly, and he smiled at his wife, who nodded and touched his hand.

That was the night Bill had been moody. When they left the house he said, "Let's not join the crowd tonight. Let's go somewhere on our own."

"But they'll be waiting for us," she protested.

"They won't notice if we're not there."

But her mind had not caught the implication behind Bill's words. Her thoughts had been on Laura and something she wanted to tell her. Something about some dress material . . .

Isabel remembered this now and wondered. Bill had been unusually quiet that evening and he had never again suggested they go somewhere alone. She herself had not given the incident a thought until now.

She moved uneasily and suddenly realised that she was trying—actually trying—not to look too frequently or too long at Bill.

Fred's story came to an end at last and Laura moved over to the sideboard to fix the drinks. Bill went to help her. He gave Isabel a glass of sherry. Then he sat down. Isabel watched him covertly, saw him looking at Laura and then at herself. As if he were comparing us, Isabel thought, with a sudden stab of annoyance.

The wireless had been playing at half volume during Fred's story-telling; now somebody touched the knob and dance music filled the room. One or two couples got up to dance, including Laura and Bill.

Isabel flicked the ash off her cigarette and straightened her

skirt. She felt suddenly isolated. The feeling caused her to wish time on and she glanced impatiently at the clock. Ages yet before she could slip away. But where would she slip away to?

The square in front of the Town Hall she decided—it was the heart of the town. There would be light and laughter under a jewel-studded sky. It occurred to her suddenly that this would be the first time she had not greeted New Year hemmed in by four walls and a ceiling.

Time moved slowly after that and she was impatient to be gone. Games followed the dancing but she gave only half of her mind to them. She leaned across to Laura and whispered, "I want to leave here just before half-past eleven, without anyone noticing."

"All right," Laura nodded perfunctorily. Her eyes shining, Isabel, she decided, had been dull this evening. The man she had hinted at must be pretty important. She looked speculatively at Bill. What would he say when he found Isabel gone?

He had asked Laura, when they were dancing, what was wrong with Isabel. "She seems so withdrawn. There's something different about her tonight. Do you know what it is?"

"Oh, she's in love, I expect," Laura had answered.

It was one of those things you said without thinking, so she had been surprised at the sudden stiffening of Bill's arm.

"With whom?" he asked. She laughed. "I don't know. I was only joking really. Perhaps she's in love with you?" she added mischievously.

He said nothing. But his eyes were thoughtful.

She looked back to Isabel. "I'll get your coat and leave it in the hall."

Ten minutes later Isabel found an opportunity to escape unnoticed. She slipped into her white jacket when the lounge door opened and Bill appeared. The party had decided to play Murder and Bill was the detective.

He closed the door behind him and gave Isabel a searching glance. "Where are you going?" he demanded.

She flushed guiltily. "I have to go. I didn't want anyone to know."

"Is there something wrong at home?"

"No." Her fingers played nervously, twisting a loose curl. "You're not going home?"

"No." She picked up her bag. Bill caught her elbow.

"You'd better let me drive you wherever you're going. It's not a good time of the night for a girl to be out alone."

She stared at him. Of all the times for Bill to become protective. "It doesn't matter,

Beauty in brief:

## Beauty outline for 1954

By CAROLYN EARLE

"SMALL" hair-styles, true cosmetic shades, and eyes with character are the beauty story for 1954.

The Paris edition of Italy's popular little-boy haircut hugs the head, but is easier to wear and more adaptable. In place of uncontrolled shagginess, Paris prefers kink-curl effects that may be combed forward on the forehead and sides to suit individual requirements, with smoothness at the crown and back of the head.

True red is the popular cosmetic color for brunettes. Blondes and redheads choose rosy tones. For brunettes reds have a touch of yellow, and reds worn best by grey-haired women have an undertone of cyclamen.

If full eyebrows are spruce, they are generally more flattering than those arched into a fine line for they help to make eyes seem soft and larger.

The browline you were born with is usually best for you. Major alterations are unwise. If you own naturally heavy eyebrows, obviously it is best to groom them to an emphatic shape which calls for minimum plucking.

The well-fashioned eyebrow looks rather like a circumflex accent; it is medium-heavy and distinctly arched.

Tweeze stray hairs from underneath, and alternately from one brow and then the other. In this way you will manage a better matching job.

thanks. I'll be quite all right."

"Where are you going?" he asked sternly. "What's all the mystery?"

His insistence annoyed her. She said coldly—"I don't see why you should be so concerned suddenly. You haven't bothered all evening. It's been Laura, you—," she broke off, blushing furiously. That wasn't what she had meant to say.

His eyebrows shot up. "Oh—," he said, "so that's why you're leaving?"

"Nothing of the sort!" she said angrily. "Why should I care how much attention you pay Laura?"

He looked at her, smiling wryly. "That's you all over," he said. "You couldn't care less. You've always been like that. You—"

A shrill scream made them both jump. Isabel stepped back.

"That's your cue," she made for the door.

"Isabel . . . wait!" But her hand was on the knob; she pulled the door open, alarmed it behind her and ran down the short asphalt path. At the gate she paused and looked back. She saw the hall light go out and knew that Bill had re-entered the lounge to do his "detecting."

Everyone, it seemed was bound for the Town Hall. Isabel joined a queue at the bus stop but several buses went by, laden, before one finally pulled up and she was able to board it.

It was eleven-forty-five when she found herself edging through the community-singing crowd, thronging round the floodlit Town Hall. She stood near the big Christmas tree, listening, when the singing died away, to the mayor's speech.

Impatiently she watched the minute hand on the big illuminated clock. Ten minutes to—the hand flickered—five to. Suddenly a wave of loneliness swept over her.

What a fool she had been to leave the party, to exchange the certain handclaps and the sincere wishes of old friends for a lonely stand by a silly tree, where at midnight she was liable to be trampled underfoot by the celebrating crowd.

Bill's words echoed in her ears. "You couldn't care less . . . you've always been like that." She wished she knew exactly what he meant.

All eyes were on the clock now and the mayor had stopped speaking. There was a hush broken only by a car horn tooting in one of the side streets and the faint tinkle of the baubles on the tree as they were disturbed by the movement of the breeze.

And as if the breeze had brought the eagerly awaited news of an old year dying and a new year born, the clock struck the first note of midnight.

At the last stroke the crowd burst into wild cheering. It

went mad, surged forwards and backwards. It seemed to have doubled its size.

Isabel, knocked off her balance, staggered against the Christmas tree. Terrified, she clutched at one of its branches.

From nowhere it seemed, two strong arms reached out and embraced her and a mouth was pressed down hard against her own. She struggled wildly for a moment, and then she became aware that she was not being held by alien arms and the mouth was familiar.

Yes—the mouth was familiar, but the kiss was strange and sweet and blotted out loneliness. Her lips came alive and returned the kiss eagerly.

She looked up into Bill's face. It was a face she had known all her life and yet, at this moment, it seemed to belong to an exciting stranger. There was a new tenderness in his eyes, his arms had never felt so strong nor held her so gently.

"Quick," he said huskily, "let's beat the crowd. The car is just a few yards away."

They ran to the peal of the bells from the church and the throaty singing of Auld Lang Syne. Inside the car she sat breathlessly. "How did you know where to find me?"

"I saw you waiting at the bus stop. I tailed your bus and waited."

He put an arm around her. "Are you glad?"

She nodded and leaned her cheek against his shoulder. "You soon got your detecting over," she said shakily.

He laughed. "I never started it. I just put my head around the door and bawled my excuses. And came out to slough you." He kissed the top of her head. "What got into you tonight? Why did you run away?"

"I—" she said hesitatingly, "wanted something to happen—to make something happen. I felt if it didn't happen on New Year's Eve, it wouldn't happen at all."

He held her away from him and looked searchingly into her eyes. "So that was it. I wondered. As long as I've known you you've seemed content to drift. For a long time now I've wanted to tell you that you meant a lot more to me than just a pretty girl I'd always known. That I loved you."

"Why didn't you?" she asked curiously. "Because you were so content with things as they were, or seemed to be. You hadn't woken up to the fact that there was anything in life but what you had always been used to. But tonight—it was there, that 'something' I'd been looking for."

She closed her eyes and kissed him softly. This was certainly going to be a different New Year. It would go down in her memory as the Year She Started To Live.

(Copyright)

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

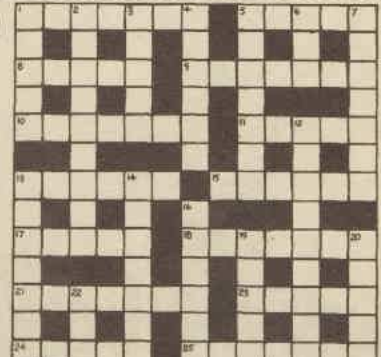
1. A boly man phones using fine words (7)
5. Glaring Mesopotamian city in cover (5)
8. Very rich man has had hardly more than a shilling on him (5)
9. Starts with an insect, it's on the head of an insect and on 11 crosses (7)
10. Christmas daily record for burning (4)
11. Broadcasting could be upset or old (5)
13. Mile to a steamer has bright aspect (6)
15. Bones used by blacksmiths (6)
17. Without netting a fruit is a row (5)
18. Still in disrepair delivered on envelopes (7)
21. Angularity in one pronoun (7)
22. Permit, first every one (5)
23. Occurrence mainly a month (5)
25. Wander at random (7)



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Scotchman with yellowish red hair (6)
2. Noble lie (Anag. 9)
3. Inventor of dynamite (5)
4. Such language is not the Queen's English and it's sky outwardly (6)
5. Roman cathedral which though famous could be considered as an Alibi (7)
6. Enslavement for fowls made by a cricketer (3)
7. Mythical monsters to be snatched from burning brandy (7)
12. Diver del. (Anag. 9)
13. Marley's partner (7)
14. Proper sphere of anything (7)
16. Buried nearly some to redeem (6)
17. 1-3rd grains a play (5)
20. Patten with thread and turn about the public drain (5)
22. Before from both sides (3)



thanks. I'll be quite all right."

"Where are you going?" he asked sternly. "What's all the mystery?"

His insistence annoyed her. She said coldly—"I don't see why you should be so concerned suddenly. You haven't bothered all evening. It's been Laura, you—," she broke off, blushing furiously. That wasn't what she had meant to say.

His eyebrows shot up. "Oh—," he said, "so that's why you're leaving?"

"Nothing of the sort!" she said angrily. "Why should I care how much attention you pay Laura?"

He looked at her, smiling wryly. "That's you all over," he said. "You couldn't care less. You've always been like that. You—"

A shrill scream made them both jump. Isabel stepped back.

"That's your cue," she made for the door.

"Isabel . . . wait!" But her hand was on the knob; she pulled the door open, alarmed it behind her and ran down the short asphalt path. At the gate she paused and looked back. She saw the hall light go out and knew that Bill had re-entered the lounge to do his "detecting."

Everyone, it seemed was bound for the Town Hall. Isabel joined a queue at the bus stop but several buses went by, laden, before one finally pulled up and she was able to board it.

It was eleven-forty-five when she found herself edging through the community-singing crowd, thronging round the floodlit Town Hall. She stood near the big Christmas tree, listening, when the singing died away, to the mayor's speech.

Impatiently she watched the minute hand on the big illuminated clock. Ten minutes to—the hand flickered—five to. Suddenly a wave of loneliness swept over her.

What a fool she had been to leave the party, to exchange the certain handclaps and the sincere wishes of old friends for a lonely stand by a silly tree, where at midnight she was liable to be trampled underfoot by the celebrating crowd.

Bill's words echoed in her ears. "You couldn't care less . . . you've always been like that." She wished she knew exactly what he meant.

All eyes were on the clock now and the mayor had stopped speaking. There was a hush broken only by a car horn tooting in one of the side streets and the faint tinkle of the baubles on the tree as they were disturbed by the movement of the breeze.

And as if the breeze had brought the eagerly awaited news of an old year dying and a new year born, the clock struck the first note of midnight.

At the last stroke the crowd burst into wild cheering. It

went mad, surged forwards and backwards. It seemed to have doubled its size.

Isabel, knocked off her balance, staggered against the Christmas tree. Terrified, she clutched at one of its branches.

From nowhere it seemed, two strong arms reached out and embraced her and a mouth was pressed down hard against her own. She struggled wildly for a moment, and then she became aware that she was not being held by alien arms and the mouth was familiar.

Yes—the mouth was familiar, but the kiss was strange and sweet and blotted out loneliness. Her lips came alive and returned the kiss eagerly.

She looked up into Bill's face. It was a face she had known all her life and yet, at this moment, it seemed to belong to an exciting stranger. There was a new tenderness in his eyes, his arms had never felt so strong nor held her so gently.

"Quick," he said huskily, "let's beat the crowd. The car is just a few yards away."

They ran to the peal of the bells from the church and the throaty singing of Auld Lang Syne. Inside the car she sat breathlessly. "How did you know where to find me?"

"I saw you waiting at the bus stop. I tailed your bus and waited."

He put an arm around her. "Are you glad?"

She nodded and leaned her cheek against his shoulder. "You soon got your detecting over," she said shakily.

He laughed. "I never started it. I just put my head around the door and bawled my excuses. And came out to slough you." He kissed the top of her head. "What got into you tonight? Why did you run away?"

"I—" she said hesitatingly, "wanted something to happen—to make something happen. I felt if it didn't happen on New Year's Eve, it wouldn't happen at all."

He held her away from him and looked searchingly into her eyes. "So that was it. I wondered. As long as I've known you you've seemed content to drift. For a long time now I've wanted to tell you that you meant a lot more to me than just a pretty girl I'd always known. That I loved you."

"Why didn't you?" she asked curiously. "Because you were so content with things as they were, or seemed to be. You hadn't woken up to the fact that there was anything in life but what you had always been used to. But tonight—it was there, that 'something' I'd been looking for."

She closed her eyes and kissed him softly. This was certainly going to be a different New Year. It would go down in her memory as the Year She Started To Live.

(Copyright)



## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2985.—Beginners' pattern for a small girl's sun-suit. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 1yd. 36in. material and 3yds. 1in. edging. Special price, 2/-.



F2986



## Fashion PATTERNS

F2988.—Ballerina party dress designed with contrast at the low oval neckline and lace insets in the skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material, 3 1-3yds. 36in. lace, and 7yds. of 1in. lace edging, also 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.

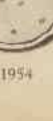
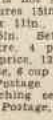
F2989.—Tailored blouse and matching shorts with unusual braid trim. Sizes: blouse, 32in. to 38in. bust; shorts, 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 3yds. 36in. material, 3yds. rick-rack braid. Price, 3/6.

F2990.—One-piece daytime dress with double-breasted bodice-top and sailor-type collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2986.—Smartly styled for stripes, a cool and easy-to-make one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2987.—Dress and jacket ensemble features a slim sheath dress and waisted jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material plus 5 dozen lace butterfly motifs. Price, 4/6.

F2987

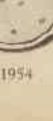
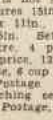


FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 406, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 466, G.P.O., Auckland.



F2990

F2987



F2988

F2989

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

587



No. 587.—BOY'S SMOCK SUIT  
The suit is obtainable cut out, ready to make and clearly traced ready to embroider. The material is good-wearing British cotton; the color choice includes green, blue, yellow, pink, and natural, and white for yoke contrast. Sizes: Lengths 17in. for 1 year, 14 1/2; 18in. for 2 years, 15 1/2; 19in. for 3 years, 16 1/2. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 588.—LUNCHEON SET  
The attractively designed mats are obtained clearly traced ready to embroider on colored headcloth. The color choice includes green, blue, yellow, pink, natural, or white. The bias binding is not supplied. The centre mat measures 15in. x 15in., the plate mat, 11in. x 11in., the cup and saucer mat, 5in. x 5in. Set of nine pieces, including 1 centre, 4 plate and 4 cup and saucer mats, price, 13/11. Thirteen pieces, 1 centre, 6 plate, 6 cup and saucer mats, price, 15/6. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Matching serviettes, 11in. x 11in., price, 1/-; Postage, 3d.

588

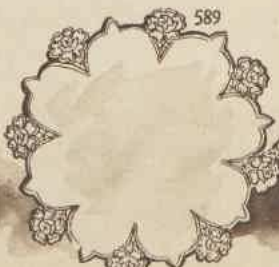


No. 589.—TABLE CENTRE  
The table centre is clearly traced ready to embroider on cream or white linen. Size, 18in. x 15in. Price, 6/11. Postage, 5d. extra.

No. 590.—INFANT'S FROCK AND MATCHING PETTICOAT  
Lace-trimmed infant's frock and matching petticoat is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pink, or blue. The lace trim is supplied. Price: Frock, 19/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra. Petticoat, 13/11. Postage and registration, 1/1 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 4/11 sent by registered post.

589



590



## loveliness at your fingertips



Peggy Sage

offers you  
20 BEWITCHING COLOURS  
PLUS the gay, new "shimmering" shades that have swept America.

Bring new loveliness to your hands with Peggy Sage—proud aristocrat of nail polishes. The range of lovely Peggy Sage colours now includes six new and exciting "shimmering" shades. Ask to see the Peggy Sage range for complete hand loveliness.

Peggy Sage

LOVELIEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY



Exquisite sheets,  
pillowcases and towels by  
Horrockses  
the Greatest Name in Cotton

Makers of the world famous "GAYFAYRE". Ideal for dresses, blouses, pyjamas, sportswear, etc.

Someone's been here  
with Brasso!



What brightness a touch of Brasso gives to brass and copper! What beauty it brings to any room! Always use Brasso for quicker, easier polishing.

The Quality Polish for Brass & Copper

BRASSO







## ...she knows where she's going

She's about seven, freckle-faced and full of fun. She knows where she's going — but she's not always too careful about getting there. That's why, sometimes, she's not watching for traffic. Whenever she steps off the footpath she virtually puts her life in your hands. Look after her. Children's lives are so precious. Keep the spirit of goodwill alive on the highways . . . slow down when children are ahead . . . watch out for kids.



SAVE A LIFE A DAY IN 1954

## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is summoned to the Explorers' Club where rich old Mr. Bucks wants to finance an expedition to unknown and dangerous Taboo Land, high in the South American Andes. Legend has it that Taboo

Land has a mysterious white queen. Mr. Bucks tells Mandrake that 15 years earlier his only son, an explorer, had gone with his wife and young daughter, Diane, to try to find Taboo Land. They were never seen again. NOW READ ON:







## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out  
ready to make



"DELWYN."—Slim-line one-piece styled with peg-top pockets and a pretty neckline. The material is check silk jersey, obtainable in beige and white, aqua and white, navy and white, sage-blue and white, green and white, and brown and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 75/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 77/6. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 52/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/9. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

"LYDIA."—Attractively styled nightgown features a bodice and skirt frill. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine. Obtainable in white, pale blue, and pale pink.

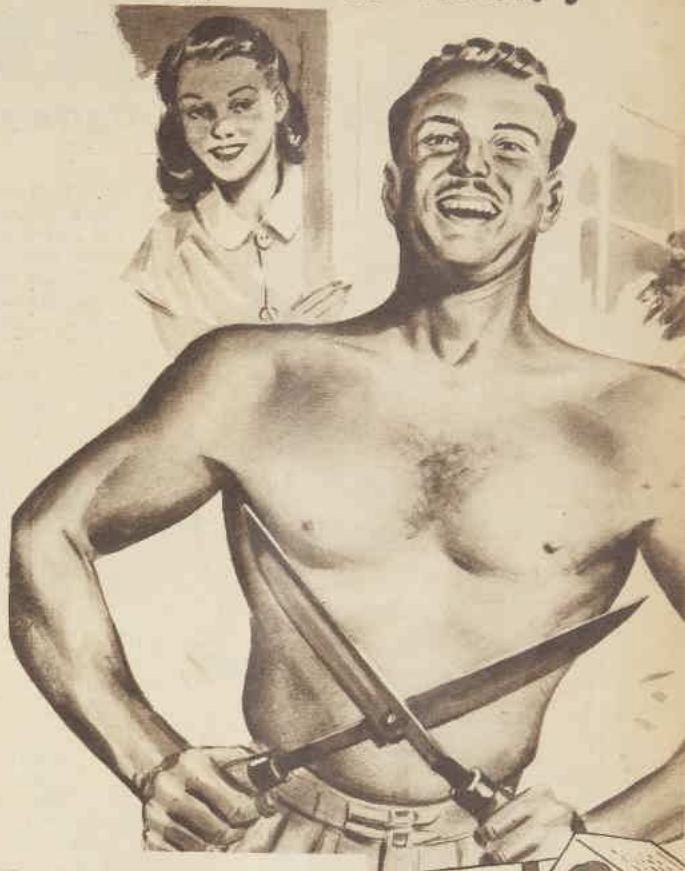
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 53/6. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 33/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 36/3. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 45. Fashion frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



# My husband's a different man!"



## Thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read for yourself this woman's grateful letter. She writes: "My husband has had a very bad spin with his stomach and kidneys. Many medicines failed to give him any relief. As I had been taking Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids with beneficial results myself for some time, he took some Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, too, to please me. Now, after the Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids treatment, he is a different man. I thank you sincerely."

## Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a great blood medicine containing Thionine. They help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments.

## How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

This simple home treatment contains no dangerous drugs and may be taken by the most delicate patients. In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys and blood stream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act quickly, relieving your aches and pains and making you feel happy and well again.



Start a course  
to-day  
**DR. MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOIDS**  
7/6 and 4/- EVERYWHERE

**Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood**



Get quick relief  
from  
backache  
rheumatism  
sciatica  
lumbago  
headaches  
dizziness

**Free Diet Chart**  
Send a stamped  
addressed envelope to  
British Medical Labora-  
tories Pty. Limited, Box  
4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for  
your FREE copy of the  
Menthoids Diet Chart.



# Discover New Health with gentle acting

## NYAL FIGSEN

PROMPT NATURAL LAXATIVE ACTION

Be regular—and keep regular—naturally with NYAL Figsen, the gentle-acting, pleasant-tasting laxative. The active ingredient of Figsen is a laxative agent which medical experience has found to be mild, gentle and effective. Figsen won't upset even sensitive stomachs. It acts gently, without pain or griping, to bring prompt, comfortable relief from constipation.

Figsen comes in convenient tablet form—makes it easy to take anywhere, any time. Two strengths—Regular, equally suitable for adults and children; Double Strength for those adults who need a more positive laxative action.

Regular **2/3**  
DOUBLE STRENGTH, 3/6



# NYAL

### Builds Strength and Energy

After the weakening effects of coughs and 'flu, you need a good tonic to rebuild strength and energy. NYAL Creophos is a reliable restorative tonic, containing nine body-building ingredients. Apart from its tonic properties, NYAL Creophos helps to clear up stubborn coughs that so often follow 'flu. Three sizes, **3/9, 6/3, 7/6**

NYAL CREOPHOS



### Soothing Relief for Sore, Inflamed Eyes!

Decongestant Eye Drops are soothing to sore, inflamed or aching eyes, and rapidly clear bloodshot eyes. Relieve burning, itching and smarting of conjunctivitis and granulated lids. The drops spread evenly, will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper **4/9**

NYAL DECONGESTANT EYE DROPS



### Stops Chafing!

Nyal Baby Powder brings soothing, cooling comfort for baby's sensitive skin. Contains an ingredient which resists moisture, lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Delicately perfumed. Two sizes, **2/-, 4/1**

NYAL BABY POWDER



### Prevents "Wind" Pains

After each feeding, NYAL Milk of Magnesia is the ideal preventive for "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. Pleasant to take. Pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or Regular **2/6, 4/3**

NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA



### ASK FOR THESE OTHER NYAL MEDICINES

NYAL Analgesic Balm	2/6
NYAL Antacid Powder	3/6
NYAL Aspirin Codeine Tablets	2/-, 3/3
NYAL Balm	2/9
NYAL Camphor Ice	1/10
NYAL Corn Remover	2/3
NYAL Dandruff Lotion	4/2
NYAL Diarrhoea Mixture	3/3, 4/9
NYAL Earache Drops	2/3
NYAL Emulsified Liquid Paraffin	4/6
NYAL Esterin	3/6
NYAL Eye Lotion (with Plastic Eye Bath)	3/9
NYAL Holdrite (Dental Plate Powder)	3/-, 4/3
NYAL Kidney Pills	3/6, 6/6
NYAL Kleenrite (Dental Plate Cleanser)	3/7
NYAL Kwik Tan Cream	2/6
NYAL Kwik Tan, Sun Oil	3/11
NYAL Milk of Magnesia Tablets	2/3, 4/6
NYAL Prickly Heat Powder	3/-
NYAL Toothache Drops	2/3
NYAL Vitamin and Mineral Tonic	6/-, 11/-
NYAL Vitaminised Children's Tonic	5/9
NYAL White Lip Solve	2/3

### FIRST AID NEEDS

NYAL Antiseptic Dressing	2/-
NYAL Antiseptic Ointment	2/9
NYAL Ichthyol Ointment	2/9
NYAL Sunburn Cream	3/-
NYAL White Liniment	3/6, 5/6
NYAL Zinc Cream	2/3

### BABY NEEDS

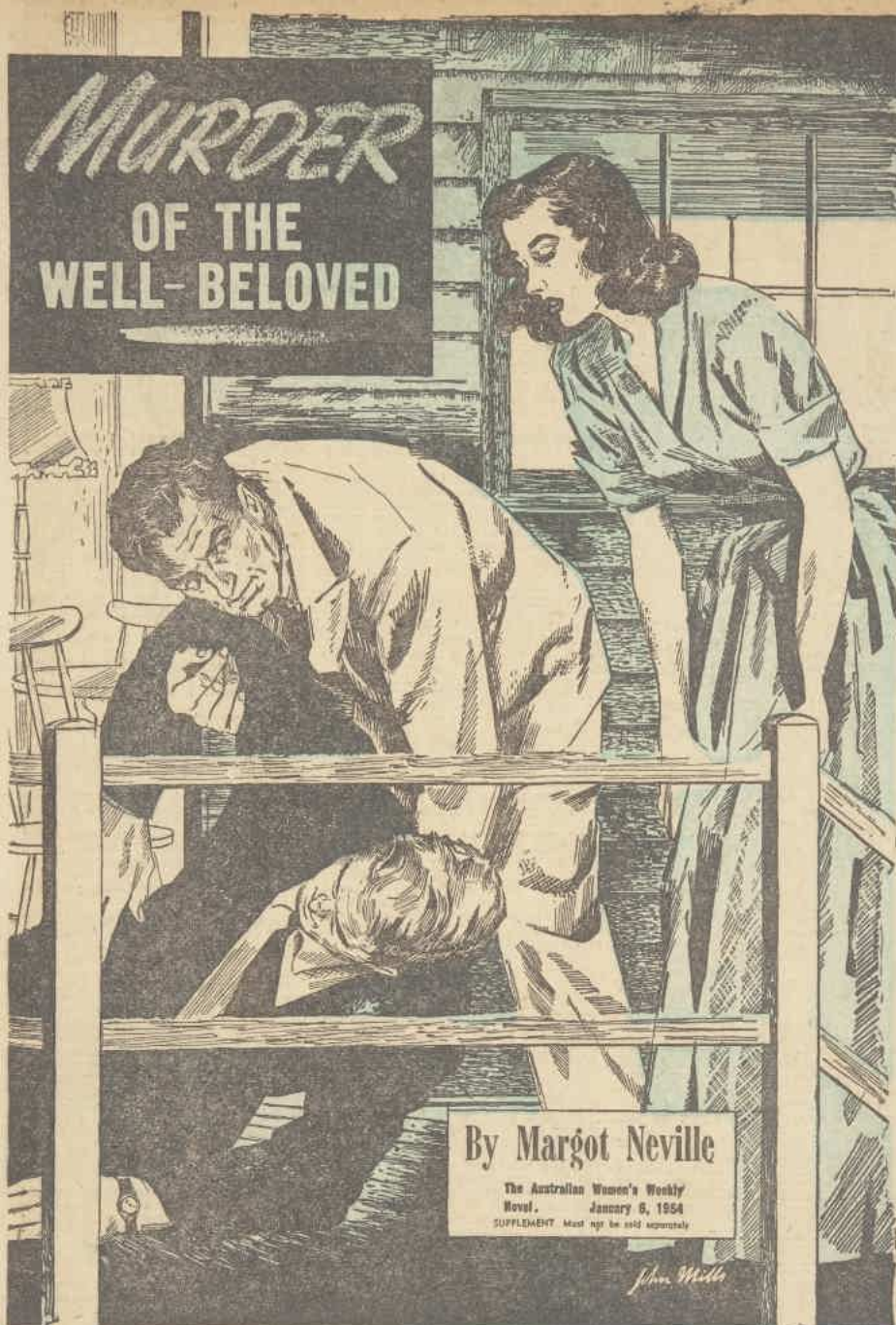
NYAL Baby Soap	1/11
NYAL Baby Oil	2/9
NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream	2/3
NYAL Soothing Syrup	2/6
NYAL Santonettes (Warm Tablets)	3/6
NYAL Teething Powders	2/-
NYAL Worm Syrup	3/9

### FOR COUGHS, COLDS & FLU

NYAL Baby Cough Syrup	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Bronchitis Mixture	3/9, 6/3
NYAL Chest Rub	3/-
NYAL Children's Cough Mixture	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Cold Sore Cream	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Lotion	2/3
NYAL Cough Mixture	4/3
NYAL Croup Ointment	2/9
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir	3/6, 5/6
NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir	5/6, 9/6
NYAL Honey Cough Elixir	3/6
NYAL Huskeys	1/8, 2/6
NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets	1/11, 2/9
NYAL Kleer-a-Hed	2/6
NYAL Mustard Ointment	2/6
NYAL Nasal Drops (Decongestant)	4/-
NYAL Quinine Flu Mixture	4/9
NYAL Sore Throat Gargle	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Whooping Cough Syrup	3/6

Sold by all Chemists







## MURDER OF THE WELL-BELOVED

THERE wasn't a single thing about Jo Somers that would have seemed to link her with the violent situation that exploded around her that night.

She had dined alone, a chop and a salad served by Mrs. Needham, eager to be gone. And now she was gone, and Jo was sitting by the long window on to the balcony with a book and a cigarette and the coffee-tray at her elbow when the telephone rang.

She got up without hurry—no great promise from the telephone's ringing these days—went across to the morning-room and lifted the receiver. "Yes?" When she heard Noreen Hauser at the other end she settled herself in a deep chair and her face took on patience. "Yes, Noreen? What is it?"

Noreen's voice set the wires tingling with her emotion: "Jo, is Bob there?"

"No, he's not."

"Oh! . . . Do you think he'll be along to you this evening?"

"I really couldn't say, Noreen."

"I rang him, but Reggie said he wasn't at home. . . . A revealing pause. "I suppose he didn't happen to mention to you what he was doing tonight?"

"No. No, he didn't." Jo found this slightly irritating. As though she had Bob in her pocket! And yet, in a way, hadn't she?

"Well, look, Jo, if he comes in—he's pretty sure to, isn't he?"

"I really couldn't say, dear." The "dear" poorly cloaked Jo's irritation.

"You should be able to! He's mostly there, Heaven knows."

"Don't be silly, Noreen. You know your mother doesn't welcome him and he comes here simply knowing he can see you." Not quite true this, and Noreen was beginning to suspect it. But what else could she say . . . ?

Noreen took a deep breath and started to unload.

Jo sighed, sitting back, the receiver clamped to her ear, the other hand fiddling with things on the desk, straightening the blotter, aligning a book with the corner.

"Oh, it is so awful, Jo. I don't know lately how it got this way between Bob and me. It's only lately he's so— You sort of can't pin him down. And he's so extravagant and in debt, and my income is little enough, and when— If he'd only face up to things and get a proper job, instead of these so-called agencies and trying to sell cars!"

"I know, Noreen, but you'll never succeed in changing Bob's pattern."

"Why, surely, it isn't very much to ask that he should earn enough to keep a wife and think of someone but himself? That's not a very unreasonable demand, surely!"

"Oh, as to reason! . . ."

"Well, I don't know how it's all going to end, I really don't. I'm just about at the end of my tether and I mean to tell him so tonight. Don't you think so? Don't you think I should?"

"Yes. . . . If you think it'll do any good, Noreen. Get him to fix something—arrange something definite

about getting married. Or make a clean break." Jo heard her own futile words and grimaced, pushed away the book impatiently. And, yes, she'd tell Bob if he came; and, yes, she'd be sure to remember; and, yes, Noreen, and yes, yes . . .

At last she put down the receiver and went back to the sitting-room, crossing the polished parquet with her long-legged, flowing walk. She didn't take up her book at once, but sat with it on her lap, thinking about Bob Otway and about Noreen.

The light from the table-lamp made of her, sitting there, a picture almost sombre, her black hair, black dinner dress, her apparently dark eyes, which weren't really dark but in daylight a clear, shining grey, strikingly lovely when they lifted and looked at you full. Her skin was olive, her nose short but classical.

She looked thirty and had looked that five years ago; she probably wouldn't look any more ten years hence. Jo Somers' attraction—and how strong it was!—was immediate and effortless.

Her last four years spent in Europe had been with UNESCO, in Germany, in Italy, in Greece. Work with the dispossessed had had the effect of dispossessing her of some of the zest which earlier she had put into living. Eighteen months ago she had come back to Sydney with no plans, few relations, and had taken this quiet flat close to the quiet waters of the harbour in an old house divided into two.

Jo's flat was the top one, a furnished flat, the modern world hadn't yet climbed the stairs and Jo said dryly that as she couldn't be convicted of the bad taste of choosing them, she was quite happy with the pompously colored Oriental rugs, satin-striped Prussian-blue wallpaper, and elephantine saddlebag chairs . . .

NOREEN HAUSER put back the receiver. She and Jo could have said all that they had said face to face if they had cared to cross the two lawns to the high fence covered by ancient tangle of trees and creepers, a dark screen seemingly as little subject to the season's impulses as the two Victorian "family residences" themselves.

Turning away from the telephone, Noreen stopped at the glass in the hall and gazed at herself, as though to be reassured. But assurance had fled from her, the assurance once derived from her ripe apricot skin, the richly curling auburn hair, and widely spaced hazel eyes out of which quite early love's victim had looked.

As she went slowly into her bedroom the quiet house seemed dead, but her passion filled it like a presence.

Noreen was desperate. What was wrong, she was tedious. Something in Jo Somers' tone had told her so. Something in Bob's, too, lately. The loving, unloved one becomes all too easily tedious . . .

Bob Otway, though his name was never mentioned, entered largely into a talk that was taking place elsewhere just at that moment.

\* Colin Hauser threw down his book and went out and answered the ring at his door.

It took him only an instant to recognise the tall and rangy individual who was standing there. He opened the door wider.

"Hullo! You, Kent?" he said, but not with as much surprise as you might have expected in a greeting between people who had last met two years ago and ten thousand miles away. Kent Patterson was foreign correspondent for a London daily, so wherever you ran across him, at Weber's in the Rue Royale or in a patch of rum scrub at Rum Jungle, you were likely to say just: "Hullo, Kent," and let it go at that.

"Hullo, Colin." Kent's tone was casual, too. He followed Colin into the sitting-room.

"Well, you, eh? Nice to see you. Sit down."

"Nice to see you, too. You're looking fine."

"I'm grand. When did you hit this town?"

"Last week."

And so on and so forth for a few minutes; and presently Colin in one armchair and Kent stretched out in another, with a tray of drinks between them.

Then Kent said, glancing round the lifeless-seeming room: "How's Noreen? She out tonight?"

Colin sat forward, hunched, and reached for the whisky. "Noreen? Oh, of course, you didn't know."

"Know what?"

"Why, Noreen and I—we parted—got a divorce."

Kent pulled his long legs under the chair and sat forward, too. "No! You don't say?"

"Oh, yes, that was all washed up a year ago."

"I am sorry, Colin. I'd no idea . . ."

"That's all right. She fell for another bloke and I let her divorce me. No use trying to make a go of something that's already bust. It was quite a bloodless affair." He got up. His face was suffused with blood as he leant over the tray and squirted soda into his glass.

As a picture of a man who claimed that the crash of his marriage had left him "all passion spent," Colin Hauser was unconvincing. His powerful neck and shoulders were tense, the soda splashed into the glass and out of it, dewing the tray with airy bubbles.

Kent Patterson took a swallow of his drink and looked at him from under wrinkled brows. Colin had put on a bit of weight. There was a heaviness in his athlete's shoulders and a blurring of the contour of the ruddy, handsome face.

"The divorce's been made absolute," he was saying, "so she'll be—be marrying this fellow pretty soon, I expect. She's back with her mother at the moment. I just stayed on here." The



words rang forlornly through the quiet house where Noreen's taste had brought to life beauty and elegance that still remained.

"Suits me quite well. The house-keeper, Mrs. Mears, who came to us when we married, is still with me. Good soul, makes me very comfortable."

"I'm not in the place a great deal, I— I see Noreen occasionally, you know. Matter of fact, it wasn't too nice while it was going on, but—now that it's over I think it's far better as it is, and that both of us are a whole lot happier apart." To look at Colin avowing happiness gave one the measure of just how happily Noreen might also be.

"Well, I'm sorry," Kent said again. "It's just too bad. I wouldn't have believed this. I liked Noreen so much. What good times we all had that time in Paris."

"Just two years ago this month." "Is it? That last night before you and she left to come back here. Do you remember? A real tourist's night, beginning with dinner at Larue's and ending up gloriously at dawn at Les Halles."

"I remember." "You and she and I and—Jo Somers."

"Seen Jo yet?" "No, I haven't."

"You surprise me!" Colin said dryly. "You'll find her. I'm afraid, looking just as beautiful as ever."

"Won't worry me." "So you say! If you'd seen her yesterday as I did, getting into her car in George Street—"

"Yesterday?" Kent said. The flame approaching his cigarette paused.

"Yes, she's got a flat not far from here," Colin went on. The blood started slowly to rise again in his solidly flushed face. "Next to Noreen's, in a house belonging to the aunt of the young gentleman who so cleverly broke up my marriage."

"Tough," Kent repeated. "I'm very sorry about that, Colin. . . . What sort of a type is this bloke?"

"An Apollo!" Colin told him. "Six feet two—blond—bronzed—a maiden's dream—his glass rattled down on to the tray—and incidentally, a dirty lying sponging double-crossing—"

Colin's description of Bob Otway ended in a flow of profanity.

In the bedroom of their pretty, small house across the road from Jo Somers', Hugh Fitzgerald was saying to his wife Patty: "What were you and Bob Otway trying to hide from me when I came back into the hotel lounge this afternoon?"

She whirled round. "What are you talking about?"

"You were looking at something as I came towards you. You sat back and he slipped something quickly into his pocket and—"

"You must be dreaming," Patty faced back to the glass again.

They had gone into the bedroom after dinner for her to try on some dresses that had just come home. She had slipped into the cocktail-hour chiffon, tailored, smoke-grey, small tucks from neck to hem. The sea-green and silver room was strewn with sheets of tissue paper.

Hugh kicked a piece aside and moved closer. "Look, I'm not dreaming. Don't try and pull the wool over my eyes."

"I'm not. Go outside. Hugh, I can't concentrate with you talking such utter rubbish."

"Were you or were you not hiding something from me?"

"No, we were not."

"Patty—"

"He was showing me his old cigarette-case that he'd had re-gilt."

"Why did he slip it so quickly into his pocket, then?"

"He didn't, you just imagined that. Your vile suspicions—"

"I'm not suspicious. I don't mind him crawling around for dinners and drinks, so long as that's all he's after."

"Oh, how revolting you are!" "Now don't get on your high horse, Patty. If there's one thing I won't stand for it's being made a fool of. The familiar spectacle! Beautiful young woman married to an old man and—"

"Oh, Hugh! You! Old at forty-six! When you are—"

"Old enough to get jealous."

"Which you have no reason on earth to be." She pulled in the silver belt, accentuating the tiny waist. On a superb figure and a mane of reddish-gold hair Patty had learnt the art of keeping the attention centred. For the rest, her face was undistinguished, her eyes were a hot reddish-brown, and they could snap and glitter quite frighteningly if Patty suspected that anything was being put over on her.

**H**UGH was saying bitterly: "That hanger-on! The way every woman falls for him—"

"Falls for him? Are you really suggesting that I—"

"Poor little Noreen, and now Jo Somers and—"

"Oh, that's funny! Jo Somers? You don't have to worry about her. She's nobody's fool!"

"What's he live on, I'd like to know?"

"What's that got to do with us?"

"His aunt, I expect. Grand old girls, I've always been fond of them. It's a scandal to see them victimised. For two girls I'd—"

"Oh, Hugh, will you shut up!" Patty was peeling off the dress and speaking with muffled rage through its folds.

"No, I will not. Every time I open my lips—"

"Well, don't open them. I'm sick of you!" She stamped her foot, flung the dress on to the bed and banged the wardrobe door, facing him, red curls snaking on end—Medusa in magnolia satin.

"A pretty demonstration!" he said: "Your temper's getting unbearable."

"It like that! When your jealousy is just making my life an utter misery. I tell you if you don't stop it I'll go away, I'll—"

"Oh, darling!—"

"I'll get a divorce, I'm sick of it, I'm through."

"Don't say that. My darling—Patty—listen. You know I'd cut my tongue out rather than hurt a hair of your lovely head." He was all abjectness now, his large face melting. He pulled her quivering figure into his arms. "It's only that you mean everything to me, that I'm so desperately in love with you—"

In the flat below Jo's, Bob's aunt, too, were talking about Bob just then, as they sat over tea after dinner.

Mrs. Bathgate put a second cup at her husband's elbow where he sat in his arm-chair reading the evening paper. Her plump, bloodless hands straightened the teapot and cups. Fingering the amethyst cross on her black lace bosom, she glanced over at her sister.

"Another cup of tea, Laura?" Her tone offered more than tea; it offered, as well, a timid olive branch.

Neither was accepted. "No, thank you," Laura Otway put her cup on the tray and took up a piece of sewing. She bit off a length of cotton and threaded the needle. But she wasn't through with the subject at issue:

"Once he knows he's only got to appeal to your pity—"

"This will be the last time. It's only two hundred pounds."

"You said that before."

"What does it bring in, anyhow? Ten pounds a year?"

"It's your capital, Pamela. You seem to overlook that entirely. Nibble nibble nibble! You've already given him other sums recently, to my certain knowledge."

"Oh, Laura, how hard you are! That was months ago. He can't still be living on that."

"And why, may I ask, should he be living on us at all? A man at twenty-four should be able to support himself."

"Poor Bob. . . . Our dead sister's only child."

"I tell you, Pamela, if this goes on we'll all be in the gutter."

Pain flicked across Mrs. Bathgate's face. "Exaggerated nonsense," she murmured.

"Of course I'm put in the wrong, always. But you might remember that it's my job to make both ends meet. And how do you think you're going to manage if you allow us to be bled white? Mrs. Somers pays us a big rent, I know, but it won't stretch over everything for the three of us."

Mrs. Otway glanced at the paper behind which her sister's husband, Vincent Bathgate, sheltered from her words and their implications. "Expenses go up steadily, the upkeep of the car, and the wages. . . ." Bathgate's screen seemed to madden her. "Haven't you anything to say, Vincent, about this drain on our funds?"

Her brother-in-law's paper was lowered, his greyish fish-face appeared over it.

"It's really not my business," he said with a sigh, rubbing a hand over his smooth, moist forehead and smooth, moist hair. "I'm no good in these discussions. I wish you'd leave me out of them."

"Huh! . . ."

A word in a monosyllable! Bathgate liked his fillet steak at night and his bacon and eggs in the morning; and his spacious, cool bedroom, and a garden to potter about in, and a car to drive in. And he liked it all provided by the ageing woman who had married him eight years ago, and no tedious discussion about it, please!

He let the paper slide to the floor and rose quietly and was gone through the long window on to the lawn.

Left alone, the two sisters were silent for a minute. The room now, with just the two of them there, looked as it had before Vincent came into their lives, the drawing-room of the house they had been born and brought up in nearly sixty years ago.

It had been an easy business to convert the house into two dwellings. Little more was needed than to add kitchen and pantry upstairs and build a small garage near the gate for their own runabout. The tenant's car was housed in the old coachhouse at the back.

As girls the two had looked alike, but time and temperament had left them hardly a feature in common. Laura's brown eyes still flashed dominantly; her tall figure was still womanly firm, her hair still black—if rather improbably so.

Pamela's hair, eyes, figure, had yielded to time, lost color, spread. Laura drove the car and a hard bargain with the shopkeepers; Pamela read countless novels and the future in a pack of playing-cards.

She pushed the tray aside now, took up her cards and started to lay them out. Pale finger on the knave of hearts, she said quietly: "I wish you wouldn't"



worry, Laura. You needn't, really. I'm not nearly as soft as you think."

The subject of these brief conversations, Bob Otway, would not have turned a hair if he had heard what was being said about him.

When Reggie Knox, with whom he shared a small flat in Elizabeth Bay, shouted from the kitchen that dinner was ready, Bob came out of the bathroom followed by a trail of steam.

He was wrapped in a towel and his hair was all ashy—shining hair and polished skin—from the hotness of the bath and the coldness of the shower and the length of time he'd spent in both. His male beauty at its peak, his shell undented by time or conscience, Bob rode the crest of the wave with sublime confidence in riding it for ever.

Ten minutes ago, when Noreen Hauser had telephoned, he had put his head out of the bathroom door and mouthed to Reggie who was answering it: "Say I'm not in! I can't start wrangling with her now. I'll be seeing her later, anyhow."

Now he came into the kitchen, crossed to the bench, poured himself out a glass of beer and drank it standing there.

Reggie, knocking open a tin, threw him a sideways glance. "You'll gas yourself one of these days, shut up there all that time with that old geyser on."

"And think of all the tears you'd shed!"

"Of course I would. You pay half the rent, at least."

"At least I do sometimes, you were going to say."

"That's right. Don't worry though. I'm not money-minded."

"Don't say that, Reggie. People who say that are usually the most tight-fisted."

"So you say. To people like you anyone who's solvent is tight-fisted. Their unexpended funds are a reproach to your ingenuity."

Bob laughed. "That might be true, Reggie. Rather clever of you."

Reggie put tomatoes on the table, butter, a loaf of bread, and sat down.

Bob drew out a stool at the other end. "Salmon. I seem to have seen salmon before."

"And probably will again if you don't bring anything home. You may have forgotten that it's your week to cater."

"Sorry. I did forget."

"Well, help yourself."

They ate swiftly and in silence for a few minutes, disposing of the tinned salmon and trimmings.

**R**EGGIE tilted his chair back and reached a bowl of fruit off the bench. By the way, he said, taking a peach and starting to peel it, someone else rang you a while ago, before you came in.

"Who?"

"Don't know, she didn't give her name."

"Ah well... just one of my female slaves, I suppose!" The laughing boughs of his words robbed the words of offence. Reggie ran fingers and thumb along his dark underlip. "It could have been your little friend Meryl Davis."

Bob stopped dead, his hand stretched out to the bowl. "Meryl? But didn't you ask her where she was?"

"No, I'm afraid I didn't."

"You are a swine, Reggie. You know I was trying to get in touch with her. I asked you to ask her, if she rang."

"I didn't say it was she, I only said it might've been."

"Did it sound like her voice?"

"Couldn't say, actually." Reggie's eyes, black, sardonic, heavy-lidded, seemed to be enjoying Bob's agitation.

"No doubt she'll ring again. She's not a young lady backward in coming forward, I should say."

Bob pushed back his stool and went over and got cigarettes out of the pocket of his coat hanging over a chair. He said, "I'm surprised you didn't want to know on your own account. You made rather a big impression on Meryl."

"I made an impression on the wretched girl?"

"Yes. The time she came here when I was late and you shook her one of your famous cocktails."

"Well, well, who'd have thought it! She's hardly my type."

"No, she's only a little air hostess, isn't she? You aim higher.... Seen her since?"

"I have not." Reggie got up, too, carried the plates to the sink, poured in a kettle of boiling water and threw the drying-up cloth to Bob.

An hour or so later Hugh and Patty Fitzgerald and Vincent Bathgate were at Jo's flat playing bridge. Bob and Reggie were there too. As Vincent took up the pack and started to deal, Patty said: "Is Bob still on the telephone, Jo?"

"He is. Best part of an hour he's been."

"What a stayer! He and Noreen parting for ever, again, I suppose." Patty put the tip of a cigarette delicately between her scarlet lips and waited for a light. Hugh flicked his lighter on and reached across with it.

"Thanks, pet.... Oh well, it's always nice—parting for ever. And nice still making it up again for ever!" she said with a shrill little laugh.

Hugh said: "One day that young man'll provoke her so much she'll really chuck him."

"Don't be silly, darling. As long as I can remember poor Noreen's had trouble with her men. When she was only a teen-ager in our first Repertory show she had to go and fall in love with a married night-watchman."

Jo said: "You and she were in Repertory together, weren't you?"

"My dear, Noreen could've been a wonderful dramatic actress if it hadn't been for the grand passion! It's lucky she met Colin before she landed up on the real stage. She'd soon have found him."

"Your bid, Patty." Hugh somehow always managed to head his wife off the subject of her stage career, which had been brief and undistinguished and willingly relinquished for marriage with him and the Stock Exchange.

For a few minutes there was silence, with only the whisper of cards and Reggie Knox in the drawing-room playing Schumann's Papillons. The bridge four were in the morning-room opposite a lamp over the table, no other light. Bob was on the telephone extension in Jo's bedroom.

In a minute, while Jo's hands—narrow and sure and olive-tinted—dealt the cards, Bathgate said: "How well Knox plays the piano. Delightful touch."

Jo said, head tilted back, eyes half closed against her cigarette smoke: "Yes. Pity he didn't take it up seriously. It's really his passion."

"More money in journalism, I expect. Not much in music unless you're a top-notch."

"Much more money in journalism than you'd expect!" Patty's tone had a gossip ring. "A baby grand, no less! He got one last week, Bob tells me."

"Did he?"

"Bob says they practically had to do away with the bathroom to make room for it."

"Three hearts!" Hugh said loudly, and the hand was played.

When it was over—"Going to spend Christmas up the mountains, Jo?" Patty asked.

"I hadn't thought. Is it nearly Christmas already?" Jo's house in the Blue Mountains had been her chief link with home. While abroad, against pressure, she hadn't let it, she hadn't sold it.

"Yes, only three weeks. Isn't it a gruesome thought! I haven't got a single thing for anyone. Mr. Bathgate, do you think Mrs. Bathgate would like—"

"Darling, please! Contract and conversation—"

"I am so fearfully sorry, sweet," she murmured and touched his cheek with repentant white fingers.

Jo's dummy went down. At that moment the flat bell rang. She got up and crossed the hall.

**A**NDY WALTERS, ex-seaman, ex-steward, now the Bathgates' man-of-all-work, was standing at the open front door. He held out to Jo two magnolia buds. "I know you like these, Mrs. Somers."

"Yes, Andy, indeed I do!"

"There won't be many more now."

"They're wonderful."

"They are, too, aren't they? I shinned up the tree and got 'em for you. Right at the top."

"Thank you so much."

"This morning it was. But I haven't hardly had a moment all day to bring 'em up to you."

"I'll put them straight into water. Thank you again, Andy."

"That's all right, don't mention it."

With a brisk salute, Andy turned away, took his neat slim body in its shiny black pants and white mess jacket to the top of the stairs. He paused there and looked back. "That blind on your balcony, Mrs. Somers."

"What about it?"

"Seems to flap a bit when the wind gets up. I'll see if I can get round in the morning to fix it for you." On noiseless black pumps, he flowed down the stairs with the slippery gait of one who has balanced trays along rolling decks.

Jo filled a vase with water in the kitchen and took the flowers into the drawing-room. She put them down on the table near the piano.

Reggie broke off and looked round. "Those are nice. Where did you get those?"

"Andy. That tree at the back of the garage."

"Is there a magnolia tree there?"

"Yes, haven't you noticed it? Right up against the window of the loft."

"Why does Andy have to lie? Even about such simple things as this?"

"What did he lie about?"

"He said—I can't think why—that he picked these flowers this morning."

"Well?"

"Well, you can see—they've just been picked. If they'd been in water all day they'd be fully open now, with their petals ready to drop. Magnolias look sort of solid but they last such a little while."

"Yes, I see.... Oh, well. Some people enjoy telling lies, even pointless ones. A perverted sense of humor, I think. They think it's fun to chuckle alone over taking people in."

"Yes.... Jo was doubtful."

"Though I'll admit it's hard to think of Andy doing anything pointless. He's such a little pointer."

"Oh, Andy's not a bad sort, even if he's a bit on the slippery side. He does a lot of little things for me."

"That's what I mean, my dear. Everything he does for you earns a good tip. He's lazy with the Bathgates. Not that it would be a pleasure to serve



you, Jo, darling, without any reward." He took her hand and brushed it sacramentally with his lips.

"Sweet Reggie! Your courtliness quite overpowers me!"

"Overpowers you but leaves you unmoved. That's the trouble. It's blokes like Bob who land the prizes."

She turned away. "Get on with your Schumann."

As she went back across the hall Bob's voice called her into the bedroom.

Bob was lying on the bed, stretched out in glorious ease on the old-fashioned white lace coverlet, the receiver to his ear. He lowered and muffled it as Jo appeared. "Talk to her, Jo, she's being so difficult."

"No . . . please, Bob."

"Do, Jo, make her see reason."

"There's nothing I can say."

But he caught her wrist and pulled her down on to the side of the bed and held the receiver to her ear.

Jo took it. "Noreen, listen—" She paused for breath.

Noreen didn't. There were tears, or something near them, at the other end, and a spate of words.

"Why don't you come in here?" Jo said at last. "These telephone talks are so frustrating. Bob's very upset and wants to see you."

"Why doesn't he come and tell me so, then?"

"You know why. He feels such a lot of criticism there, and he's private."

Bob murmured. "Tell her to stop talking nonsense and meet me down below somewhere—by the fig tree—in five minutes."

As Jo talked, he rolled over and dropped his head in her lap. Her voice faltered for an instant, then went on in its unburied even tone. All unconsciously, a small smile played at the corners of her mouth, her grey eyes were soft.

With his two hands, Bob pressed hers against his forehead and sighed blissfully, like someone lying in a meadow of deep grass. He whispered: "Oh, my cool darling! If only Noreen were more like you!"

Voices sounded in the hall. Colin Hauser's: "Jo . . . Where are you, Jo?" There were steps at the door, and Colin and Kent Patterson appeared.

Jo sprang up, spilling Bob's head off her lap.

He let it hang down over the side of the bed, brokenly, but he had a watchful eye on Colin, and still more, on the stranger with him in the doorway.

"You turning up! I might have known something like this was going to happen," Jo said in mock distress when she and Kent were on the balcony together, and Colin had taken her place at the bridge table; and Bob had gone down to meet Noreen. "I might have known. I saw the full moon through glass last night."

"It's the new moon you have to see through glass, if you're looking for bad luck."

She walked to the rail, then turned and leant against it. They stood quiet still for a minute, eyes intent on each other's face.

"When on earth did you arrive?" she asked.

"Last week."

"Where from?"

"Indonesia."

"Staying long?"

"That depends."

"On what?" she asked quickly.

"The position in the Pacific, generally."

Jo burst out laughing. "That serves me right, doesn't it?"

"It does. You thought I'd say I'd come out to lay my heart at your feet again. Well, I haven't. Never again."

"I'm glad to hear it, Kent, I'm really very glad to hear it. All the times before we made a frightful hash of it. Sit down, all the same."

But they didn't sit down, as though each felt that there was something too tense in their meeting for that. The sort night blew all its sweetness round them, and there was a note in their voices that told a story quite different from their words.

Kent said: "And if I had had anything of the sort in mind—to try and start it up again—well, I certainly walked in at the right moment for my final disillusionment. To see that twerp lying there with his head in your lap."

Jo gave him a pitying look. "Bob isn't a twerp, dear, he's a demon."

"You still know how to plant a dart," Kent said wryly. He strolled over to the rail, too, and leaning on it surveyed the scene—the lawn, the tops of trees, the water silver and still under a rising moon. "Very nice," he said. "A place to retire from the world to."

"Very," she agreed. "Complete with antimacassars and two dear old landladies. I stepped into it the moment I arrived. I've still got my place in the mountains. I'm very comfortable. I—"

Kent didn't seem to be listening. "And do you mean to crown it all by marrying this satanic personage?" he asked.

"Bob? Don't be absurd! He's only a boy, he's young enough to be my—my brother."

"But fortunately for you he's not, eh?"

"And anyhow the Hausers got divorced over Bob. He's Noreen's."

"It looked like it—just now—in there!" The two cuts beside Kent's mouth took a sharp downward turn as of old.

"Marry him! I never heard such nonsense in my life."

"Oh, Jo, think back. How many times have I heard you say that? You said it about that opera singer in Venice, but you wouldn't if he hadn't got into bad for cardsharps. And that Greek general—what was his name? Nothing would have stopped you marrying him if you hadn't found out he had two wives already."

"You're being very silly, Kent."

"I'm not. I'm only reminding you of all the suicidal things you would've done if I hadn't happened to be around to save you."

"Oh, dear!" Jo gave a gusty sigh and sank into a chair. "This is quite like old times. Those months in Athens, you lecturing me defending. Or the last time in Paris."

"Look, Jo," he came and stood in front of her: "your trouble has always been that you're too good-looking, too well fixed generally, to need any stable or lasting attachment. You wanted to have everything on earth and give up none of your freedom. Whenever I tried to get our relationship on to a—an equal footing—"

"By throwing things at me," she murmured.

"Only my hat."

"That's all you had handy that last day in the Champs-Élysées."

"Anyhow, do stick to the point. Whenever I tried to get you away from the crowd and talk about marriage you accused me of jealousy and walked out of the scene, sent me a wire to say you were through and took the first plane to Timbuctoo or somewhere."

She nodded meekly. "I know, Kent, I don't say any more. We're not out for each other, that's clear. What

you want is some nice little wife you can instruct and impress."

"Maybe, I'm looking around for her."

The moonlight creeping in under the awning reached her now, left her black dress blacker, but touched with its light her face, her mouth, the great grey eyes.

"Still," she said, regarding him thoughtfully, "we mustn't be too harsh on ourselves, talking over old times. We were often very happy, weren't we?"

"Happy!" he said with a groan, and dropped his cigarette on the floor and crushed it out.

"We were really very much in love, though it didn't lead to marriage, as occasionally it doesn't."

"I was. I know that. That was the trouble. Had we never loved so kindly, had we never loved so blindly—"

"Please, dear!" She lifted a protesting hand. "I never can bear to hear anyone speak Scotch unless they are Scotch, and not often then."

"That's you all over!" he protested. "Fiddling while other people burn. But I warn you, Jo, you've got a very explosive situation there. You know Noreen Hauser as well as I do, and if she'd happened to walk in when I did and did you by any chance notice Colin's face?"

"Colin? What's it got to do with him?"

"Pride. Some men don't like to see even their ex-wives done down. However, if you get yourself into any kind of a jam with this demon lover of yours I've no intention of coming to your aid. I'm through, except as a mere friend and acquaintance for the few weeks I'll be in this city. You understand that, don't you, Jo?"

"Perfectly, Kent. Perfectly." She nodded her small dark head. Their eyes on each other in the moonlight were studiously cool. . . .

Was it Kent's return, bringing a fresh liveliness to Jo's awareness, that made all the details of the next few hours seem to her, in retrospect, like those in a too highly colored film? Or was it a foreboding of disaster so close that said to her, Remember this, take note of that, you may need all these details later, death in its cruel guise is upon this circle?

She and Kent came in from the balcony and sat in deep chairs in the drawing-room, silently, side by side, the smoke from their cigarettes weaving arabesques round their heads while Reggie's music filled the dim room. Reggie's black eyes with a bright glitter in them turned occasionally in their direction. . . .

Vincent Bathgate was the first to leave when the bridge four broke up. His figure in the doorway, grey, subdued, rousing afresh in Jo a kind of pity for what she could never quite say. The man who's tried for something, got it, and found the price too high? His lifted hand—"Good night, Mrs. Sumers, thank you so much"—his lifeless footstep in the hall.

Hugh and Patty drank a last gin squash, Patty's vivid face turning restlessly on her white slender neck. . . .

Hugh, tall, well-tailored, thick graying hair, but with a faintly vulgar obviousness about his good looks, dark blue eyes watching his wife.

When they had gone, Reggie left Reggie, a Spanish grandee bending to kiss his hostess's hand, the rich tones of his voice making of "good night" a ceremony.

Twenty minutes later, Colin got up, slowly, heavily. His look of ruddy health didn't conceal the sentence of death under which he'd seemed to live since Noreen had gone away, and left him in a desert of futility where all things died.



Kent stayed on for another forty minutes—a do-you-remember session, places, people—then he, too, left, carefully keeping to his promise of disciplined friendship.

Now Jo was alone. She shut the front door, looked once, vaguely, back into the empty drawing-room, emptied some ash-trays and straightened a chair or two in the bridge-room, then went along the hall to her bedroom. She had barely had time to drop her rings into the box on the dressing-table and pull her dress over her head when a sound came up from below, shattering the silence of the wide silver night, making her stand motionless, suspended, one hand stretched out to throw the dress over a chair.

What had it been, where had it come from? The nights were usually so silent. She made a move to the window, but the sound came again, the raised, unidentifiable voice of a cry for help.

Jo caught up a gown, slipped it on and made for the stairs. She ran down knowing with a shock of conviction that this was no ordinary mishap. She flew past the Bathgate's door, pulled open the front one and ran under their dark windows. Was it possible they were still asleep and hadn't heard?

But her bedroom was at the back, with two windows, one at the corner, looking down over the garden, and over the roof of the old coachhouse, and then across the garden of Noreen's mother's house.

Jo ran round the house. When she got to the corner she paused a moment. The shouting voice had stopped. There was a light, though, streaming out from the coachhouse where her car was garaged. The doors were thrown wide and she could see the long gleaming shape of the car under the naked overhead bulb.

The light in the loft above was on, too, and another sound had taken the place of the voice calling, a bumping, a dragging, heavy, dreadful sound that kept Jo standing paralysed in the moonlight, gazing up.

And then, at the top of the wooden stairway running up outside the building, a figure appeared, straining and pulling at a burden. Two figures now, Kent stooped over the other, frantically dragging it by the shoulders, the feet trailing over the dusty boards, out on to the platform at the top of the flight of steps.

Jo flew across the gravel and up the steps. "Kent! . . . Bob!" A cry escaped her, for it was Bob that Kent had dragged out of the lighted loft and laid down. She dropped on her knees and lifted his hand. "Bob, Bob! . . . What is it! What's happened?"

Kent drew in a great lungful of air and wiped his forehead. "No use, Jo, he's dead."

"Dead?"

But no, it wasn't possible, this wasn't death. She'd seen it too often in those camps in Europe, but never like this. Life seemed still to be infusing his face with a healthy glow, the same beauty. He looked exactly as she had seen him so many times, lying back in the sun, on the beach, on the grass; as she had seen him only a few hours ago, on the white lace coverlet of her bed. No, no, her racing brain rejected death. She leant farther over him, gazing at the upturned face in the light from the doorway.

Kent said, "Carbon monoxide. They stay like that for quite a while." He pushed her aside and knelt in her place by the body. "I don't think there's a hope, but I'll try. Get a doctor."

Running across the lawn Jo met Bathgate struggling into a dressing-gown. "What in the name of fortune—" he demanded.

Later—how much later Jo couldn't have said—it seemed a lifetime wait-

ing down there below, seeing the figures, two, three, Bathgate, Kent, the doctor, up there with Bob's body—Kent came down to her.

He shook his head. "No good, Jo. There wasn't any hope from the start. He must have been in there for quite a while," and at that moment the police cars turned into the drive and spilled out their cargoes.

Jo put her hands over her face, trying for one last moment to shut out the horror of it. But it was then, that for the first time she believed in Bob's death; and seeing those men hurrying across the lawn to the loft she knew that he wasn't only dead but murdered—murdered—murdered deliberately, with the exhaust gas from her own car carried up by a length of tubing that had been pushed under the door and packed tightly round with the cloths Andy used for cleaning the cars.

Now he was no more than the subject of a police inquiry and the machinery of the law's vengeance. . . . Bob the beautiful, the well-beloved, carefree, life-loving Bob, was already with yesterday's seven thousand years.

Her hands fell to her sides. Kent took out cigarettes, lighted them and put one between her dry lips. His lined, hard face was grim. He said: "I'm sorry, Jo. This is all too bad."

She nodded, fighting for calm. "Poor Bob . . ."

"Poor everyone concerned with it, I'd say. Noreen—those old aunts of his."

"Noreen? I can't face the thought of what she'll feel."

Kent looked at her oddly. "H'm. I suppose you realise there'll be a lot of scandal and publicity for you?"

"For me?"

"Beautiful young widow! . . . And this, my poor girl, is just the one time you can't walk out. No sending a wire to the C.I.B. to say you've left for Cairo or Alice Springs."

"Is that kind?"

He put a hand under her arm and led her back to the house.

**D**ETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN turned to go down from the loft, leaving Bob Otway in the care of those now more closely concerned with him, the other members of the homicide squad.

On this humid December night, the only one free from bustle and heat was Bob himself. And how enviable he appeared, stretched out, looking quite refreshed already from his sleep, with a sprig of fresh rosemary in his button-hole, his hands lying loosely at his sides, and his head on the dusty boards.

On a packing-case beside the battered old sofa where Kent had found him lying, was a bottle of whisky, two-thirds empty, and three glasses. Bob had drunk out of one of the glasses, the dregs of whisky were in it; another had also been drunk out of but any fingerprints on it had been wiped off; the third glass had not been used.

Grogan said, glancing at the array again: "Now I wonder if one of the party never turned up or was the third one a teetotaler."

At the door of the garage he spoke to a constable inside: "O.K., Perce. Let her go in a minute from now."

He and Detective-Sergeant Manning and a uniformed man walked smartly round the side and down the drive to the gate. The moon was bright behind them, and the three men cast long bobbing shadows on the white gravel. They stopped at the gate and stood in silence for a minute.

Then Grogan said: "Well, what about it, Les?"

"Not a thing," Manning said sourly. "No, neither."

The constable shook his head negatively, too.

They walked back up the drive. Half-way up they paused and stood once more in the silence and darkness of the garden. Nothing stirred. The sticky scent of petunias came to them, mixed with the salt breeze from the bay and the moisture from newly cut grass.

Grogan shook his head again. "I thought not," and Manning sniffed in agreement.

They went on to the house.

Lights streamed out through the windows, giving glimpses of big lofty rooms, long-lived-in order and comfort.

Andy Walters was lingering round the doorway. He nipped aside and pushed the door wider.

"Right you are, sir. The ladies and the boys they're in the drawing-room there on the right." His tone was confidential, establishing himself immediately as one with the police.

"I suppose I did right, didn't I? I never let a thing up there be touched, never even opened the window. I knew you'd want to find everything just as it was. I says to Mr. Bathgate, 'Don't touch a single thing till the police arrive.' I just stayed there at the door and wouldn't let anybody go in while they was tryin' to bring him to. I reckoned that was right, wasn't it?"

"Quite right, that's the idea," and Grogan thought: a bloke as let on being all that right must've done worse than murder in his time. He asked him: "Do you clean that car of Mrs. Somers'?"

"Yes, I look after it for her. At least, it isn't rightly my job but I oblige her now and then."

"Have you any idea where she keeps the key as a rule?"

Andy lighted a small brown butt and shook his head. "Couldn't say that. Tonight, though—if that's what you're thinkin' about—this afternoon, rather, when she came in, I was round there and I says, 'It's about time you had the oil changed. I'll run her round to the garage in the mornin' if you like,' and she says, 'Thanks, Andy, that's ever so kind of you, I'll leave the key in for you.'"

"Where's your room, where you sleep?"

"Lookin' on to the back verandah beyond the kitchen."

"Were you in there this evening? What time did you go to bed?"

Andy seemed to give the question weighty consideration, blinking and dragging on the cigarette. Then he said, smoke coming from mouth and nostrils: "Well, I never turn in early. There's too much to do. Tonight, at about a quarter past eleven I went up the garden to get a spade. I remembered I'd left out. I seen Miss Otway just comin' in the front gate. Then I stoked up the furnace. That might've been round about eleven-thirty," he added cautiously. "Mind, I wouldn't like to say for sure. Not that I seen or heard a single thing, but I don't want to go kiddin' you up the bush without a swag, sayin' it was one time when it might've been another. I always says—"

"O.K., you didn't hear or see a single thing. Tell us if anything comes into your mind."

"I will, you bet I will. I'm not one of those blokes that'll stand by while a mob sets on the police. It's a terrible thing, this that's happened. You couldn't help liking him. He wasn't always—you know—he was always one for a joke."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you know. He'd kid his aunts one thing when they could ever find out that it wasn't true. Or he'd tell someone—just for the fun of it—that



he'd married Mrs. Hauser months ago, or that Mrs. Somers had gone away to Honolulu, and . . . but you couldn't help liking him."

"Yeah," Grogan said. "There was somebody that didn't like him too well."

The three policemen entered the house.

As the detectives went towards the drawing-room Hugh Fitzgerald, bulky in dressing-gown, came out and slipped herded an agitated Patty in sea-green nylon quickly up the stairs to Jo's flat.

Over the drawing-room a silence lay, a heavy fog of gloom. There are various ways of meeting disaster. Some lie down in front of it and let themselves be battered to pieces like a body under a railway train, others stand up and face the oncoming horror, as though hoping by willpower to stop it in its tracks.

This last appeared to be the way in which Miss Otway had met the fact of her nephew's death. Standing under the chandelier, its many-pointed lights glinting on her improbably black hair, she presented a tall resistant front.

Mrs. Bathgate, on the other hand, lay in a crumpled heap on the sofa with a Cologne-soaked handkerchief on her forehead. Bathgate's face was shut, neutral. He sighed heavily as the detectives entered. Grogan, dark and glossy and comfortably friendly.

"This must be very distressing for you ladies," Grogan said cheerfully, "and naturally we don't want to make it any worse for you. But there's just a few little questions. Won't keep you a moment longer that we have to ask."

He walked over to the sofa and leant a hand on the walnut curlicues of its back. "Mrs. Bathgate, I believe you knew more about your nephew's private life than anyone did."

Clapping the damp handkerchief to her brow, she struggled into a sitting position. "Who told you that?"

"I did, my dear," Bathgate hastened to assure her. "I told the inspector that you loved him like a son and that I sincerely believed he was just as devoted to you, in spite of the fact—"

He paused.

"In spite of the fact," she said bitterly, "that he borrowed money from me, you were going to add! I would have given him all I had if only—"

"If only"—harshly Miss Otway filled her pause—"I hadn't had the sense to stop you."

**G**ROGAN asked Mrs. Bathgate: "Did he ever give you the idea he had any enemies?"

"Never. No, Darling Bob. Everyone loved him. What possible enemies could he have?" Bob's shook her again. "He was shortly to be married to a charming girl, we're all very fond of," and she told him about Noreen and the Hauser divorce.

Bob's life—the constable's pen recording it whispered—Bob's so happy and colorful life that he'd seemed to live as a child lives his reaching out for whatever he wanted, richly enjoying those things when he got them, and when he failed to, whistling them down the wind.

The sergeant sniffed contemptuously. In a ritzy set like this the last thing any murdered bloke had was an enemy! Oh, no! Of course not! The lower classes brought murder on themselves, but it was a kind of nasty accident in this posh joint!

He said, as Mrs. Bathgate finished: "He wasn't in work at the moment, was he?"

The sore spot in Miss Otway's relationship with her nephew had been touched here, but as she opened her

mouth to answer Mrs. Bathgate said quickly: "Not at the moment. Not exactly. Not any settled employment. But he had a number of irons in the fire."

Manning thought, and not one of 'em half-way warm, I'll bet, except the one in her pocket! "Such as?" he asked sourly.

"Well . . . he sometimes sold cars on commission . . . and some time ago he started quite a promising little agency. Fancy goods from Hongkong."

"Where was his place of business?"

"His office? He didn't exactly have an office. He worked at his flat where he lived with his friend Mr. Knox. It saved all the expense of an office in town."

Grogan tapped faintly with a pencil and looked down at the crumpled face. "There were no keys in his pocket," he said. "No key-ring, no latchkey, or anything."

"Oh?" she said vaguely.

"Now about tonight. Your nephew came to call on you, did he?"

"No, not on us," Miss Otway told him.

"He came to see Mrs. Somers, our tenant in the flat above. She was the attraction. I didn't know he was even near the place until I saw him coming down from her flat soon after nine."

"Leaving was he?"

"So I thought. I was in the hall and he came down and I said: 'Hallo, dear, are you just going?' and he said: 'Not yet, Aunt Laura, I've got a date with a girl.' A girl? Noreen? I said, and he laughed and put his arm around me and kissed my cheek. He said: 'Noreen, and somebody else later. If everything was as simple as only Noreen! If she were the only girl in the world and I were the only boy!'—and he went off laughing."

"I see. Later in the evening, your husband says, you came in the gate from the street, about a quarter past eleven?"

"Yes, quite true. Before I went to bed I slipped down to the pillar-box a little way down the road to post a letter."

"Did your nephew give you any idea of who this girl was he was meeting?"

"None whatever. It could have been one of many. May I give you a hint, Inspector?"

"My word, can you! That's what we're after."

"Oh, Laura! . . . Do stop, Laura!" her sister cried.

But she went on: "If you take my advice you'll confine yourself to that aspect of my nephew's life. The girls who loved him!" She said it with bitter emphasis. Her color had risen, giving her face back some of its youthfulness.

"I was a schoolmistress for a great many years—a finishing school for young ladies—and what I observed left me with a not very high opinion of the romantic passion. When some young man became the object of several young women's affections at once—well! My nephew was a very attractive youth, gay, handsome, charming."

"Was he sober when you met him tonight?"

"Oh, well . . . sober enough. He may have had a few drinks upstairs."

"I see. And during the evening he probably goes on drinking a bit and has a few more up in the loft. Someone only had to sit there talking away, plying his glass, and then he must've dropped asleep and they slip down and start up the engine and push the tube from the exhaust under the door and puke those rags round it."

Bathgate asked suddenly: "Tell me, Inspector, do you think this crime was the result of some quarrel that took place up there, a sudden impulse?"

"Doesn't look like it. A starved hole

at the centre of that crack in the window has been recently sealed with a bit of paper." He looked round—but not hopefully—at the three listening faces. "I take it none of you folks patted it up? To keep out the rain? . . . dust?"

He saw the three heads slowly shaken. "No . . . H'm . . . Can you folks give me any idea what you were doing, say, between eleven and half-past tonight? According to the doctor, the deceased can't've gone up to that loft much later than eleven-thirty."

**B**ATHGATE answered, digging his hands deeper into the pockets of his dressing-gown: "Yes, that shouldn't be hard. Except for my sister-in-law's little sortie down to the pillar-box—what time was it, Laura, a quarter past eleven?—we were all indoors. I came down from Mrs. Somers' where we'd had a rubber or two. My wife and I had a cup of tea, I went into the bathroom and took a shower, then I went to my room. I was in bed by eleven-thirty, didn't hear anything till I heard the shouts and commotion of this fellow Patterson finding the poor boy dead up there."

"And you, Mrs. Bathgate?"

"Oh, dear! . . ." Dazed, she looked up at him, the dark hollows of her eyes swimming. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! have I got to account for every minute? My head is simply bursting!"

"Now, Pamela!" Miss Otway said firmly. "I can tell you, Inspector. My sister was telephoning from soon after eleven till nearly half-past."

"Who were you telephoning to?"

"I was ringing Mrs. Fitzgerald," Mrs. Bathgate told him. "Her husband is an old friend, they live opposite. At least I was trying to ring her but I couldn't raise her."

"You mean they weren't answering the phone?"

"No, no, not that. They were at home, all right, they must've been using the telephone themselves. I kept on getting the engaged signal."

"For about twenty minutes, you say?"

"Yes, at least twenty minutes . . . on and off."

"You couldn't raise them all that time?"

"No, I gave it up at last and went to bed."

"An important call, was it?"

"Well . . . yes, it was quite important, in a way. . . ." Her hand fluttered to the curling greying hair: "I wanted to ask Mrs. Fitzgerald the name and address of a new hairdresser she'd mentioned earlier in the evening. They'd looked in to see us on their way up to Mrs. Somers, and she'd been talking."

"Yes, I see." The inspector's smooth Irish face, wonderfully void of expression, turned to her sister. "This letter you went down to post, Miss Otway. Mind telling me who it was to?"

"Certainly. It was to my dentist, enclosing a cheque for five and a half guineas. I'd been meaning to send it to him for some days. Dr. Scudamore." She gave the inspector a thin smile. "Would you care to see the stamp in my cheque-book?"

Grogan laughed genially. "That's all right, I'm not doubting you. You got to have patience with us policemen, you know. It's not too nice for us, having to worry a lot of bereaved relatives—ladies like yourselves—with all these questions. But it's part of the job."

Bathgate said: "Of course, we know that, Inspector," and his wife and sister-in-law murmured agreement.

"This Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald—they



were the couple that came out and went upstairs as we came in, weren't they? Wonder if they happened to run into your nephew any time between eleven and eleven-thirty?"

The Fitzgeralds, Miss Otway queried as to whether it was necessary to drag them into it, extending this all too, too painful business. And one's private affairs—and the disgrace—and the scandal. And her dry voice rasped with something of its old authority, as though she were trying to snatch back the right to judge and direct conduct.

And the inspector told her sorrowfully that murder wasn't a private affair. Like when your house caught fire you couldn't stop people coming to gape at it.

The air in the room grew heavier with the secret whose guilt equally threatened all. Outside, the night wheeled on towards another day. The moon, sloping downwards, left the field for the stars to shine in more brightly until the red sun of a glowing summer morning should take over.

In the meantime, the copatible had gone upstairs and come back with Hugh and Patty. Patty's vitality undimmed by the hour and the circumstances. She appeared histrionically perfect with shocked glance and feminine horror.

She sat on the arm of Mrs. Bathgate's sofa, full brown eyes on Hugh as he answered Grogan, for them both, that they hadn't seen Bob Otway anywhere around when they went home at about eleven; that they had been asleep—yes, they slept in the same room—when the tragedy broke; that Mrs. Fitzgerald being a light sleeper had woken him to say something must have happened opposite because she'd heard cars rushing in—could someone be taken ill, could it be an accident?—and they'd got up and put on dressing-gowns and come over.

Grogan asked: "Did you go straight to bed when you first got in?"

Patty said yes, Hugh said no. Then:

"You're right, darling," she remembered; "I telephoned for a while, if that's worth telling the inspector." Her smile at Grogan was tender. "I rang up my sister."

"Did you have a long talk?"

"Heavens above! I can't remember. How long was I down there, darling?"

"Couldn't say. I was comfortably in bed with a good book and didn't notice."

"Ten minutes? Half an hour?" Grogan asked.

"Well . . ." Patty's hesitation might have meant that she was trying to capture the exact truth; or it might have meant that she was weighing the advantage—or the risk—of not telling it too exactly.

"Look, Mrs. Fitzgerald, you must know whether you just rang your sister to pass the time of day or had one of those all-night sessions that ladies sometimes have over last night's party."

"Oh, we chatted for quite a while," she admitted. "My sister had just got back from Melbourne. She'd been staying with my mother over there, and I knew my husband was perfectly happy in bed with his book, so you see . . ."

Patty talked on, flushed eyes and teeth. And Grogan listened, with his air of timelessness, his bland assumption of co-operation from all concerned.

Hugh had walked the length of the room to the window.

Laura Otway came and leant on the sill beside him. "Hugh," she murmured.

"This is terrible, Laura, this is really tragic." His well-padded face twitched with the apparent need to express sympathy; nervously his fingers twisted and shredded a leaf he'd pulled out of his dressing-gown pocket. "If there was only something I could do."

"Don't say any more, Hugh, I don't want to break down. Pamela's doing that for all of us."

"Poor soul, no wonder!"

"There's just one thing . . ." Her voice was almost inaudible.

"Yes, what?" His glance was wary.

"Please don't speak of it to the police."

I mean, tonight when you and Patty looked in on your way upstairs, Pamela was going on about turning up the death card three times running."

"That's odd, so she was. As if she'd seen a bit ahead."

"Well, keep it to yourself, please. Hugh, and tell Patty as well. All that fortune-telling clap-trap!"

"Of course, Laura, we won't mention it. Hardly be likely to in any case. In my opinion, the less irresponsible talk there is the better. I'll warn Patty. She's far too trusting."

At that moment a wailing cry came ringing across the garden, steps stumbled on to the verandah and in the hall, past the drawing-room door, a figure flashed, making for the stairs; the cries—shrill, hysterical—mounting with the flying feet.

"Noreen!" Mrs. Bathgate sprang off the sofa and made a move to the door.

But her sister stopped her, reaching the door first and shutting it sharply.

"No, no, Pamela, not in your present state. You'd only make her worse."

"Let me go, Laura. She and I—we were the only ones who really understood him."

"Two hysterical women together? No, thank you! Leave her to Mrs. Somers, she'll look after her."

A few minutes later when the Fitzgeralds were leaving, Patty linked her arm closely in Mrs. Bathgate's and drew her out to the front door.

Hugh strode through it. Patty held back a pace. She stooped and kissed the older woman's cheek. "Mrs. Bathgate, darling, it's so dreadful, you know what I'm feeling."

"Yes, Patty—a choke, sobs: "Yes, Patty."

"Darling Bob! Oh, it's too monstrous! What fiend can have—"

"Our lovely boy!—Tears muffled the rest of his speech, too."

"There's just one thing, I'm terrified, now that all this questioning's started, that someone should think—someone should begin to imagine—"

"Imagine what, Patty?" Her tone had suddenly sharpened.

"Why, that there was anything between Bob and me. Of course there wasn't, of course I loved Bob very much, and he loved me, but we were just good pals, nothing more. So if they should question you about his friends and all that—ah, darling, I would be so grateful if you didn't mention that I saw a good deal of him."

**L**EANING closer, the red curls brushing Mrs. Bathgate's cheek, Patty whispered: "Just don't mention that Bob sometimes—not very often, of course—but sometimes used to drop in to see me in the afternoon when Hugh wasn't home."

"No, dear, I won't mention it. I don't see why I should. It doesn't seem at all important—now!"

Hugh's voice came out of the darkness: "Patty."

"Coming, Hugh. Exactly, it wasn't. But you know what vile constructions can be put on the simplest things. And any scandal—for Hugh's sake, I mean—The darling old boy's so much the old school! I really think he'd have my life."

"I'm coming, Hugh."

"I understand, dear, I understand. I wouldn't have dear Hugh hurt for anything."

Patty kissed her again, ran down the steps and caught up with Hugh.

"What were you jawing about?" he demanded.

"Hugh, darling, don't be so impatient. I was telling the poor old pet how my heart bleeds for her."

When Noreen came rushing up the stairs Jo and Kent rose as one person to meet her. Since Hugh and Patty had been summoned downstairs, they had been sitting in the drawing-room, almost as silent as earlier in the evening when Reggie had been playing.

Jo had said more than once: "Why don't you go, Kent? If they want to ask you anything they can find you. You're not in this, you didn't know him."

And Kent had answered: "I'll stay around. You won't be able to go to bed yet, anyhow."

She had swung her long legs off the sofa. "Well . . . let's have another drink."

"Sit still, I expect I know a refrigerator when I see one."

When he had come back with the ice, mixed a drink for her, put it beside her, tilted a lampshade to keep the light from her eyes, Jo had said, with that faint irony that he so well remembered: "If only 'friendship' could always be as nice as this!"

"Yes, pity ours had to start with murder!"

And then Noreen had burst in upon them.

The tears pouring down her face, her eyes starting out of her head, Noreen paused for an instant at sight of Kent. This was their first meeting since those happy days in Paris, but as though it had been yesterday she rushed forward and threw herself into his arms. "Oh, Kent, it can't be true! Tell me it isn't true . . ."

Jo tried to quieten her. "Bring her in here, Kent, into my room."

Taken charge of it, seemed that Noreen could really let herself go. She was a dead weight in Kent's arms as he carried her down the hall and into the bedroom.

Jo hurried ahead and switched on the light. As he put Noreen down on the bed and she rolled over, flinging her body from side to side, something slid to the floor, fell with a small sound.

Swiftly, Jo stooped. Her face had gone pale when she stood up again and turned to speak to Kent who was leaning over the other side of the bed, his hand on Noreen's golden head.

Jo said: "What ought we to give her?"

"A drink to start with, I should say."

He went into the dining-room and came back with a stiff brandy. Slipping an arm under her shoulders, he lifted her and held the glass.

Noreen turned her head aside. Her tone was suddenly sharp: "I haven't eaten since midday. That'd kill me!"

but when he had put down the glass and gone out to the kitchen she reached up and drank the brandy and soda thirstily.

Jo, standing beside the bed, thought that of all love affairs, this between Noreen and Bob should have died slowly, inch by inch. When the Hausers had arrived back from Europe two years ago Noreen and Bob had met afresh, as strangers, and from the first moment of that meeting with him, she had lived like someone under a drug, increasing the dose of love and torment every day, and like a drug addict, wanting no other food.

Noreen reached out and took her hand. "Jo, Jo, he didn't love you, did he? He only loved me!"

"Of course, Noreen . . . only you."

The words almost stuck in her throat. Jo preferred the truth, even when it hurt, and wondered if it was wise to



help Noreen build up the legend of Bob as kind, loving, and true.

She crossed the room, lying on a chair, still in its tissue-paper wrappings and Chinese box, was a black-and-white embroidered Chinese coat. She took it up and slipped it on over her thin silk dressing-gown. She was cold and tired and longed to be alone and free of all these outside passions. But, as Kent had so rightly reminded her, she couldn't fly from this crisis!

Footsteps sounded outside, and Jo went out to find the detectives at the door. They asked for Mrs. Hauser and followed her back into the bedroom.

The brandy seemed to be having its effect on Noreen. She had stopped her aimless rubbing and lay and stared apathetically up at the two men standing at the end of the bed. Would she answer a few questions? She hardly seemed to care.

"What time was it when you parted from the deceased tonight?" Grogan asked.

Parted from the deceased! For just one moment a shudder went through her. Her face broke up in a spasm of agony, and Jo, watching, feared those cries again.

But Noreen answered the question: "I left him at the gate and went up to bed. . . . It was a quarter past eleven when I got in."

"Yes. Well now, would it surprise you to learn that after he left you he was going right off to meet another woman?"

She turned her face to the wall. "Certainly it would. Who told you that?"

"That's what he told his aunt, Miss Otway."

"Miss Otway?"

"You don't believe her?"

"Yes, I believe her, that he said it to her. He loved to tease her, pretending he was doing all sorts of shocking things."

"Then what do you think he went up to that loft place for?"

"Who'd take a girl up to that dusty old lumber-room?"

"You went up there yourself with him this morning, Mrs. Hauser."

"You don't need to tell me who told you that! Andy Walters. That poisonous little rat! Spying and prying. Bob went up to look for something in an old box and I followed him."

"Did you have any cause for jealousy?"

"None."

"Did you ever complain to him about other girls?"

"I told you—no."

"You got divorced over him, didn't you?"

"No, I divorced my husband."

"Do you receive alimony?"

"Yes."

"What amount?"

"A thousand a year."

"A thousand pounds, eh?" The note in Grogan's voice said: And a nice tidy little amount for a fellow to dip into when he didn't have a steady job!

"How long since your decree was made absolute?"

"I can't quite remember . . . six months . . . about."

"Had you fixed on a date for your marriage with him?"

"Yes, in the new year, some time soon."

"When you went up to the loft this morning, did you happen to notice if that hole in the window was pasted over?"

There was a minute's pause, while Noreen stared back blankly at the inspector; and sixty seconds seems a long time, ticked away in the utter silence of the small hours.

Then she answered: "No. I don't remember noticing it."

"What's all this?" Kent pushed open

the door and strode in. He was carrying a tray with coffee and a plate of bacon and eggs. He halted, looking from one to the other. Jo had the feeling that she was some sort of a culprit caught in the act.

"The inspector—" she began feebly. "Do you mean to say you let her be questioned and badgered when she's in this state?"

"But Kent—"

"Collapsed, almost dead from shock!" He turned on Grogan sharply. "Are you trying to force a statement from her?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that. We're just asking her a few questions."

"A few questions! When she's too confused to know what she's saying—and then come back next day and ask her to sign it? Well, if it's all the same to you I'll give her something to eat first."

AS soon as the detectives had followed Jo out of the room Kent put the tray down on the bedside table. He sat Noreen up as though she'd been a doll and stuffed pillows behind her back and set the tray on her lap. "Eat it. Come on now, every scrap of it."

Obediently she took up the knife and fork.

There was a troubled expression on Kent's face as he stood looking down at her, with her clung gold hair in a rumpled mass and her face washed pale with tears.

Noreen, he began, stooping lower. He glanced once over his shoulder, quickly, and back at her: "Noreen—"

Her hands paused, her eyes went up swiftly to his that were looking down so intently at her.

Another of those minutes ebbed away in silence. Then he shook his head and just said: "That's a good girl, eat it up," and turned abruptly and went out of the room. Whatever he'd been going to say, clearly he'd thought better of it.

As Kent walked into the drawing-room, Jo was saying: "Yes, Bob Otway came here quite a bit during the past few months. I was very fond of the poor boy. In a friendly way, of course."

Her glance met Kent's as he stood in the doorway. In his, she read again the thought, "It looked like it!—his head in your lap!"

Her dark-lashed eyes dropped and she hunched one shoulder faintly, turning it against him.

Grogan said: "I see. You were more of a confidante like."

"In a sense. But he never confided to me any trouble that could possibly have—well, I mean could have led up to this. No, nothing . . . I haven't any idea."

A lot of what seemed to Jo most irrelevant questions followed—about Bob's other friends, his business, his leisure. She found herself telling of the last weekend when he had been one of a party, the Fitzgeralds and Reggie Knox, that she had had up at her house in the mountains, how they'd gone up on Friday and driven back to town before lunch on the Monday, all except Mr. Fitzgerald who had come down to his office by an early morning train, leaving the car for his wife.

No, it wasn't the first time Bob had been up there. She had lent the house to him once before and he'd taken up some friends, she didn't know who. The storekeeper had the key. And so it went on.

Was it only last weekend? she wondered, that they had all gone up together. An almost impromptu party. The day before she had said to Bob:

"Oh, my house up there! I haven't been there for months. What'll it be like? Miss Haversham's cowboys!" And he had said: "Let's go up tomorrow, throw a party. We'll set the spiders back on their heels!" She had telephoned the storekeeper-caretaker to have the place ready.

A pleasant, successful few days it had been, with Bob in the best of spirits. Had that been because Noreen hadn't been able to come at the last moment, had had a touch of flu or a cold or something? Or had there been, she wondered now, a certain watchfulness on Hugh's part if Patty called Bob out of the room to make tea with her, or strayed behind with him through some winding fern gully? Undercurrents, no more, surely.

Kent went over and poured himself a drink. "Well, are we getting anywhere?" he asked, and lighted a cigarette and sat down on the arm of the sofa. His face wore a hard unco-operative expression.

Grogan said: "I understand you were the last guest to leave tonight, Mr. Patterson."

"I was."

"Did you know the deceased well?"

"No. I only arrived in this city last week," and he went on to tell where he'd come from and on what business, a newspaper correspondent; that he'd been brought along here tonight by Colin Hauser; that he'd known the Hausers two or three years ago in Paris, and Mrs. Somers at the same time.

Grogan said: "I see. Old friends, eh?"

"Quite."

"So you hadn't met the dead man before?" Kent shook his head. "Would you tell us once again just what happened after you left Mrs. Somers tonight?"

Kent said: "Well . . . I don't think there's anything to add to what I've already told you. I said good-bye to Mrs. Somers—I'd stayed on for a while after Hauser left—at about twelve o'clock, I think it was."

"Five past," Jo murmured. She remembered noticing the time when she went back into the drawing-room after watching his tall figure running down the stairs.

"Yes," he said. "Well, I went downstairs and pulled the front door shut behind me. I lighted a cigarette standing on the verandah and walked down on the drive. When I reached the gate I heard a car engine running and located it as coming from the back where Mrs. Somers had her car. I—"

"Had she mentioned earlier where her car was garaged?"

"She had. I knew it was at the back and her landlady's in the garage near the front gate."

"That's a new car of yours, Mrs. Somers?"

"What? . . . Jo's face, lifted to the inspector's, was blank. "Yes . . . about two months old." She was thinking: Had she told Kent that? Had they even spoken of her car? When? . . . Perhaps he'd made a mistake; somebody else had mentioned it to him.

Kent went on: "So, as I was saying, I went round to have a look. The garage door was open, I switched on the light and there it was—the whole set-up—so I ran up and dragged him out."

"You turned off the engine first, did you?"

"No, I didn't. It wasn't running by the time I got there."

"What? You mean it'd been turned off between the time you heard it at the gate and your getting round to the back?"

"It had," Kent said, and was silent a moment. "I concluded—there wasn't anything else to think—that the person who did it had switched off the engine."



meaning to dismantle the whole thing, then they heard me coming and only had time to run out of the place in the dark."

Grogan said amiably: "Now that's funny, Mr. Patterson."

"What's funny?"

"We tried that out a while ago, had the car engine switched on and went down to the gate. We couldn't hear it running. Not a thing. We walked back towards the house and still couldn't hear it. I've got pretty sharp ears, and the sergeant here, and the constable. None of us could hear it. How do you account for that?"

KENT gave a short laugh. "Your hearing's not as sharp as mine, I'd say."

"Yes, I see. Oh well, we got ways of testing that."

"I'm sure you have. If these tests really mean anything, I mean, don't you find sometimes that you hear—or see or smell—a thing that at other times you wouldn't?"

"In an instant's dead silence a sound may just reach to you—or you fancy it does—and it sets a train of thought working."

Grogan smiled sceptically. "That car ticks over too smooth for you or anyone else to hear it at that distance, Mr. Patterson."

"Ever heard of hyperaesthesia?"

"Eh?"

"Well, anyhow, what do you think I went round there for?"

Grogan said coolly: "Couldn't been to see if Mrs. Somers had really gone to bed or had slipped down the back way to meet this young fellow?"

"No, it couldn't be."

"They say he was off to meet some girl."

"Was he? Well, I'm not in the habit of spying on women. And anyhow, Mrs. Somers is a free agent. If she wants to meet anybody it's nothing to do with me." He got up and went to the window, stubbed out his cigarette butt and didn't come back.

Jo felt that instinctively he was thinking that, sitting there on the arm of her sofa, the tie between them could somehow more plainly be felt. Though heaven knew of just what that tie was composed. A wish to come together finally, an inability to do so for what seemed such insignificant reasons.

Kent said over his shoulder: "You heard Mrs. Somers say that I left her at five past twelve. It's quite possible that the people below could tell you they heard me shut the front door at that time. A few minutes later everyone heard me call for help. So you see..."

It was still some little time before the detectives took themselves off.

When their steps had died away on the stairs Kent walked to the door.

Jo said, looking down the length of the room to him: "I'm sorry about letting them in to Noreen. I didn't know what rights the police had."

He said sharply: "Fewer than they'd like, and a sight fewer than scared witnesses are bluffed into thinking. So I advise you not to talk at random when they're about."

"I'm not much of a random talker," she said coldly.

"Oh? Then why did you volunteer the information that he came here such a lot and that you were fond of him? It stinks now to have been fond of that boy."

"I don't deny my friendship for someone the moment he's dead."

"You know he was the kind of fellow you either loved too much or hated too much. He was just asking for murder."

"I thought you weren't going to claim

the right to be my instructor or critic any more?"

"Well! This is the last time—but what's the use of talking now? You're tired, you'd better go to bed." He opened the door.

"Wait a minute, Kent." She crossed the room and stood near him. "What did take you round to the garage tonight?"

He looked at her in silence for a minute, and then gave a wry, unwilling smile. "I'll have my lawyer handy thanks. Jo, when you start cross-questioning!"

The flat which Bob Otway had lived in with Reggie Knox was on the ground floor of a house standing in a steep street that led to the harbor's edge. Its atmosphere was one of faint decay, of lapping water, a pocket of warm seclusion at the city's rim.

The house standing in its few feet of garden was shaded by wispy tamarisks and jacarandas. Inside, a passage led from the front door—with Bob's bedroom on the right and their shared sitting-room on the left—down to Reggie's room, the kitchen and bathroom at the back. The furniture was makeshift, the bachelor establishment only one remove from the squalid. That remove was Reggie's grand piano in the sitting-room and his collection of orchids on the front verandah. On most mornings Reggie potted among them busily at work for several hours before breakfast.

On this morning, though, he hadn't so much as glanced at his precious blooms. When the knock came he was in the kitchen in his dressing-gown making coffee. He turned the gas off under the pot and went quickly and opened the door.

"Noreen!" he exclaimed, staring at him with eyes empty of expression, she said: "You've heard?"

"Yes. Bathgate rang me."

"Have those men been here?"

"What men? No one's been here this morning."

Noreen put out a hand and thrust him aside as though he'd been a bit of furniture in her way. She walked ahead of him into the sitting-room and stood in the middle of it.

"What am I going to do, Reggie?" she said in a sleep-walking tone.

"Now, my dear," he soothed her. "People do get on their feet again. They do, they have to. It's just at first you feel like this—the shock, the horror. Tomorrow—"

"I can't face a tomorrow."

"Don't say that. You don't mean it."

"Yes, I do." She looked past him and said it once again in a whisper:

"Yes, I do. . . . Yesterday I thought I couldn't—couldn't possibly live with him. . . . now I know I can't live. Oh! why did he—why did I—"

She pushed the glowing hair back from her forehead and tensed her grip on the white bar she was clutching.

"Listen, Noreen. You should never have come here. This is all too devastating for you. I'm going to take you straight home. I don't know what they're thinking of to let you stray about alone."

Noreen's glance had gone past him to the mantelpiece, to an unframed photograph propped up there.

The face confronting her was of a girl in her early twenties, round chin, a flatish nose, gay, hard eyes. On the clumpy curls a cap sat with extravagant jauntness, the neat uniform moulded her figure trimly.

Reggie, drifting uneasily behind Noreen, murmured: "Oh—that? That's a— a girl I know. Sent me her picture last week. I'm sure I don't know why. She's—she's a little air hostess. Flashing about the world!

Singapore one day, London the next. Interesting life."

Noreen said flatly: "Merle Davis."

Reggie's eyebrows went up. "Yes," he said, and putting an arm round Noreen's shoulders, turned her back into the room. "Sit down a minute while I put some clothes on. I'll get you a cup of coffee, a taxi." He went out quickly.

On his way down to his own room, he turned, hearing that she had followed him and had opened the door of Bob's bedroom. He hurried back up the hall. "No, no, you mustn't. What's the good of harrowing yourself? Don't go in there." He tried to push her from the door, tried to pull it shut again.

There was a brief struggle as she jerked away from him and thrust forward into the room. "Go away. Leave me alone."

The door shut in his face. His hand fell to the handle, but the key was turned on the other side.

As he stood there, almost flattened against the panels, steps sounded on the verandah and a knock came.

The bedroom door flew open again. "Reggie, please!" she pleaded frantically. "It's those detectives. Don't let them know I'm here."

His unshaven face had gone white. "How—how can I help it?"

"Oh, please, Reggie! Just for one minute. I'll slip out. Take them in there."

Reggie padded the few paces to the front door and opened it. He had recovered his composure when he led Detective-Inspector Grogan and the constables into the sitting-room.

Certainly it would have been hard to feel any uneasiness with the detective, so cheery and glossy—dark shaven chin and shining black hair—as he strolled about the room, glancing at things, stopping at the window to admire Reggie's orchids and discuss hobbies. Breeding lovebirds was his, and if they weren't every bit as pretty as flowers—etc., etc.

Reggie apparently couldn't give any help in solving the mystery of Bob Otway's death. He himself, he said, had left Mrs. Somers last night soon after eleven, had walked home and gone straight to bed. Actually he hadn't known till he was called up on the telephone this morning that the poor lad wasn't at home in bed, too.

He, Reggie, usually left for the newspaper office where he worked before Bob was awake, Bob's work not being of a particularly exacting nature, and, when any, carried on from the flat here. His papers and everything to do with it, were in that desk over there. He hadn't any idea of the other's financial position, wasn't really in any of Otway's secrets.

ADMITTEDLY any man who got murdered had a secret. Queer, but you could live in the same house with a man in this way and not be truly intimate.

And Grogan said that was so—two bachelors going their own way. He supposed there were days when they didn't even meet?

And Reggie said that was so. Otway's keys? No, he had no idea what had become of them. They might be lying about anywhere. More than once he'd forgotten them and had come knocking at all hours or climbing in a window. Though last night, come to think of it, he'd seen Bob drop his keys into his pocket, along with his cigarettes and cash, before he went out.

Presently Grogan went over to the piano.

Lying on the top of it was a pile of music in various stages of repair, old



books, separate sheets, well-thumbed, well-worked over.

The inspector asked: "Did you mend this music?"

"Yes, I did."

"Look, Mr. Knox, that window in the left was pasted up with transparent gummed paper similar to this."

"Similar?" Reggie said, and came across and leant on the piano. "The same, I'm afraid."

"Oh? How's that?"

"Pasted up, to make it airtight, to keep those deadly fumes in! Poor old Bob . . . You see, I have a case of music up there. Before I took this flat, Mrs. Bathgate very kindly gave me storage room for it. The day before yesterday, late in the afternoon, I went up and sorted some to bring away with me. I mended it there and then."

"Why did you have to do it there? Wouldn't it've been easier to bring it home?"

"No not really. There were one or two things I wanted to play to Mrs. Somers. I mended it, as I said, in the left, and as it happens, left a roll of gummed paper on the case."

"It isn't there now."

"No. Last night on my way up to see her again I ran up and got it. Suddenly remembered it don't know why, just a small economy."

"I see . . ." The inspector flipped over the pages once more and dropped them back on the piano. He said suddenly: "Can I have a look at your hands?"

Reggie started. "My hands?" For an instant he held them firmly at his sides, his square figure tensed.

Grogan had pulled out a magnifying glass. They stood in the bright shaft of light that came through the window between the dragged curtains.

Reggie then held out his hands, and there was silence as the inspector stooped over them, peering at the plump backs and cushioned fingers.

Suddenly Reggie, who was facing the street, jerked his hands away and rushed to the window. He bent out, calling: "Noreen . . ." and again, "Noreen, Noreen!" on a rising note.

It was a narrow, mean window. Reggie's build far otherwise, but he was scrambling through it almost before the inspector knew what was happening. He was calling, waving, stumbling over his dressing-gown: "Stop her, stop her!" He shot across the verandah, scattering his pots recklessly, and rushed down the street.

But Noreen was running now. After one swift look over her shoulder, she was flying down the steep street towards the water.

It was rarely that that street witnessed much movement. It mostly saw old men standing at the edge of the little jetty, gazing out at the yachts and ferries, or boys fishing from the steps with a string and a pin. Now, shouts and running feet brought heads from the windows of the few small houses between Reggie's place and the water.

Noreen reached the jetty—deserted this morning—well ahead of Reggie and the constable who were on her heels. She didn't slacken speed as she ran along it. Just at the end she faltered for one instant and gave a small strangle cry, then leapt and sank like a stone in twelve feet of water.

An hour or so earlier than these happenings, Jo put down her napkin and got up from the breakfast-table. She said to Mrs. Needham as she went through the hall: "You can clear the breakfast things now, Mrs. Needham. And after that there's nothing else to do this morning."

Mrs. Needham, stout, fifty, pleased with herself and not unfitted with her job, came at eight, did the flat and left at ten-thirty. She came again at

five, cooked and served dinner and went home for the night.

"What about dinner?" she asked now, the usual question.

Jo paused and looked at her. "Yes," she said, "dinner. You might prepare for two, will you? A friend from abroad may be dropping in."

"I will. What'd you like?"

"Oysters, to start with."

"Oysters," Mrs. Needham repeated. Her tone gave them all the respect they deserved.

"Then, let me see . . . a chicken—roast—with a salad. And straw potatoes?"

"Yes, I could straw 'em."

"For a sweet, perhaps a raspberry moussé?"

Mrs. Needham nodded. "I'll get along here in plenty of time," and looked at Jo thoughtfully. Very thoughtfully she went into the dining-room and put the breakfast things on a tray. This was a bit different from other mornings when a guest might be dropping in for dinner! "Oh, I don't know, Mrs. Needham. A grill and some nice little sweet. I'll leave it to you."

Jo went into her bedroom, big, quiet, orderly. The room seemed full of the morning outside, with the light coming through a jacintha in bloom casting a blue gleam on the wall. The *claudas* din was a mad high rapture. She put on a hat, got out bag and gloves and, after one hurried glance at herself in the glass, turned to go.

The telephone rang. It was Kent. He said: "Hullo, Jo."

"Hullo, Kent."

"Had a sleep, had breakfast?"

"Yes."

"Good. I did want to tell you, Jo . . ."

"Yes?"

"That I'm sorry about your young friend. I really am. But I felt this morning—for the first time in two years—that my razor would cut, my collar fitted, the coffee didn't taste of mud, I felt . . ."

"Goodness! What I've done for you!"

"As ever. What can I do for you today?"

"Nothing, I think, thanks, Kent. But it's nice to know you're here."

"I wonder if you'd like me to come round?"

Jo's hand on bag and gloves tightened. "Yes . . . I would—I mean—"

In about an hour?"

"Aren't you up yet?"

"Well—nearly. I'll take me a little while before I'm ready."

"Right. I'll be along in not less than an hour."

She put down the telephone quickly and went out.

Mrs. Needham was just leaving, too. Jo shut the front door behind them and they went down the stairs together.

When Kent left the telephone he glanced at his watch, sat down and wrote a couple of letters, then strolled out of the hotel and made his way to Martin Place.

A few minutes later he came out of the G.P.O. and stood at the top of the steps, looking out across the street. Glare and dense shadow, a stream of traffic. From the row of flower stalls below—brilliant splashes of color in the sun—came the scent of flowers, roses, stocks, spicy carnation. He looked down on the heads of the passing people.

Then, with a start of surprise, he saw that one of them was Jo.

Yes, it was she! She had just stepped to the edge of the pavement and was looking round . . . for a taxi? She put up her hand and hailed one. It passed her with a fare. She walked on a few

paces and stopped again and waited, looking anxiously towards the stream of oncoming cars.

Kent stood spellbound at the top of the steps. What was she doing? Where was she going? A quick wave of anger, of suspicion, surged up in him. Why hadn't she said, quite simply, on the telephone just now that she had an appointment in town? Instead of letting him think she was hardly out of bed. "Come in an hour," he heard her voice. An hour to do what in? Something to do with last night's tragedy, something she wouldn't tell anyone, even him?

Even? Why even? What reason had he to think he was specially in her confidence?

She looked so absorbed, so slim and sort of coolly elegant. A yellow-and-black-printed skirt, a black blouse, a little hat on her dark head. She was something more than pretty—beautiful and different. But for him, now, the pleasure had gone out of the morning. An empty taxi alid to a stop. He watched the grace of her figure and slender ankles as she hurried forward and got into the car. She sat back. He saw her lift her wrist and glance at her watch. That's right, he thought bitterly, hurry home before the clock strikes and the game's sprung!

What was the game? The taxi gathered speed and disappeared.

When Jo got back to her flat—she had been absent less than forty minutes—she put away bag and gloves, took off her hat and combed her hair.

It was still early. The house was unusually quiet. The feeling of death hung over it oppressively. The Bathgates' rooms had been shut and gutted, as though empty, when she had passed them just now, but she had seen a police car standing near the garage at the back.

Sitting at her dressing-table, Jo could see the room behind her reflected in the glass. She saw it without seeing it, her thoughts far away.

Suddenly the hand running the comb through her hair stopped. She grew still, then swung round and stared at one piece of carpet in front of the wardrobe. Just there the carpet was slightly ruckled up. A little more than slightly or perhaps she wouldn't have noticed it.

She got up, and went over and stooped down and looked at it more closely. What an odd thing! It hadn't been like that when she had left here after looking the flat and taking Mrs. Needham with her. It was a big wardrobe, one of those massive affairs with which the Otway family home was plentifully furnished.

Who could have got in here? Who had tried to move this clumsy great piece? And moved it, too, an inch or so, at least. How? Who? What for? Unanswered questions kept her stooping there, staring.

Presently she made her way through the back door of the flat on to the back landing where a once-servants' stairway came up from below. Against the wall on the left stood a tall cupboard in which brooms and mops were kept. Jo went to it and as quietly as she could pulled it a little out from the wall.

Behind it she found what she had never before suspected: a second door into her bedroom, covered on the inside by the wardrobe. Reaching in behind the broom cupboard she turned the handle of the door. It yielded an inch or two. The carpet's ruckling was explained.

Someone, while she was out, had tried to get through here into her bedroom, had pushed the door just that much open, and then been stopped by the



carpet jamming the wardrobe . . . or they had been disturbed?

Quietly, she pushed the cupboard into place again and hurried back to her room.

She sat down at the telephone and dialled Kent's hotel. He wasn't in his room. They paged him in the lounge and in a minute he came to the telephone.

"Kent? It's me, it's Jo."

"You again?"

"Yes, I was wondering—are you coming along now?"

"Just about. If you're quite ready?"

"I am. I want you to bring me something."

"Certainly. What is it you want?"

"A bolt and screws."

"A bolt and screws? What for?"

"To put on my door."

"To bolt yourself in or me out?"

"Neither you nor me. This might be something serious. I'll tell you when you come."

"Do you mean to tell me everything?"

"What? Have I ever had secrets from you?"

"I don't know, Jo . . ."

She didn't answer for a minute, but sat quite still, looking ahead of her, as though she were looking into Kent's inquiring eyes. Then she said quickly:

"Can you wield a screwdriver?"

"Just about. Shall I bring one, too?"

"No, I have that."

"All right, I'll come right along now."

She put down the receiver. While she was still sitting at the table the bell at her elbow rang. She answered it.

It was Mrs. Byrne, Noreen's mother. "Mrs. Somers?" The voice came through, sharply at first, then dropping to a strangled whisper: "Mrs. Somers . . ."

"Can you come straight in?"

"Yes, of course. Why, what is it?"

"Noreen . . . Noreen!"

Noreen hadn't drowned. She hardly did more than sink and rise again before the constable who had dived in after her caught her and held her up. Her struggles were feeble, her one despairing cry—"Oh, why didn't you let me drown!"—already made her attempt a thing past and failed in.

Back at the house, Reggie bustled about with blankets and hot milk.

And Noreen let things happen round her, more like a sulky child now than a desperate woman who had attempted her own life. She wouldn't speak, she wouldn't be questioned. She turned her face stubbornly to the wall in Reggie's bedroom.

When Reggie came back from the telephone into the sitting-room Grogan got up from the desk where he was going through Bob's papers. He said: "Odd for a girl to persist in trying to commit suicide with her rescuers on her heels."

Reggie flopped into a chair and mopped his forehead. "The doctor's on his way," he said, "I rang her ex-husband, too, and told him what had happened. . . . What did you say?"

Grogan came and stood in front of him. "I said funny she didn't stop when she saw you right after her. If it was over a cliff, now, or off a building. But into the water?"

"Well, when the death wish is on you I suppose it's urgent enough to sweep away reason. The compulsion to wipe out a life you own or someone else's is the final unreason, insanity. Wouldn't you say so, Inspector?"

"No, I wouldn't, Mr. Knox. That's the accepted idea among a lot of people. But I reckon good and bad still takes care of the business. What made you think Mrs. Hauser was on for suicide anyhow?"

"I knew it. I just knew it. She had a desperate determined air about her."

The inspector was silent, looking

down at the bulky figure in the chair, then he went back to the desk, to Bob's papers.

The doctor arrived, saw Noreen, prescribed for her and sent her home in a taxi with Reggie; and the untidy flat, which on most mornings was shut and silent, was now given up to Grogan and his men.

When Reggie got back half an hour or so later they were still there, the front door was still open. He stood for a moment on the path, surveying the house through narrowed eyes, glanced at the window of Bob's room. A red neck and a blue uniform could be seen there. Through the sitting-room window the inspector's broad back was visible leaning over the desk, as earlier. The two orchid pots were still overturned and lay humbled in the dust on the verandah.

Reggie shrugged, and walked on up the path.

He had just entered the door when Colin arrived. This cat stopped at the gate with a screech of brakes and Colin came hurrying up the path, raking the house front with his angry eyes. Reggie turned and waited for him at the door.

Colin said, belligerently: "What am I wanted for? She can't come running to me now every time she needs help."

"Isn't that a bit inhuman?" Reggie said in his richest tones.

"Is it? I've been too human with Noreen, that was my trouble. She wanted a skunk, a—"

"Please, please! The poor lad's not even buried yet! Anyhow she didn't ask for you to come, I rang you on my own responsibility."

"Why?"

"I thought she needed a steady hand, that's why. Maybe I'm a fool. I thought you'd still be willing to give it. You know how her mother starts lecturing in a crisis."

"She chose her mother, not me, in her crisis."

"Well, anyhow, the doctor came. He says she only needs rest. She's suffering from shock. I took her home and left her with her mother."

Colin's ruddy face grew ruddier. "Oh, she's gone, has she?" he said.

"Steady hand not necessary, after all. Good," and turned to go, too, but Grogan was in the sitting-room doorway.

"Mr. Hauser?" he said.

"That's right."

"There's just one or two questions I'd like to ask you."

"Go ahead," Colin followed him into the sitting-room.

Reggie went down to the kitchen and started his long-delayed breakfast.

**I**N the sitting-room, Grogan asked Colin: "Has Mrs. Hauser ever attempted suicide before?"

"No, she has not."

"Ever threatened it?"

"Not in my hearing."

"Did you contest the question of a thousand a year alimony?"

"No, why should I? I'm not a poor man."

"Maybe you didn't expect to have to pay it long."

"I wasn't concerned with that."

"The alimony ceases, I understand, on her remarriage?"

"That is so."

"So it might've suited the deceased to put off that day indefinitely? He had no money, no job?"

Colin didn't deign to answer.

"Did you know she was in the habit of giving him expensive presents?" Grogan asked.

"No, I did not. I had not the slightest idea what she did with the money, and I'm not the slightest bit interested."

"Oh, is that so? How about this, Mr.

Hauser?" Grogan went over to the desk and took from the top of a pile of letters an envelope. He held it out.

Colin looked down at it, as though it was more than he could do to touch the offered thing.

Grogan opened it for him. "You've seen this before, haven't you?"

It was a bill from an exclusive men's shop. The amount was forty guineas, for a silk dressing-gown, some shirts, some ties. The bill was dated a week ago and had been sent to Mrs. Colin Hauser at her old address. Across the bottom was written in a savage scrawl, "I don't intend to pay for my wife's gigolo's clothes!"

Colin said harshly: "Yes, I sent it on to him here. By some error at the shop it was sent to my house."

"You said just now you didn't know she gave him presents?"

"I'd forgotten about it. I can't remember every detail of my wife's association with this fellow."

"Your wife?" Grogan repeated. Obviously in this bloke's mind no legal decree could free his wife from him.

Colin put out his hand to take the bill but Grogan folded it and put it back on the desk.

Colin's face stiffened and he turned to the door. "Good morning," he said curtly.

"Just a minute." The inspector stopped him: "Just a matter of routine. Would you tell me what your movements were last night?"

The other halted. "Last night? My movements? Yes. Simple enough."

His speech was like the flashes from a machine-gun. "I was at Mrs. Somers' flat there at twenty-five minutes past eleven. Drove straight home and went to bed. I have a housekeeper, Mrs. Means, but she was away for the night with her married daughter. So if you start looking for confirmation you won't get it."

"Do you know anything about Otway's keys? There weren't any on the body?"

"How should I know? Better ask my wife. She sometimes had them. They live in each other's pockets."

"When did you last see the deceased?"

"When I entered Mrs. Somers' flat last night. About nine o'clock. He left soon after. And when I went down to my car I wasn't alone."

"Who was with you?"

"Mr. Kent Patterson."

"Oh? He says he didn't leave there till twelve-five."

"Quite right. At least, he didn't leave with me. He merely came down to get a box—a present of a Chinese coat or something—for Mrs. Somers that he'd left in my car. On our way out to see her we'd dropped into his hotel and picked it up."

"Did he go back up before you drove off?"

"No."

"You left him standing on the drive?"

"Yes." Once again Colin turned to the door. "That's all I know about this affair."

Once again the inspector stopped him. "Can I have a look at your hands, please?"

Stolidly, Colin thrust his hands out in front of him and Grogan looked at them through his glass. Unexpectedly shapely hands, gold hairs on the backs, manicured nails.

"Thanks." The glass went back.

Colin nodded and went out, apparently inebriated of the small incident.

A few minutes after he had gone, Grogan left the house and got into the police car. He drove to a large city building, stood for a moment searching the list of tenants' names on the board, found Scudamore, Dr. J. S., den-



tist on the sixth floor, and got into the lift and went up.

Jo hurried down the drive and in next door to the Byrnes.

After her talk with Noreen's mother she had waited impatiently for Kent to arrive. Yesterday, she would have left her doors open and a note on a table for him to say where she had gone, but nothing could be open today, neither doors nor words nor thoughts.

So she had hung about till he came running up the stairs, had briefly told him about the attempted entrance of her dad—while she was absent a little while in the garden, she said—and had left him at work in her bedroom with screwdriver and bolt.

The Byrnes' house was a scattered bungalow with wide lawns, built in the days when there were money and space and time in plenty.

Jo felt, as she went up the path, a slight embarrassment at the thought of meeting Noreen. An attempted suicide—did one condole or congratulate on its failure?

But as she got to the front door, it was Mrs. Byrnes who came forward and opened the wire screen. "Come in, please."

The voice was so cold that Jo said:

"You asked me to come, Mrs. Byrnes."

"Noreen asked for you. Unknown to her, I telephoned the police, too. She has something on her mind. They're the ones to hear it."

"What has she on her mind?"

"I couldn't say. I am far from being in her confidence."

"Are the police here now?"

"They have just gone in," she pointed to Noreen's door, a big bedroom opening on to the verandah at the side nearest the Bathgates.

Jo stepped to the door and opened it.

Noreen was standing by the fireplace, and Grogan was at the other end of it. A constable with a notebook was seated near the door.

Jo went right in and shut the door behind her. She said in her coolest tone: "I hope you don't mind, Inspector. But Mrs. Hauser said she'd like to see me."

"That's all right, Mrs. Somers." His tone matched hers. "I reckon it's me that ought to be grateful to be here! To have somebody ready to tell the police something off their own bat—why, it's quite a nice little change for us!"

Jo smiled, went and sat in a chair by the window, lit a cigarette and shook the match out slowly. Glancing at Noreen, she saw how feverishly tense she looked. She was pushing things about the mantelpiece with a trembling hand. The reflection of her face in the mirror looked blurred, as though with the haze of her emotion.

The room was still furnished in a schoolgirlish, myrtle flourish fashion. There was a book-case of youthful reading, and on it pictures of school groups, and later pictures of Noreen at the dramatic school as Juliet, Desdemona. The dressing-table was dominated by a big photograph of Bob.

Grogan asked: "Now what was this thing your mother said you wanted to talk about, Mrs. Hauser?"

Noreen answered in a kind of breathless plunge: "I was in the garage last night with the murderer."

"You were?" Grogan said. "Any idea who it was?"

"No, none. But for a minute I stood as near to them—or nearer—as I am to you at this moment."

"What were you doing in there? What time was this?"

"It was just after twelve. Bob—he must have been already dead!" Her eyes, fixed on the detective, had a burning glint.

"But you left him at a quarter-past eleven, you said. What made you go to the garage at twelve?"

"I hadn't gone to bed. I—it was too hot to think of sleeping."

"Was it? Was it that hot?"

"I thought so. I'm not a very good sleeper at any time. I never go to bed early. And I suddenly remembered that in the morning when we'd been up in that loft together I'd left something up there, my blue sun glasses."

Jo recalled them. She'd met Noreen in the garden yesterday morning and she'd had them on—sapphire-blue rims, diamond-studded, looking so frivolous on her now always anxious face.

But as for the rest of the story? Was Noreen telling the truth? Did one go at midnight into a neighbor's garden, to a deserted loft on such a trivial errand? Noreen who scattered possessions and emotions so lavishly?

As though in answer to the thought, Noreen said: "It wasn't that I cared about the glasses, but I didn't want it to happen that either Miss Otway or Mrs. Bathgate went up in the morning and found them there."

"Why? Would that have mattered?"

"You don't know them! Miss Otway especially. She's such a bitter, envious creature. She'd have put a sordid construction on it, made me seem sort of cheap. Right from the start they've disliked the thought of my marriage with their nephew. I was leading him astray, I was leading him into extravagances!" She laughed wildly.

Jo, to forestall any return of Noreen's hysteria, said quickly: "So you decided to go up and get them?"

"Yes, I didn't think there'd be anyone about at that hour, so I slipped out and went in. As I got to the garage door—the door was half open—I heard a noise inside. I pushed the door wider and stepped in. I said, 'Who's there. Is there anyone there?' At first I had a vague notion that it might have been you, Jo, getting out the car to take someone home. But there was no answer."

"You're quite certain of this?"

"Quite certain. I know I heard something. And as I stood there I could feel someone near me—close—in the darkness. Oh! so close, as though they were breathing near me. It was pitch dark. Suddenly I got panic. I forgot all about my glasses or any idea of going up to the loft to get them. I just took to my heels and ran. I clambered over the fence by the fig tree. I was terrified. I couldn't get home fast enough."

She darted a glance round the room at Grogan, at Jo, at the policeman: "But I'm more frightened now," she said in a half-whisper.

"More frightened now?" the detective repeated.

Jo saw that the pupils of Noreen's eyes were enormous. The light hazel eyes looked black, beads of moisture lay on the apricot-tinted skin.

"Yes, Terrified!" she whispered again. "Suppose he—she—I mean, whoever it was—thinks I did see them?"

Grogan said nothingly: "Oh, I don't reckon they're likely to do that. Why should they? You did say it was dark? Pitch dark?"

"Yes—for me. But if they'd been in there for any length of time, waiting—waiting for Bob to die—and got used to the darkness, they might think I could see."

Jo thought that was true. She thought of newcomers stumbling down a picture-theatre aisle, quite comically blind, when to oneself after a few

minutes in there, the place seemed positively to glow with light.

"But you didn't see anything?" Grogan asked.

"I told you I didn't, I couldn't. But they may think I did. And that they've got to silence me. Oh, I'm really afraid."

"Now, hold on a minute, Mrs. Hauser, you don't want to get frightened, is that why you attempted what you did this morning, from the jolly there?" Noreen looked down. Her lips trembled. "I don't want to talk about that."

"Might be better if you did. Does you good sometimes to open up a thing like that."

NOREEN lifted her eyes and threw the inspector a swift glance. "I tell you it wouldn't do any good to talk about that. It was just a sudden impulse, no reason, no meaning."

"No? But it sort of comes into the picture, doesn't it? It shows you're in a real nervy state, and that's why you're afraid this person you ran into last night is going to lay for you. Whoever it was, they must realize that you—coming in there so sudden-like—couldn't've seen them, and today they're just thinking what a lucky break they had. The night's gone by, the morning—almost—you still haven't been able to name anyone or give us a clue. They must be beginning to feel pretty pleased with themselves, pretty safe. See what I mean?"

Noreen didn't answer. Her splendid body stood motionless, stiff. She seemed determined to allow no smallest modification of her story.

Speaking casually, as though trying to surprise out of Noreen some thought-forgotten detail, the inspector asked: "Now look, Mrs. Hauser, when you think of that moment in the garage, do you think of that person hiding there as a man or a woman?"

"Why . . . I suppose I think of him as a man. But only because I'd be more afraid of a man doing some harm to me now than I would of a woman."

The answer seemed to Jo disingenuous.

The inspector seemed to think so, too. "No," he said. "I mean, wasn't there some small thing you might have noticed without realising it? This sound you heard—how would you describe it?"

"I couldn't. Just a sort of rustle."

"Nothing else? When you stepped inside—a woman's perfume?—pipe or cigarette smoke?"

"Nothing that I can connect with anyone in particular. Of course there were all sorts of smells. Petrol, oil, rubber—and magnolias . . . and some other flower, African marigolds, or something . . . and that polishing stuff that Andy Walters uses."

He nodded. "Yes. A garage is hardly a good place to isolate a smell in. Now what you just said about the two aunts of the deceased. Would you say—"

Jo didn't hear the end of his sentence, because at that moment something happened. Something so strange, so arresting that her mind was thrown into a whirl in which everything else dissolved and vanished. It was with the greatest difficulty that she kept herself from crying out: "Look! . . . Look, Noreen!" But something told her to be silent.

While she had been smoking she had collected a small heap of ash on an envelope. There were no ash-trays in the room, Noreen didn't smoke. The cigarette finished, Jo had got up and stepped through the French window on to the verandah and tossed away the ash and her butt. Stepping in again, something caught her eye.

It was half-hidden under the loose



cover fell at the back of the chair in which she had been sitting, but enough of it was visible for her to see, quite plainly, the sapphire-blue rimmed sunglasses, the supposed reason for Noreen's trip to the garage last night.

When Grogan left the Byrnes' house he went back in next door. As he reached the gate, Manning got out of a car and joined him and they walked up the drive together. There was a gleam of satisfaction on the sergeant's long melancholy face.

"You were wrong," he announced. "I was right. It wasn't lavender." "It wasn't now!" the inspector said, but his face showed no disappointment at his mistake. He was thoughtful and paused a moment on the gravel. "Well, now, that opens up quite a nice little line of inquiry. With the bush just inside the Byrnes' gate." They walked on towards the house.

Stopping over a border was Mrs. Bathgate. With a pair of scissors and a basket on the path beside her, she was picking flowers. She had smoothly combed her crisp grey hair and changed into a grey cotton frock. As she stooped in the sun her face was composed, almost, one could have said, happy.

She straightened up as they approached and lifted the basket on to her arm. She said: "He hasn't gone far. These brilliant flowers will reach him on that astral plane where he's lingering today."

"Go out! That's a real nice thought," Grogan said; and Manning muttered, with a sniff: "Pie-in-the-sky!" as he gave a pull at his hat brim and went on round to the garage.

Andy, at the front door, was rubbing up the brass of knocker and doorstep as Grogan approached. He got up to let him pass.

Pausing, Grogan said: "Let's have a look at your hands."

"Me hands?" Backing a step or two, Andy began to rub at them with the cleaning cloth. His sinuous body stiffened and he looked, for a moment, miserably robbed of his rightness. Slowly, he held them out.

Grogan bent over them. Small hands, ingrained with signs of kitchen work and gardening. "O.K." He dropped the glass back into his pocket.

Laura Otway and Bathgate were in the drawing-room. Bathgate was sitting on the sofa, a portable typewriter on his knees, while, walking to and fro, Miss Otway was dictating letters to him. Bob's posthumous affairs were well in hand: letters to creditors, to the landlord of the flat he had shared with Reggie, to his bank manager, to the tailor, countermanding the suit ordered last week.

She stopped in her pacing as Grogan entered. She said, with a frosty smile: "You're very thorough, Inspector! Dr. Scudamore's nurse just rang me to tell me of your visit."

"That's right, Miss Otway. Your letter with the bill and the cheque in it got there by this morning's mail. So you never posted it in the pillar-box along the road here, after eleven like you said. The final clearance at that box is around about 9.30 p.m. You posted that cheque at the local post-office during the day."

"Oh, dear! . . ." she walked across and sat down on the window-seat and fanned herself exaggeratedly with her sheet of papers. "It isn't right—further, it isn't safe!—ever to tell a lie. Even for the best of motives."

"Just why did you say that, Miss Otway?"

"Well . . . I still am a little unwilling to explain it. Because it casts a kind of suspicion on—she paused before the name, as though she couldn't bring it out—"Mrs. Fitzgerald."

"How so?"

Bathgate had put down the typewriter with a sigh of relief. Now he said hurriedly: "Look here, Laura, I don't think you ought to say it now. No matter what motive you've got. She's a nice girl, and there's absolutely nothing against her." He heaved himself off the sofa, scattering tobacco crumbs and carbons.

"That's what I'm about to explain, Vincent." Her eyes drooped at him contemptuously.

"When my nephew told me last night," she went on to Grogan, "that after leaving Mrs. Hauser he was going to meet another girl, it flashed to my mind that that girl might be Mrs. Fitzgerald. For quite a little while I've been thinking that she was attracted by him. So after she and her husband went home I waited a few minutes then slipped across the road and looked round the Fitzgeralds' garden."

"Disgusting! Petty spying!" A grunt from Bathgate punctuated the story.

**I**GNORING Bathgate's comments, Grogan asked Mrs. Otway: "How did you reckon Mrs. Fitzgerald was going to go running round meeting other men at that hour of night when she'd just gone home with her husband?"

"Hugh Fitzgerald is a very good, unsuspecting person. Also, as no doubt you know the risks young women will take if they're 'in love' is unlimited. I thought she might have slipped out into the garden to meet Bob, or into ours. However, they were nowhere about and I came back and came indoors."

"I see. And all this time your sister was ringing the Fitzgeralds' house and getting the engaged signal?"

"Yes. As Mrs. Fitzgerald told you herself, she was telephoning to her sister. I was greatly relieved to find myself mistaken."

Grogan walked to the window and stared out for a minute, then he turned and faced her again. "You wouldn't care to make another guess, would you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Who this girl was, if it wasn't Mrs. Fitzgerald."

"Oh, no, certainly not. How should I know?" Her lips closed firmly.

"Would you know anything about this?" He held up a wrist-watch strap of finely-woven gold mesh. On the small plate by the buckle was engraved: R.O., and a recent date.

Both Bathgate and Miss Otway looked at it blankly.

"It was in the pocket of the deceased. Ever seen it before?" They shook their heads, and Grogan after dangling it for a minute invitingly, dropped it back into his pocket. "No," he sighed, "you don't know anything about it, O.K."

"Another trial of your patience, Inspector," Miss Otway said with a sour little smile.

"Patience!" he said good-humouredly. "My word, we got to have plenty of patience in our job. When you're first put on to a murder case you feel like you've got 'he' in a game of Blind Man's Buff. Feeling about here, groping 'there'. Everybody creeping around to get out of your way, keep 'emself dark, telling yarns that've got nothing to do with the crime. Maybe just because they're trying to fool a husband, or hide the fact that Dad did a stretch for forgery twenty years ago."

Bathgate held a match to his pipe. "Quite a job . . . quite a job," he said between puffs.

"Till one of 'em takes a tumble and trips up the others, and you get the man you want."

"Or you decide to 'want' the man you get?"

"Oh, now look, Mr. Bathgate. I don't reckon that happens too often."

"We'll hope not, anyhow."

"That's right. Can I have a look at your hands?"

"Certainly. Finger-prints, eh?" He held them out.

"No, not exactly." Grogan stooped over them with his glass. Broad, short hands, with elderly freckles on the backs and pale nails trimmed with care; hands that knew a trick worth two of Andy's; how to exist pleasantly, no vegetable cleaning, no motor oil, no polishing.

As Grogan went through the hall, Mrs. Bathgate was in the hat and coat alcove under the stairs, putting her flowers in water.

He stopped, took out the watch-strap again, and held it out to her. "Have you any idea where your nephew got this?"

She put out her hand and took it, smoothed it lovingly between her fingers, peered at it with misty eyes.

"Yes . . . I gave it to him," she murmured. "I didn't buy it. I just came across it in an old trinket-box and thought it would make a nice watch-strap for him. Only the other day! Dear Bob . . . he never wore it." She handed it back, wiped her eyes with a wisp of a handkerchief and turned again to her flowers.

Kent had finished putting the bolt on her door and pushed the wardrobe into place again by the time Jo got back from Noreen's. He followed her to the kitchen and perched on a stool while she made coffee.

"Who did try to push in through that bedroom door of yours?" he said. "You wouldn't expect me to be able to say, would you?"

"No, but I would expect you to have a reasonable theory. Or at least to seem surprised and want to speculate about it."

"I told you what I thought. The papers this morning referred to me as a wealthy widow living alone."

He leant his arms along the bench argumentatively. "So you think some crackman read that at breakfast and set out hot-foot to relieve you of your jewels? On the very morning when they know the place will be bristling with policemen?"

"Exactly. And one more stranger might have a chance of passing unnoticed."

"Apart from the fact that you sold all your jewellery that time in London for the Children's Relief Fund. And jewel thieves usually know where there's stuff and where there isn't."

"Not at all. I still have a very worthwhile emerald and a string of pearls."

"Oh, bosh! . . . I'm hurt and disgusted with you, Jo. I know there's something you're not telling me. You're a poor dissembler. I always know when you're not being open, and you're certainly not being that this morning. You can't fool me."

The coffee steamed fragrantly. Jo reached for a saucepan. "Get me the milk dear."

He got down off the stool, went over to the refrigerator, took out a jug and shut the door with a bang. "And do you mind not calling me 'dear'?"

"Why? I thought it so firmly established our friendship."

"A friendship not necessarily to be conducted in the phraseology of a maiden aunt."

"Are there such things, today?"

He came and stood near her. His eyes were on the red satin of her mouth, on the lowered dark lashes, the creamy throat. She didn't turn her head. The stillness that fell on them seemed



charged with a tingling awareness. She gently shook the coffee pot, her arm almost touching his. He waited, motionless, as though something between them might change and be resolved without any help from him.

Then as the milk rose she snatched off the saucepan and turned away to the cupboard and got down cups and a jug. "I suppose I've nothing to reproach you with?" She put the tray on the table and the coffee things on it.

"What now?"  
"You were in this city a whole week without bothering to look me up."

"Counter-attack, eh?"

"That's so. Defend yourself if you can. Heaven knows I'm not a vain woman."

"I seem to have heard that before, somewhere!"

"—but to think that every morning for seven days you only had to reach out your hand and lift the telephone—"

"I'm a very busy man."

"That has rather a familiar ring, too! It'd be better if you told me straight out what—or who—diverted you so for that week."

"It was a what, not a who. The pressure of business, my own natural timidity, the fear of finding you changed, married again, sunk in a stagnant suburbia."

"All right, Kent, I forgive you."

"I was afraid you would!" he said with a wry smile, and picked up the tray. . . .

When Kent left, a while later, Jo strolled down the stairs with him and they stood a moment on the verandah, talking. She said at length: "Well, good-bye till later."

Reluctantly, he stepped off the verandah. "Right, I'll be along about six."

She ran up the stairs.

As Kent turned to go down the drive, Grogan and Manning appeared round the side of the house and came towards him.

"Just the man I want to see," Grogan had taken out his magnifying glass. "Do you mind if I have a look at your hands?"

"Certainly. . . . Do you mind if I ask you why?"

"Well . . . don't know yet that I'll need to answer that question, Mr. Patterson. But I don't mind telling you you're about the fifth bloke whose hands I've had a look at today."

"Fine. Safety in numbers." Standing in the sun on the drive, he thrust out his hands. "Good enough with fountain pen and typewriter," he said, "but not too hot with hammer or screwdriver."

"Ah, well, you can't do everything, can you?" Grogan stooped over them.

For all that Kent had said, he had powerful hands, big to fit his size, plenty of muscular development at the sides of the palms, and strong square-tipped fingers.

"Thanks." The inspector straightened up and dropped his glass back into his pocket.

"Still no explanation?"

"Not yet, Mr. Patterson."

The swift flicker of the glance that passed between them was hard, and Kent went on down the drive.

Grogan stood and looked after him, went on looking when his tall figure had left the gateway empty, so that Manning said: "All right, what is it?"

"Look, Les, you've had an eyeful of that girl upstairs?"

"I suppose so. If you mean she's not a bad looker."

"Bad looker! Do you reckon any bloke hanging up in this city, that hadn't seen her for two or three years, would wait a week to contact her?"

"He might prefer blondes."

"Well, it's my guess he didn't wait. It's my guess he was the one Otway told she'd gone to Honolulu."

Manning turned and looked at the empty gateway, too. "It is, is it?"

Grogan stepped into the shade of a laurel, took off his hat and wiped his forehead.

"Yes, this is the way I see it. Last night he drops in on Hauser. He's known him and his ex-wife in Paris, too. I'd say he thought he hadn't an earthly of seeing Mrs. Somers last night. Because he's brought her a Chinese coat from the East but he doesn't take it with him when he goes to see Hauser. When Hauser tells him that she's here in Sydney and he can take him along to see her right then, he has to go back to his hotel to pick up his little present. See what I mean?"

"Yes, I see."

"There's one other fact. Might be too small for your notice, but it quite impresses me. Last night, as we know, about half an hour before Otway died, somebody gave him a cut and swollen lip, and here's Patterson with a cut on his knuckle where he must've jabbed it on Otway's tooth."

Manning looked injured. "If you'd said that at the first!"

"We know that when Hauser left, Patterson came downstairs to get his coat out of the car, and Hauser says he drove away and left him on the drive. We know Otway was roaming about at that time—could he've been waiting to meet Mrs. Somers up in the loft?—and him and Patterson meet, and it leads to blows over this yarn he told that kept him from seeing the girl for a whole week. . . .

"How he got him up to the loft, whether he knocked him out and carried him, or tricked him up there, I wouldn't like to say. But he could've set the gas going, gone back and spent half an hour in the upstairs flat, and at five past twelve it's him Mrs. Hauser hears in the garage. A few minutes later he stages the old trick of discovering the body himself."

"What about the three glasses?" Manning asked slowly.

"Yes. . . . H'm . . . well, we won't let them stand in our way. Not yet. If we can get that fellow Walters to talk a bit more. . . ."

ANDY was on the back verandah. With a tin basin between his knees, a saucepan at his side and a nicely worn kitchen knife, he was scraping potatoes. At sight of the detectives, he struggled up and stood neatly to attention.

Grogan asked: "How long ago was it you heard Otway tell someone that Mrs. Somers had gone away to Honolulu?"

"Oh . . . that?"

"Recent, was it?"

"Yes, it was recent, all right. Might've been one day last week. Mind, I wouldn't like to say it was the Friday when it might've been the Saturday. You got to be careful about a thing like this. I always say the police are only tryin' to—"

"O.K. What day was it?"

Andy blinked earnestly, stropping the knife on the palm of his hand. "It was the Friday morning now I come to think of it. I was in the drawing-room with the vacuum when this bloke come up to the front and young Bob came out of the dining-room and spoke to him."

"Who was it?"

"Who was it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm afraid I never seen who it was. I just heard what young Bob said, just thought, well, can you beat it! and went on with me work."

"Would you recognise the voice if you heard it again?"

"I might, I dunno; I couldn't say."

"You see, we reckon it was this friend of Mrs. Somers, Patterson."

"Go on!"

"Did that strike you last night when he was talking up in the loft?"

"Well, of course I wasn't thinkin' about that. What with the shock of the murder and all."

"It could've been him. He arrived the day before from Djakarta. Anyhow, you be around this evening. He's going up to the top flat at six o'clock. Make an excuse to have a few words with him about something and see if you could state that he was the person the deceased spoke to at the door on Friday."

Jo's house in the Blue Mountains, where as children she and her brothers had spent the summer holidays, was a few miles out of Katoomba. Alone on its slope, its wide verandahs looked out over miles of wooded hills, the views of which its own tall trees were beginning to shut out.

It was a biggish house, with five or six bedrooms and roomy sitting-rooms with open fireplaces and natural wood-paneled walls. At the side, the old orchard straggled down the slope, with the remains of gooseberry bushes and raspberry canes choked out by tall grass and bracken.

Early that same afternoon Grogan and Manning drove up there and went into the little store on the mountain road half a mile from the house. At that hour you wondered who Mr. Pascoe's customers could be, or where among the blue hills hid the house-holders who kept his shelves covered with the mixed stock of a country store.

There wasn't a soul about. Fern gullies fell away at the back of the shop, and only a raucous-voiced kookaburra was shouting his laughter over the still distances. . . . Not a child, not a dog, not a cart. The road wandered away round the hill.

Mr. Pascoe came out of the inner room and talked to the detectives. He had been here for forty years, so there wasn't anything about the place and the people round that he didn't know—except anything it soon appeared, that had the smallest reference to the murder of Robert Otway.

Mr. Pascoe's faded blue eyes looked past the detectives out on to the road as he answered their questions. He'd been surprised to see Mrs. Somers with a few friends come up last weekend. She didn't come often now. They'd been in and out of the store on the Saturday and Sunday, buying odds and ends, the way folks did when they came up from town—newspapers, sweets, and ice-cream.

He couldn't truly say if he knew the young fellow that got murdered. Though if he was very tall and fair and handsome, yes, he did seem to remember seeing him in the party. Stayed up here before, had he? No, he didn't remember that or know if he'd made any friends up here. Yes, Mrs. Somers had instructed him to let the police have the key.

The two detectives took it and strolled out of the store and up the sunny road towards the house where Bob had spent his last weekend; and from where, it was possible, just possible, that some clue might lead.

They opened the gate and went up through the overgrown garden to the house. They prowled around in every room, pulled up blinds, looked in waste-paper baskets, desks, cupboards, found the usual left-behinds, a pair of jodhpurs in a drawer, an old hat, an odd glove, walking sticks.

At the end of the tour they returned to the main sitting-room and lingered



there, looking out over the seemingly endless hills steeped in their haze of deepest blue.

Grogan opened a window and leant out, breathing in the tangy air. Manning's eyes roved the room, over the deep leather chairs and sofas whose cushions still bore the imprint of their last occupants; over books dropped face downwards when tea came in or drinks; over the mantelpiece with bits of quartz, cones and gum-nuts, trophies of walks; over the gramophone with a record still on it and the needle poised. Almost, there seemed to float back voices from the last weekend.

At last, Grogan drew in his head. "Very nice, too." He pulled down the window and locked it.

ONE puff more of his cigarette, and the inspector would have put the butt out the window before shutting it. Instead, standing in the middle of the room he took a last long draw on it, crossed to the fireplace and stooped down to rub it out on the brick.

A fire had been lighted there and had burnt briefly, for no longer than just to consume the paper and small wood with which it had been laid. Not even all the paper, as it happened. On the hob, a little apart, a few inches of the margin was lying. It caught Grogan's eye, the day printed there, the date. He picked it up, brushed off its charred edge and put it in his pocket.

Returning the key to Pascoe, he said: "Mrs. Somers says she and her friends left here before lunch this last time she was up."

"That's so. On Monday."

"Yes. What time exactly did she bring you the key?"

"About one, I'd say it was. She came in here and had a few words."

"I see. When do the afternoon papers reach here?"

"A bit after that."

"Anybody been in the house since Mrs. Somers left?"

"No. I never have the place done out after she's gone. My daughter-in-law goes up and does anything that's needed before she comes. She always phones."

"Do you happen to remember what the weather was like that day?"

"Pascoe thought back through six tranquil days. "Monday". A bit on the cold side. I remember saying to Mrs. Somers, 'You had the best of weather. There's a mist coming up, it's turning chilly.'"

"Thanks. Well, good day, Mr. Pascoe." The inspector straightened up and left the store.

The expression on his face made Pascoe say to himself as he went on with his sugar weighing: "Well, he's easy pleased. . . ."

Patty and Hugh Fitzgerald dropped in on Jo for tea that afternoon. Reggie Knox had already been there an hour or more, at the piano, left to himself while Jo pottered about the flat, wrote letters, made up flowers.

She couldn't settle to anything, not even to the pleasure of listening to music. She fancied, too, that today there was an absence of himself in Reggie's playing. Seated there, his stocky body and dark head against the light looked like a mechanical figure.

She thought about Kent. Pity his arrival had been at this time, raising the curtains on the tragedy of Bob's death. If it was a tragedy for poor Bob, whose life had already been marked out for disaster.

She stamped three letters, shut up her pen, and went across to the drawing-room. Reggie was playing a Chopin study. She turned on a fan and set the air stirring, crossed the room and pulled a curtain over a western window.

The promising breeze of the morning had died, and the late afternoon was clammy hot.

Patty clicked up the stairs ahead of Hugh, chattering, crying for news almost before she reached the door. Her brittle personality snapped the web of music and Jo's sombre mood. She perched on the arm of the sofa so that air from the fan stroked the auburn hair and gleaming shoulders, generously left bare by the scanty play-suit.

Hugh sat where he could watch her. No breeze, but a fine view of Patty from his chair.

Jo brought in tea.

The talk was of the murder, endlessly, the guilt of someone, interspersed recurrently with "Poor Bob," "Poor darling, how sweet he was!" "Poor fellow, I always liked him," and Noreen's attempted suicide, so ghastly. Almost a pity she didn't bring it off, poor girl, they were so bound up in each other she and—poor Bob. And more tea; and this cake is simply marvellous.

Patty said: "Hope you don't mind us invading you like this all the time, Jo?"

"I'm grateful. The hours are so fearfully long."

"Aren't they? That's what I was saying. I said to Hugh this morning, 'Come home early, I just can't be left alone.' If those men should come and want to question me—"

"Now listen, darling, you haven't a thing to fear." Hugh boomed. He gulped down the last of his tea, reached forward to put back the cup and felt for his cigarette. "Not a thing, pet. They can't bully you."

Reggie got up and strolled aimlessly. "I dare say they're decent enough fellows, so far as policemen can be."

"Aht that's the point, my boy, that's just the point. It's unpleasant, though, to know one's wife may be subjected to this sort of thing the minute one's back's turned. Poor little thing."

"H'm . . ." Reggie struck a note on the piano, a bass note, that seemed to hum in irony.

Jo said: "Wasn't it odd? They rang me before lunch and asked me to ring Pascoe at the store and tell him to let them have the key of my house up there."

"What?" Patty's face was blank.

"What for?"

"That's the sort of thing I mean!" Hugh was loudly scornful. "That's the sort of thing. Messing around with a lot of useless business. They look as stupid as owls."

Reggie said mildly, and touched the treble: "I don't suppose it's a question of brains. It isn't always the clever boy that wins the scholarship. They just go on casting their net widely. A pretty fine net at that, I suppose."

"And what's so gruesome," Patty shuddered, "is that you know your best friend would chuck you to the dogs to keep the heat off themselves."

"Would they?" Reggie wondered, and looked across at her: "Would they really, do you think?"

"Oh, you know they would, Reggie, you know they would! Don't be wide-eyed."

The sound of a car stopping below made Reggie look out, pulling back a curtain to stare out.

"Well," he said. "Talk of the devil—"

Jo got up quickly. "What can they want now? I hope they haven't come to worry poor old Mrs. Bathgate." She joined Reggie at the window. Down below the two detectives were getting out of a car . . .

Reggie opened the door to them and brought them in. Jo offered them tea, which was refused.

Grogan said: "We've just come back from your place in the mountains, Mrs. Somers."

"Oh, yes? I telephoned the store-keeper."

"Yes, thanks, we got the key all right. Very nice it was up there today. Nice little place."

"Yes," Jo said. "Yes . . . It is nice," making conversation like a hostess whose guests are not getting on too well together: "I don't go up there very often. Not nearly as often as I mean to. But you know how it is. Such a lot to do always and—"

she caught Manning's sour blue glance and stopped with a small smile frozen on her lips. His eye said, Oh, yeah? What a lot you've got to do!

Grogan went on: "About this last weekend you and these friends of yours had up there."

"Yes. And Bob Otway."

"That's right, the five of you. You said last night that you all came back to town before lunch, and Pascoe says you took the key in to him when you were leaving about one."

He paused. His eyes, without apparent intent, moved from one to the other, passed over Reggie, Hugh, Patty, and came back to Jo: "But somebody went back to your house—or didn't leave it when you said. They lit a fire in the front room, used a bit of the afternoon paper that didn't get to the store till after one. Can anyone explain that?"

Once again, but not quite so casually, his glance flicked the four faces. An indefinable change had come over each of them, a stillness . . .

Then Jo said: "Oh, that? I'm so sorry. I didn't even think to mention that. It's true, I went back after we all left."

"You did?"

"Yes. It's so silly. It hadn't anything to do, of course, with anything you're looking for."

"But you just forgot to mention it? I see. That's all there was to it. Were you alone, Mrs. Somers?"

"No, I wasn't. Bob Otway and I went back." She stopped. Reggie sighed faintly. Patty's eyes on Jo's face were wide, gleaming in their red-brown depths.

Jo went on: "I was driving him. Mr. Knox was ahead in Mrs. Fitzgerald's car. We hadn't gone more than—oh, about half a mile, when I began to wonder whether anyone had thought to lock the back door, and we just turned around and went back. It doesn't sound important, but when you're insured against burglary and damage, I believe you can't claim if you're careless about locking up. It was lucky I'd thought of it because the door was open. We lighted the fire with the paper we'd picked up on the way back."

"Pascoe didn't mention your going in the second time."

"No, it was Bob. I suppose Pascoe wasn't about and he just threw down the pennies and took the paper."

"I see. Why did you bother to light a fire?"

"Well, it was lunch-time, so we thought we might as well eat there, and we lighted a bit of a fire and made toast and opened a jar of tongues."

from your place in the mountains, Mrs. Somers."

"Oh, yes? I telephoned the store-keeper."

"Yes, thanks, we got the key all right. Very nice it was up there today. Nice little place."

"Yes," Jo said. "Yes . . . It is nice," making conversation like a hostess whose guests are not getting on too well together: "I don't go up there very often. Not nearly as often as I mean to. But you know how it is. Such a lot to do always and—"

she caught Manning's sour blue glance and stopped with a small smile frozen on her lips. His eye said, Oh, yeah? What a lot you've got to do!

Grogan went on: "About this last weekend you and these friends of yours had up there."

"Yes. And Bob Otway."

"That's right, the five of you. You said last night that you all came back to town before lunch, and Pascoe says you took the key in to him when you were leaving about one."

He paused. His eyes, without apparent intent, moved from one to the other, passed over Reggie, Hugh, Patty, and came back to Jo: "But somebody went back to your house—or didn't leave it when you said. They lit a fire in the front room, used a bit of the afternoon paper that didn't get to the store till after one. Can anyone explain that?"

Once again, but not quite so casually, his glance flicked the four faces. An indefinable change had come over each of them, a stillness . . .

Then Jo said: "Oh, that? I'm so sorry. I didn't even think to mention that. It's true, I went back after we all left."

"You did?"

"Yes. It's so silly. It hadn't anything to do, of course, with anything you're looking for."

"But you just forgot to mention it? I see. That's all there was to it. Were you alone, Mrs. Somers?"

"No, I wasn't. Bob Otway and I went back." She stopped. Reggie sighed faintly. Patty's eyes on Jo's face were wide, gleaming in their red-brown depths.

Jo went on: "I was driving him. Mr. Knox was ahead in Mrs. Fitzgerald's car. We hadn't gone more than—oh, about half a mile, when I began to wonder whether anyone had thought to lock the back door, and we just turned around and went back. It doesn't sound important, but when you're insured against burglary and damage, I believe you can't claim if you're careless about locking up. It was lucky I'd thought of it because the door was open. We lighted the fire with the paper we'd picked up on the way back."

"Pascoe didn't mention your going in the second time."

"No, it was Bob. I suppose Pascoe wasn't about and he just threw down the pennies and took the paper."

"I see. Why did you bother to light a fire?"

"Well, it was lunch-time, so we thought we might as well eat there, and we lighted a bit of a fire and made toast and opened a jar of tongues."

POLITE acceptance, now, on every face, acceptance with speculation. Jo's cool, dark beauty, her long, grey eyes with their fringe of lashes, her lovely, slim hands—they were all factors that seemed to mock at a story of a prosaic after-thought about insurance money . . .

Hugh put a hand on Patty's arm, as though to remove himself and her from matters that didn't concern them. "Well, thanks so much for the tea, Jo. We must be getting along."

And Patty got up and clicked towards Jo and just pecked at her cheek and



said: "Thanks, darling," and they went out.

"These friends Otway took up alone when you lent him the house," the inspector plodded on.

"Forgive me—if you don't mind—Reggie came up to Jo—I must be off. Didn't you want some letters posted?"

"Thanks, I do." She crossed to the morning-room, got the letters and gave them to him.

In the doorway he murmured: "Well, Jo, I always knew Bob had charm, but I didn't guess no one was proof against it."

"Yes, Reggie . . . it's all rather mad . . . rather sad."

He nodded, turned away and went out soberly.

Later, Jo finished dressing for dinner and took one last look in the glass. She looked at herself for a longer time than usual, but her eyes were absent.

"What a day it'd been! she was thinking. You think you know yourself but do you ever, really? Tested by the religious would say. Tested by murder only to find yourself deceiving the one person in the world you suddenly realise you want to please. He was long-suffering, Kent, knew all her weaknesses, but he'd never thought deceit one of them."

Suddenly she turned away from the glass. It wasn't, either. She'd tell him everything tonight.

She went into the dining-room, got drinks ready and took them into the drawing-room. At six, exactly, a taxi drew up and she saw Kent get out of it and stop to say a word to Andy, who was raking the gravel in front of the verandah.

But it was Andy who had stopped to say a word to Kent. "Good evening, Mr. Patterson."

"Good evening."

"Do you mind me asking you something? It's about Djakarta. I believe you just came from there?"

"Yes. Have you been there?"

"I'll say. Yes, I was at sea before I took on this job. I expect you stopped at that posh place, what's its name?"

Andy looked up at him swiftly, then down, waiting for his answer, head cocked slightly to one side.

"The Hotel des Indes. Yes, I did. I was only there for a few days. What is it you want to know?"

"Just wonderin' if you happened to notice a little hat-check girl there in the hotel?"

"Can't say I did, particularly."

"She was pretty good to look at. She wasn't real white."

"That wouldn't distinguish her in Djakarta. Or being pretty. Those Indo-Besian girls!"

"I'll say I knew her when I was there three years ago."

"Thinking of going back?"

"Not me. I don't reckon the place'd be the same now."

"I wonder if the girl would be, either?"

Slowly, Andy shook his head, and Kent went up to the house.

It wasn't till dinner was over and she and Kent were having coffee in the drawing-room that Jo came back to her resolution.

Mrs. Needham's departing footsteps going down the back stairway had come to her and a silence had fallen on the room. She drank her coffee, put down the cup, and said: "Don't worry, Kent, I'm going to tell you."

He looked up quickly: "Thanks, Jo."

He half-smile on his mouth sent an odd quiver through her. "You looked so glum sitting there, and it'd hurt me quite a lot if you started to dislike me."

"You couldn't easily make me dislike

you. But go on. Don't side-track yourself—or me."

"All right." She dropped her bantering tone. "That attempt on my room this morning. It wasn't someone trying to get hold of my famous jewels."

"And here it comes." An arm along the back of the sofa, he swung round and faced her. "But before you proceed, may I just say how very pretty you looked this morning? Standing by that flower stall in Martin Place."

She opened her eyes wide but only said with a laugh: "Really? I thought that hat looked rather awful. I thought I wouldn't wear it again."

"So what were you doing?"

"Something horrible . . . something I shouldn't have done . . . something I've worried about ever since." She got up swiftly and went to the window and looked along the balcony. The breeze was flapping the loose ends of the canvas blind.

"It's as secret as all that, is it?" he said, watching her.

"Yes . . . now I think it may be."

She came back and sat down again. "Give me a cigarette." He put one between her lips and lighted it.

"It goes back nearly a week ago, what I did. On Monday, when we came back from the mountains, I wrote Bob a letter, but when he was here last night I discovered that he hadn't been to his G.P.O. box all the week, hadn't got my letter."

"Why did you address it there?"

"Well . . . I thought he opened his box every day. But of course I realise now that this little agency of his was fading out. Well, while he was telephoning last night—"

"Thanks, I saw him."

"His keys must have fallen out of his pocket. When you put Noreen down on the bed they dropped to the floor and I picked them up."

"I see . . . I see. So at the G.P.O. this morning?"

She nodded. "After you rang me, I hurried out, got a taxi—of course I couldn't take my car—and went and got my letter. I was petrified with fear. Every moment I expected a hand to be clapped on my shoulder. I hung around till no one was looking, then I quickly unlocked the box, thrust in my hand, slammed it shut again and ran out and got another taxi."

"It was then that I saw you."

"It's a small world," she murmured.

"It was kind of you not to hail me."

"I guessed somehow you were up to no good."

"All the kinder."

FOR a few moments, Kent was silent. But the question would come: "What was in this letter of yours that you were so anxious to get hold of it?"

She said slowly: "It was refusing to entertain for an instant the idea of marrying him."

"So it had got as far as that, had it?"

"With him, yes. He'd told me that he was bored with Noreen, would I marry him when his affair with her had ended. I said in my letter that he mustn't think of such a thing, that he must marry Noreen, that it would kill her if he let her down."

"You didn't happen to say any of this to him when he asked you, face to face?"

"Well . . . it was just as we were leaving. I—I couldn't go into it then. Actually, I didn't take it seriously. Not for a moment. But thinking about it when I got home—You must see—"

And another reason for writing was to tell him that he mustn't come to see me so often. It was a letter I just

couldn't let fall into the hands of the police, for Noreen's sake. They'd have thought that she knew there was something going on between him and me. Quite enough reason, perhaps, for her to feel like murder. Or if they showed her the letter, I thought; how tragic for her!"

"Yes, I don't doubt it. All wrapped up as I don't doubt your renunciation was in a lot of tender 'We must give up our dreams, darling, for another's sake.'"

"That's not so. Nothing of the sort." She spoke hotly "If you don't believe me you can go and get the letter and read it."

He sat down quickly beside her. "No, I'm sorry. I believe you."

"But I'd like you to read it, Kent."

"I'd rather not."

"It's locked in my wardrobe, in the black bag I used this morning, with another letter that was in his box."

Kent stared. "What? You made a clean sweep?"

"Yes, I was too agitated to look which was mine. I just grabbed and ran."

"And what was in this other letter?"

"I don't know. You don't think I opened it, do you?"

In the dimly lighted room they searched each other's face without speaking. The fan whirled softly, spreading coolness and Jo's scent of lilac.

"A fine point of honor," Kent said at last. "But if you can rob a post-office box I don't think we need be too nice about inspecting the contents. This letter is obviously dynamite, someone's desperate to get it, trying to push into your room this morning to get the keys."

"Yes, but how could anyone've known Bob had dropped them there?"

"Ask me something easier. But that it was the keys they were after is pretty obvious."

"Yes . . ." She sat very still, looking down. "We must open that letter. Get it, Kent. Here's the key of the wardrobe."

She took it off the coffee table and handed it to him.

He got up. "Nice!" he said. "If it reveals a full and sufficient motive for murder, do we turn that person in?"

She didn't answer, but just stared at him, while the moment lengthened, and finally he turned and left the room and went along to her bedroom.

She sprang up and stood still a moment, chilled by the possibility that faced them now. Why, why had she ever done such a thing as to go and get those letters? Gathering up into her own hand such a responsibility.

And here she'd been trying to fool herself—and Kent—that she'd done it to save Noreen trouble, when really it had been for her own sake, to try and blot out for evermore all evidence of her weak momentary infatuation with Bob.

Distracted by it all, she crossed the room, straightened a lampshade, shut the piano . . .

Suddenly she stopped. What a long time Kent was. She crossed to the door, calling out from it: "Can't you find it?"

There was no answer, and she stood a minute, head lifted, listening.

All the room hung in silence such as she had never remembered being aware of before. Panic in her heart and in her flying feet, she rushed down the hall to the bedroom.

When she first ran in she thought that Kent wasn't there. The light was on but the room, with the window thrown up, framing the darkness, seemed empty. Then she saw that he was lying face downwards on the floor in front of the open wardrobe.

"Kent!" She rushed forward and knelt down beside him. Death, she thought, first. But then—no, he wasn't dead. It took but a glance to see that



though stunned he was breathing as he lay limply along the floor. "Oh, Kent!"

She ran into the dining-room, brought back brandy and dribbled some into his mouth. Slowly she saw the color beginning to creep back into his face. "Oh, darling, you're all right! What is it, tell me what it is?"

When Kent came to, slowly, very slowly, it was to sweat vehemently. Never had any speech sounded sweeter in Jo's ears than his flow of competent profanity.

She got him on to the bed, gave him more brandy, and finally he told her what had happened. As much, at least, as he knew. Leaning up, nursing a large lump on the back of his head, he told that he'd come into the bedroom, switched on the light at the door, unlocked and opened the wardrobe, and put in a hand for the bag, which was just where she'd said. Then, apparently someone from the back, with something good and heavy—and he didn't remember anything till she was picking him up.

"How long?" he asked.  
"Not long, a few minutes, I can't have waited long before I called you."

"Then I'm not so bad as I feel," he groaned. He started up. "The letter!"

"Gone, of course."  
"Of course," he sank back.

She put out a hand to the telephone. "We must get a doctor. Your brain may be injured."

He managed a laugh, caught her hand. "I'm beginning to doubt if I've got one."

"What do you mean?"  
"Barging in here, not thinking of an open window, us apparently settled in there. We were nitwits, both of us, not to guess what could happen, that that somebody might come back, having failed this morning." He sank back on the pillow.

Jo hurried out and made some more coffee. When she got back he was still lying there, limply. She poured the strong coffee, sitting on the edge of the bed beside him. "Here, drink this."

He struggled up on to his elbow and took the cup.

Anxiously she watched him. "Let me get a doctor. How do we know your skull isn't fractured?"

"Don't! You haven't any idea how tough I am." He shut his eyes, sighed, one eye opened. "By the way, did I hear you call me darling?"

"I don't think so."

"Of those cool fingers in my hair?"

She ignored this. "What can this letter be, that they'd go to such lengths—?"

He reached for a cigarette. "Think back. Didn't you even look at the handwriting on the envelope?"

"Yes, I glanced at it, not thinking it could have any interest for me."

"What was it like? Man's or woman's?"

"It was a big hand, rather bold. You can't always tell. Big sprawling capitals too big for the rest."

"You don't connect it, do you, with anyone you know?"

"I don't think so."

"The stamps? The color of the ink?"

A slow head shake. "Anyhow, if you won't have a doctor we must ring the police."

"No to that, too," he said firmly.

"But there may be finger-prints in the room here."

"Bosh! The lowest grade moron knows enough not to leave finger-prints. And whoever did it is gone by now—well away, home, perhaps."

"But, Kent—"

"A fractured skull and an injured brain and you want to soothe that glossy cop on to me for a night's questioning?"

She said slowly: "I know why you don't want me to ring the police."

"How clever you are! I wish you'd had just a bit more insight a minute ago before you sent me in here."

Watching his face she went on: "It was Noreen you saw last night running away from the garage. That's what took you down to look, not the sound of the car engine. And you think Noreen's in a dreadfully unbalanced state. And that if we called the police now I'd be forced to tell them what was in my letter, evidence, to them, of a fatal triangle. That's what's in your mind, isn't it?"

"If you know so well..." he said and shut his eyes again.

She said suddenly, leaning over him: "You don't love Noreen, do you?"

"Why not? She's a very beautiful woman, she's free to marry, and in Paris—Ah, Paris was a good time!"

"Kent..."

KENT opened his eyes. Jo's face was a foot nearer. The lightness passed out of his. Her grey eyes were dusky between their thick lashes. In the stillness of that glance it seemed that all that had not been said was to be said now. Their defences of the last day were beginning to go down in the sweet closeness of the moment. He found her hand, twined his fingers in hers.

Then, almost imperceptibly Jo's head lifted, her eyes flickered, shifted their focus, and before the nine bell-like notes of the radio time signal below had stopped striking, Kent was off the bed.

"It's all right, Jo," he said in a hard voice. "I know what thought came to you: Nine o'clock. Just twenty-four hours ago—a stale tableau! And I was fool enough to think you were thinking of me!" The sudden movement made him giddy, made him stagger an instant. Not very steadily he went to the glass and straightened his hair and tie.

Jo had got up, too. Her face had gone pale. "Better not to think any more at all tonight," she said, in as casual a tone as she could manage. "I'll ring you a taxi." She lifted the receiver.

"Thanks." He let her do it. He walked to the window and glanced down. "I gather there's a ladder handy that they used."

"Yes, one lies down there somewhere."

"You'd better shut and lock the window tonight."

"After the steed's stolen? I don't think I need bother. They've got what they wanted."

Their commonplace words seemed like their earlier talk before last night's image of Bob had come between them, and soon the taxi arrived, relieving them of further need to make conversation.

Jo went back to the drawing-room, plumped up the cushions, rattled the things down on to the tray, and took it out to the kitchen.

"Well, that's that," she said aloud.

Going along to the dining-room, she poured herself a cool drink and sat with it at the table.

That letter. Let her exercise her energies on a little detective work, instead of on the dead and gone emotions that should never have been taken out of their grave. She thought she and Kent had laid them to rest for good and all when they parted in Europe last time.

That letter. She conjured up again the writing as she'd seen it when, sitting in the taxi this morning, she had turned the two letters over in her hand, her own such a relief to have back, and the other.

She thought how little there usually was of knowing the handwriting of even the people you knew quite well.

You telephoned, met, rarely wrote. But here—the three people below—she had seen their writing quite often. Mrs. Bathgate's and Miss Otway's on receipts for the monthly rent cheque.

Pamela Bathgate's was pretty rounded, adolescent looking. Laura Otway's, exquisitely neat and well-formed. Old Bathgate? He'd written down something for her once, the name of a sleeping draught, paraldehyde, and the doctor who'd prescribed it. A clerky hand. He'd been in the Civil Service or something like that before his marriage. Andy Walters wrote almost unbelievably illiterate scrawl. She'd seen him at work, painfully, on a vegetable list.

Who else, then?  
Reggie's writing, of course, black, pointed, rather precise, was on a dozen sheets of music over there on the piano.

Noreen and Colin had written fairly often after they came back, leaving her in Europe. They were out.

Patty and Hugh. "To darling Hugh with many happy returns and love from Patty." She smiled faintly at the edition seen only a day or so ago in a book lent her by Hugh, the latest best-seller.

And "darling Hugh" himself? Yes, now she came to think of it, she'd had a letter from Hugh, about some shares, a month ago. It was probably still in her desk. Big, flowing writing. Was it like that other at all?

She went across to the morning-room and sat down at her desk and searched for his letter among the papers in the top drawer. Here it was. Not a bit like, not a scrap. She threw it in again.

She was just about to shut the drawer when a piece of paper caught her eye among the jumble of letters and papers thrown in there recently. She pulled it out, spread it on the desk, and sat staring down at it...

In a minute she hurried back to her bedroom and got Kent on the telephone.

"Is that you, Kent? I'm sorry to disturb you again."

"That's all right, I'm just in."

"I've changed my mind. I'm going to ring the police about that letter."

"Go ahead. If you want to, it's your mind."

"Thanks..."

"I'll be nothing new for it. Any particular reason?"

"Well—yes—a slight development. But you've had enough for tonight. I won't bother you with it now."

"Why bother to ring me, then?"

"Just to tell you before I did it; as we'd agreed not to call them in."

He said again, wearily: "Go ahead. Do whatever you think best."

She hung up, lit, firmly closed.

The C.I.B. ran Inspector Grogan to earth, and he was knocking at Jo's door not long after.

Taking him into the morning-room, she told him all the sequence of events: from her getting hold of Bob's keys last night, and her taking the two letters from the post-office box this morning, to her reason for coming in here to her desk.

"Though I can't give you the letter I took," she ended, "I can give you this, and it's in the same handwriting." She took from under the blotter where she'd slipped it a piece of paper and handed it to him.

The Inspector studied it. This, too, the front half of an envelope, was addressed to Robert Otway at his P.O. box. On the stamp was a Singapore post mark, and in the other corner the printed name of an hotel there. He turned it over. On the inner side were a lot of scribbled words in pencil in another handwriting. Otway's, perhaps—pet, pat, meant, lie, lap, ran, tale.

Jo said: "A few weeks ago, there



were four or five of us in here. Bob Otway was one of them. When we'd finished bridge we idly began the old parlor game of seeing how many words you could unscramble from one word. Bob took an envelope out of his pocket, tore it in halves and used it, as you see, to write his words on. Later, when I was tidying the room, I must have picked it up with the bridge scorers and thrown it into this drawer here."

She drew a quick breath. "So, Inspector, it does appear, doesn't it, that you've been looking rather too close at hand, as though you should be looking among Bob's business associates from the East? The correspondence about his business there went to his post-office box."

Grogan nodded thoughtfully as he slipped the half-envelope into his pocket.

When he was going, Jo made a formal apology. "I hope you won't take too grave a view of my behaviour, Inspector," she ended.

He gave a short laugh. "Well, we won't worry much, as it happens. It'd have taken quite a bit of legal palaver before we could have got hold of the letters. Her Majesty's mails! But you handed us right away what may be an important line to work on."

And as he went down the stairs he saw again a smart little girl in an air hostess' uniform, a knowing little face under a tilted cap. . . . She'd liked either Otway or Knox well enough to give one of them a big expensive picture of herself; and questioned this morning, Knox had said her name was Merle Davis and that she was on the Sydney-London via Singapore run.

Jo was driving Kent up into the mountains. She had woken in a mood of repentance towards him, and had rung him and inquired about his head and suggested this day together away from town and all its troubles. He'd said yes, eagerly, and she'd arranged to pick him up at his hotel at ten o'clock.

Before she left, however, a small incident occurred that threw her back into the web of nerve-racking speculation from which she'd been hurrying to escape.

Free now to use her car, she had gone round to the garage, unlocked the door and backed out into the drive, when Miss Otway came quickly across the lawn to her. She didn't look nearly so upright and portly this morning.

She came right up and spoke to Jo through the window of the car. "Mrs. Somers, can you speak to me for two minutes?"

"Yes, of course."

"No, don't move. I won't keep you. . . . It's a moral problem, really, that I want to speak to you about." She watched Jo's face closely, as though to see if her improbable words were going to find acceptance. "For once, I'm at a loss."

"Yes?" Jo said again. "Do tell me, Miss Otway. If I can help you . . ."

"You see, if you've been a school-mistress, very early you have to rid yourself of the notion that circumstances alter cases, that ends ever justify means, that because some young girl is lovelier, fresher than the next one, she should be allowed to escape the consequences of her acts."

**L**AURA OTWAY'S restless eyelids flamed her eyes. "It's true. I'm afraid that the other night I did fall away from my high standards about that letter."

"I expect we all prevaricated a bit," Jo murmured.

"Perhaps. But this is a stiffer problem. What should I do?" Her voice dropped, she leant a little farther in. "I know who killed Bob."

Jo's hands, lying loosely on the wheel,

tightened their grip. "Miss Otway! What are you saying?"

"Yes, I know. At least, as near as it's humanly possible without having seen it happen."

Suddenly Jo didn't want to hear any more. The ravaged face looking in at her was disturbing, and the wish not to return to the turmoil of the past two days—for this day, at least—overcame even curiosity. She lifted a protesting hand. "Don't go on. You'd better not. What's the use? We really would be wiser, every one of us, to leave the whole thing to the police, not to talk of it more than we need, not to speculate."

"This isn't speculation. And I've got to tell someone."

"Why not Mrs. Bathgate, or your brother-in-law?"

"Poor Pamela, no, I try to keep her mind off it, and Vincent's useless. But you, Mrs. Somers—I thought you'd be helpful. You've made such a success of your own life."

"I? Have I?"

"You know you have." A fierceness crept into the other's tone. "Every-one's in love with you. You know that, surely you know that."

Ah! Jo thought; love—the be-all and end-all of desiring. To Laura Otway, not to have had it a disaster to be hidden under the cloak of despising it. There was no escaping this confidence.

"Well," she said, "tell me."

"It was Merle Davis."

"Merle Davis?"

"Yes. She's an air hostess, I believe, she goes to and from the East. You know the name, you know who I mean?"

"Vaguely. I've heard of her. A friend of Bob's."

"A friend? She probably loved him madly."

"Why should you think so?"

"He was like you. Everybody was in love with him." The tall figure shuddered. "But he couldn't marry two women, could he? Could he? And when she knew she couldn't have him—"

She paused.

"Really?" Jo said. "Oh, really, Miss Otway. I don't think you should draw that conclusion." But her protest sounded weak, as all at once that letter with the hotel and stamp of Singapore on it waved like a flag before her eyes.

Miss Otway leant closer. "I know more than you think."

"What do you know?"

"I don't want to say yet. Am I to inform the police or am I not?"

"How can I advise you unless you tell me what proof you have?"

"Have I used the word proof?"

In silence, they stared at each other.

How full of uncertainty a silence could be! Nothing was sure of its own rightness but the liquid whistling of a bullet, the flaring red of the geraniums against the white garage wall. . . .

Quickly, Jo was thinking, that letter she'd shown the Inspector last night—this morning she wasn't so sure of the wisdom of her action. If the stolen letter was from Merle Davis, now to encourage this unbalanced old woman to load more evidence on a possibly quite innocent girl—No, no.

She said: "No, Miss Otway, don't. Don't speak of it. We can't see what the result might be. Or at least wait and see how things develop."

A low-drawn breath escaped Miss Otway. She took her hands off the window-ledge. "Very well, I'll say nothing. I'll abide by your decision. I said I would and I will. But Merle Davis killed Bob." She stepped back from the car and stood at the side of the drive waiting for Jo to start. . . .

Now, with the city behind, Jo didn't speak to Kent of any of this. She had said to Miss Otway, keep it to yourself, and she meant to take her own advice.

She would have a happy day! And she'd make him enjoy his day, too.

For the most part they were silent as the car climbed, and the heat grew drier.

Now and again, he lifted a hand, pointing into a fern gully. "Nice . . . that's nice," and Jo nodded, following his glance down into a cool gully.

Or she would slow down, stop, and let him take in the silence of uncounted miles of trees whose only change, ever, was from the changing light—indigo, lavender.

"No need to hurry," she said. "I've got nothing to get back for, have you?"

"Nothing, not a thing."

And presently: "We'll get some bread and cheese at Pascoe's. He often has wonderful strawberries, too."

**O**NCE after a longer pause, Kent looked round at Jo. "You're very quiet today, quieter than usual. No fresh mystery on your mind?"

With a slow smile, she returned his glance. "Why will you always suspect me, Kent?"

"Couldn't say. . . . Why do we suspect the sphinx of having a secret? It's still, it's quiet."

"It's excessively plain, hasn't got a nose."

"Your own is the slightest thing flat Jo."

"Is it?" She touched it with a finger. "Don't touch it. A perfect mixture of classic and powder."

With a mounting pleasure, she felt his eyes resting on her. Their glances met again, said to each other, when do we resolve it and let passion override suspicion and caution? When, when . . . ?

All this was during the drive and before they turned into the rough bit of bush road that ended in the grounds of Jo's house. "Just down there," she said. "This is home."

The car swung in under the overhanging trees.

But she hadn't gone more than a few yards when she slowed down the already creeping car and brought it to a standstill.

Kent sat up quickly and stared ahead. Jo said dryly: "Company, eh?"

On the road ahead were two—three—cars pulled up against the tall untrimmed hedge of spruce. Sister black splodges on the bit of red sun-splashed road.

Kent opened the door and jumped out. "Stay here, Jo," he said.

Making a half-movement to follow, she paused, turned. "But why? Shan't I—"

"Listen, those police cars aren't here on a picnic. Do what I say for once. Wait here till I come back."

She watched him stride away down the road, pause to say something to a policeman at the gate and disappear.

The closed and shuttered house lay ahead of Kent as he stepped inside the gate. It looked dead and uninviting, seen up the length of weedy path, through the tangle of neglected bushes. He walked up the path, round the house, and paused by the side verandah and looked round.

There, on the slope, was where Jo had told him the orchard had been, those wonderful raspberries, those never-to-be-equalled peaches and nectarines of her childhood.

It was here the crows had gathered, the occupants of the cars outside. They were clustered in a dark group halfway down the slope. The stillness of the figures struck Kent as they stood, their backs to him, all looking earthwards. Only two men moved, and they were digging.

Kent couldn't see clearly through the wall of figures, but in a moment there was a murmur, they all stooped, and



he knew that whatever—whoever—they had been digging for they had found.

Before he moved away Grogan turned and saw him. He walked back up the slope to where Kent stood.

Kent said: "Well, Inspector, who is it?"

Grogan didn't answer this question. "What's brought you here today, Mr. Patterson?" he asked.

"Chance. Mrs. Somers suggested coming up to lunch here."

"Where is she?"

"Outside in the car. Shall I take her away?"

"No, ask her to step into the house and wait till I come in. There's one or two things I want to ask her."

At just about the time that Jo was entering her house, Noreen was leaving hers, and she was looking hardly less expectant of tragedy. With her sleep-walker movements she got into the car at the gate—her mother's car which Noreen had used since her divorce—and shot up the steep street, turning the corner recklessly into the highway.

A few minutes later Mrs. Meares, Colin's housekeeper, was startled by the sharp ring of the bell. She was in the kitchen with her married daughter who had come to spend the day with her. They were having morning tea, the leisurely meal in a house in which there's no mistress and the master is mostly absent.

"Mrs. Hauser!" she said, opening the front door to see Noreen standing there. Her voice was hushed with surprise.

"Hello, Mrs. Meares."

"Good gracious, Mrs. Hauser! I mean . . . why?"

"Oh, heavens! Don't look so startled. Why am I here? One's not a machine. I—just felt like dropping in here this morning."

"Why, of course, I didn't mean—I'm sure no one's more welcome than you. But Mr. Hauser's out, having Sunday lunch with his mother. He always does now."

"Yes, I know."

Mrs. Meares held the door wider and Noreen walked past her and into the drawing-room. There, she began to walk round—a tour of a museum—from one picture to another.

Quietly, Mrs. Meares watched the tall, splendid figure. No inner scorn could rob Noreen of that. But the richly hued skin—how changed! Almost leaden—the fair hair uncoared for, the lipstick jabbed on anyhow. And her manner—wild!—as she passed from one object to the other.

"Mrs. Meares had to break the silence: 'Mrs. Hauser, I'm so sorry about the terrible tragedy. It's a dreadful thing.'"

"What?" Noreen said. "Oh, yes. . . . And then, like an afterthought: 'Yes, it is dreadful.'"

"Everyone's so truly shocked. Who can have done it? Have they got any ideas?"

"I haven't heard anything," Noreen said, and her expression as she glanced at Mrs. Meares and turned away again, was vacant, as though the other woman were pursuing a subject finished and done with a long time ago.

Mrs. Meares murmured: "I'll get you a cup of tea. Francis's here, we were just having one."

"Thanks, yes, I'd like a cup of tea."

Mrs. Meares went and skimmed down the hall. In the kitchen doorway she mouthed at Francis: "Quick, Francis, it's Mrs. Hauser. Slip along to the telephone—shut the door—and phone Mr. Hauser to say she's here."

"Phone him? Why? What for?"

"I don't like the look of her. After her trying to commit suicide yesterday. You never know what's in her mind, coming back to her old home. Then put the things on the tray and bring in the tea."

Mrs. Meares hurried back to the drawing-room and in a very little while Francis brought in the tray, said her few words and left them.

Mrs. Meares' ingenuity was taxed as she poured tea and waited on Noreen, remembering just how she liked her tea, the milk, no sugar. It wouldn't have been right to talk about Mr. Hauser, and really cruel to go on about the murder.

So it was Francis and the baby she was expecting, and how they were hoping for a boy, and what a lot young mothers took on these days, that filled the next ten or fifteen minutes. While Noreen, her big hazel eyes fixed on the other, absently, and her beautiful leathern eyebrows drawn together in a sort of puzzled frown, was like someone listening to a foreign language and trying to follow.

As Mrs. Meares pressed a second cup of tea on her, Noreen said: "Have you got a couple of aspirins? My head's aching."

"Of course, yes, I'll get you some." She hurried out to the kitchen. But how annoying, they weren't there. She'd taken them into her bedroom, right down the passage.

COLIN jumped out of his car at the gate, ran up the path and thrust his latch-key into the lock and thrust open the door. His glance raked the drawing-room, the tea-tray, Noreen's bag thrown down on a chair. As he stood, Mrs. Meares came hurrying up the hall.

He asked: "Where is she?"

Over his shoulder she peered. Her face clouded. Why . . . she asked for some aspirin. She must have gone upstairs.

Swiftly, he turned and ran up, two steps at a time.

The bedroom door was open but she wasn't in there. She was in the bathroom beyond, standing at the open medicine chest. She hadn't heard Colin cross the carpet. She was just reaching in one hand to take something out.

"Noreen!" He ran forward, caught her wrist and slammed the cupboard door.

"Colin!" Her face went white with the shock of his sudden appearance.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm looking for aspirin, I've got a headache."

"That's not true. You sent Mrs. Meares for aspirin. And a headache, anyhow! You with a headache?"

She seemed to be crumpling under his stare. He didn't need to hold her any longer, but his hand on her wrist gripped like a gaoler's.

She stammered: "Those sleeping-tablets—they won't let me have them at home. I was looking to see—"

"That's a lie, too. You pump into the water to drown? You swim like a fish. Swimmers don't drown themselves."

"I found that out." She wrenched her wrist away.

"It didn't take me in, not for one minute, that act off the end of the pier."

"Colin, you don't know the first thing about me—now," she said, and her voice steadied. She walked past him, back into the bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed.

Watching her closely all the time, he came and stood at the footboard, gripping it with his powerful hands.

As though taking a leap, she said suddenly: "I want you to do something."

"Yes?"

"It's this—listen, Colin—tell them you did it. Tell them you killed Bob."

"What?" Still gripping the footboard, his figure jerked into stiffness, the ruddy face went scarlet.

"Will you, will you? Oh, Colin, do! It would be so much better."

The glass in the dressing-table threw back their two figures, two petrified figures, motionless, staring at each other.

"Better, would it?" he said. "Better, eh?"

"Yes, it would be, Colin."

"What makes you think that?"

"If you gave yourself up you wouldn't be convicted, not even, perhaps, a light sentence. And any moment they may bring forward some fresh evidence against you."

"Fresh evidence? What evidence have they got?"

"A bill you re-addressed? . . . calling him a gigolo on your wife's alimony."

"He told you, did he? Made a good joke of it, I suppose?"

"You left Jo's flat about that time, this house was empty, no one knew when you got home, you were an amateur boxer. Who knocked him out and cut his lip the night he died?"

"All this, even if they fasten it on me, adds up to nothing."

"How do you know, how can you say? But if you went to the police and told them everything—I'd help you."

"How? How would you help me?"

"I'd tell them how badly I'd treated you. And how Bob had."

"Yes, that'd make a pretty story!"

"That—he didn't mean to marry me and—lose all the money you gave me. It kept him very comfortably." Her hands were gripping the bed-end now. "He could have a wonderful time, playing around with other women, yet all the time fooling me that I was the only one . . . so that I wouldn't cut off supplies."

"Don't—don't!" He tried to stop her telling it, as though hate of Bob weren't appeased even by his death.

She gazed up at him, the hazel eyes with their dark pupils burned and glowed. "Oh, Colin, do as I ask. I would help you so."

He said slowly, his eyes on her face: "So that any jury, seeing you, would see what I'd lost?"

"There's something else I'd tell them, too."

"True or otherwise?"

"I could say that he was blackmailing you."

He drew sharply back. "Blackmailing me? What about?"

"No one is expected to have any mercy on a blackmailer. To kill one—why, it's almost a duty."

"Go on, tell me some more. What was he blackmailing me for?"

She avoided his pressing glance now.

"If I told all I knew no one would blame you."

"Justifiable homicide," he said slowly, and the words hung in the air between them like a judgment pronounced.

After the heavy pause, Noreen nodded faintly.

He turned away, walked into the bathroom and drank a glass of water. Noreen never took her eyes off him, watching him through the open door. See go up and Colin, coming back, saw her make that automatic housewife movement she used to make when the bed was for them both, smoothing the coverlet where she'd sat.

He came forward. "I'll think about it, Noreen. You've certainly given me something to think about."

It seemed like hours, but actually it wasn't much more than one that Jo and Kent waited in the cottage while the macabre events in the orchard moved forward. More policemen arrived, C.I.B. experts in every branch.

For Jo time was punctuated by the sound of cars breaking their way down the stretch of road, the bang of the gate, the tramp of feet. Seated by the



window, she turned her head at every fresh sound.

Kent walked up and down, eyes on the floor, shoulders hunched. Every now and again he stopped before her, took her hands and held them a moment, and each attempted a reassuring smile. Fifty times he looked at his watch. Jo seemed to light a fresh cigarette every five minutes. The suspense almost drove her out to look to ask questions. All Kent had said when he'd come back to the car to bring her in—and would she ever forget the look on his face?—was "An exhumation among your pretty fruit trees, I'm afraid, Jo."

At last the front wire screen creaked open and banged, and Grogan came in, followed by a constable. He threw his hat on to a chair and mopped his forehead, blinking in the dimness after the glare outside.

"Mrs. Somers," he said, "what do you know about Merle Davis?"

For a moment Jo thought she must be dreaming. The question took her back to the gravel drive and Miss Otway's tragic face peering in, that name on her lips.

She repeated it now, "Merle Davis?" as she had then. "Is it she?"

"Yes. She's been shot, and buried there in that long grass on the slope. Some time early this week, it must've been."

"Oh!"

"Did you know her?" he asked. She stared back, not able to answer. The dryness of these policemen! Did she know her! She knew that she'd been young and lovely and full of life, and now—

He repeated the question.

Jo said: "No, I didn't know her. I never saw her."

"But you know her name?"

"Yes."

"Where did you hear of her?"

"She was a friend of Bob Otway's."

"He spoke of her, did he?"

"No, but Mrs. Hauser did."

"What was it she said?"

"Let me think..." She put a hand up to her forehead and smoothed back the dark hair.

The inspector, looking monumentally unhurried, watched her, waiting for her answer.

She said: "It was one day a few weeks ago, Noreen said to me, I believe Reggie's having a romance! I ring Bob last night and a girl answered the telephone, Reggie came, Bob was out, and Reggie said the girl who'd spoken to me was Merle Davis. He seemed very pleased with himself, having her there alone."

"Why did you say she was a friend of Otway's, then?"

"Because Noreen said Bob knew her first and Reggie only got to know her through him."

"Two fellows after the one girl, maybe?"

"I shouldn't think so, no, I mean—"

"What did she mean? What did she know of Reggie's more intense feelings?"

"What did she know of any human being now, of what they were capable of if the urge took them?"

Suddenly Kent said: "What set you searching for this girl up here, Inspector? You did search for her, I suppose? You didn't stumble on her body by chance?"

"That's right, Mr. Patterson, we came here to look for her, all right. Didn't take us long to find her, either. Just a patch of grass wilted where it's been lifted and put back. A shower of rain would've freshened it, but there hasn't been that shower, lucky for us."

"Yes, yes, but why here? Why did you look for her here?"

"Things have been moving this morning, last night, after you handed me that bit of envelope, Mrs. Somers. I went to the air company to make inquiries about this girl, and they told

me she hadn't gone on her last run to Singapore and London as she was booked to do. They'd had a wire from her—well, they'd thought it was from her—late on the Monday afternoon to say she was ill, off duty for a few days. I got her address from them and went along to a flat in Kilmill that she shared with a girl-friend. She said she didn't know anything about Davis being sick, that Davis had gone out on the Monday, mentioning she was going up to the mountains."

"To the mountains... to the mountains?" Jo repeated wonderingly. "To here, to this death waiting for her, prepared for her, perhaps!"

"That's right. But you say it wasn't on your invitation?"

"Good heavens, no, I never saw her, I never spoke to her."

"Well, the friend didn't know just what part of the mountains it was. She herself was out late that Monday night and slept in the next morning, and she took it for granted that Davis had come back and gone off as usual on her plane run."

"So she came up here on Monday?" Jo breathed, and facts began to take shape in her mind. "Then," she said, and got up for the first time, walked over and stood near Kent by the fireplace and gave him a quick glance that asked for leniency again; "then, Inspector, I can correct a statement I made yesterday afternoon."

"Fine!" Grogan said cheerfully. "It's always a nice surprise for a policeman when someone tells him the truth voluntarily!"

"It wasn't I who lighted that fire at midday on Monday, it was that poor girl, Merle. I didn't come back here for lunch with Bob Otway as I told you."

"You didn't, eh? You want to take that back, do you?"

"Yes, it wasn't true."

"What time did you get back to town?"

"Oh... about two—a bit later."

"Was your daily woman there when you got in?"

Jo smiled faintly, a rueful smile. "No, Inspector," she said. "If you want to find someone who saw me, I'm afraid you won't. I'd had quite enough company at the weekend, and was glad to be home alone all the afternoon."

"Yes..." he said—did his tone mean, "Maybe?"—"What made you make this statement yesterday?"

"A quite unnecessary bit of discretion on my part. It was—to have somebody else's face."

"Mrs. Fitzgerald's, eh?"

"Yes. When you said, right there before her husband, that someone had lit a fire here after we were all supposed to have left, I thought—how could I think otherwise?—that it could only have been she and Bob. I thought, perhaps, she'd left a door open on purpose and gone back. You see, it wasn't as I said, I didn't drive Bob down. I took Mr. Knox. Bob was in Mrs. Fitzgerald's car. We didn't see them after we left the store. You know how it was," she went on quickly—Kent was looking grim—"Mrs. Fitzgerald's pretty and likes admiration. I—I just didn't want to have any trouble for her and her husband if you started to probe further as I knew you would."

"Very jealous, is he?"

Jo was going to say yes, but instead she said quickly: "Oh, I don't know. Not more than any other man with a pretty wife. Anyhow, that doesn't matter now as it wasn't either me or Mrs. Fitzgerald. It must have been Merle Davis. She must have come up here, hoping to see Bob... Perhaps some jealous lover followed her up, shot her,

and buried her here..." She shook her head to chase away the picture.

The inspector was looking at her with an expression of unmistakable satisfaction.

He said: "You've taken back your story a bit too soon, Mrs. Somers. If it wasn't you who came back here and lighted that fire, you might've been right in your first guess that it was Mrs. Fitzgerald and Otway."

"What do you mean?"

"Because we got proof positive it wasn't Merle Davis."

"Proof positive?"

"Yes. We had a lot of men up here early today, questioning people round about. One woman on her way to the store happened to notice smoke coming from this chimney shortly before two o'clock. Davis didn't arrive till the four o'clock train."

So that was it! A sinking dismay filled Jo. She caught Kent's eye and saw in his glance all that this evidence involved.

Clutching at a last straw, she asked: "There's no doubt about this, is there? Have you been able to follow her movements so closely?"

"My word, we have. The woman at the station buffet recognised her from a photo. She recalls her going in there to buy cigarettes a minute after the four o'clock train drew in. She said, 'The heat of that train!—She bought a packet of twenty. There's only one gone from the packet in her bag, buried with her. So it looks like she was killed pretty soon after she arrived.'"

"Then she was alone?"

"Well, you bet! Whoever had this thing in mind came up by car or another part of the train. Or they were here at the house waiting for her."

Jo thought, Oh, Patty! Patty!... what have I done to you? Thinking to save you. And letting these policemen guess at how you tried to excite Bob all the weekend, and how frustrated you seemed that you weren't able to get him alone...

Kent was looking across at her. Only sympathy on his face for her now, for the mess she'd landed herself in. And she thought, a trifle bitterly, yes, Kent, you're sorry for me so long as my stupidities are not committed for love of another man!

A footstep came down the passage. Manning appeared in the doorway and nodded Grogan back into the hall with him.

Jo didn't look at Kent. Obstinate, she kept her gaze fixed on the world outside the window; became conscious of her hunger, her thirst, the dryness of her mouth and half a headache beginning to throb in her temples.

Grogan came back into the room.

"What sort of a shaving-stick do you use, Mr. Patterson?"

"Shaving-stick?"

"Yes."

"I don't know. Nothing special."

"What are you using now?"

"I'm blown if I could tell you..."

A cream, something I got in London in a jar. Why?"

"You see, there's one odd point about this business. There was a stick of shaving-soap in this girl's handbag. Not a full stick, not new, about three-quarters used. It was wrapped up in tissue-paper in an inner pocket."

Later that afternoon—Hugh had gone out golfing—Patty was in the garden, a paved courtyard surrounded by high walls, watering the tubs and pots with a bright blue plastic hose. Her face wore an expression that was intent but not, you'd have thought, on what she was doing.

When Grogan came in at the gate she dropped the hose and left it to furrow a track in the border of annuals against the wall. She stared at him as



though she hadn't seen him before, and didn't want to now.

When he started to tell of Merle Davis she stopped him abruptly. "I know. I heard it from Mrs. Somers. I was over with Mrs. Bathgate when she came in."

Standing on the steaming stones, holding her garden-stained hands slightly extended, Patty flatly denied that she had gone back to the cottage after leaving with the others on Monday. Patty had never heard of anything quite so ridiculous in all the born days of her life! And what in the wide world would she want to go back with poor Bob Otway for, whom she only knew in the most superficial fashion through meeting him over at his aunts', old friends of Hugh's mother.

**J**UST what Mrs. Somers had been about with her fantastic jumble of fact and fancy—well, that was Jo Somers' affair, and she, Patty, didn't wish to be dragged into it. Frankly, she'd nearly fallen through the floor yesterday when she'd heard Jo's outrageous lie about Bob having driven down with her. Jo. And what Reggie Knox must've thought, knowing he was in Jo's car!

But if you heard friends say things like that you didn't fling it in their teeth, did you? Especially if it was in a police inquiry!

The facts of Monday were, so far as she, Patty, was concerned, that her husband had come down to his office by an early train, and she had driven down herself, before luncheon, taking Bob in her car. She had dropped him in town and come back here.

Was her husband home for lunch? No, certainly not. She didn't see him till seven that evening. He'd come in all hot and thirsty, having spent the afternoon at a cricket match, and she had spent it reading and resting.

Grogan asked, when the flow paused: "This girl, Merle Davis. Did you know her?"

"Know her? Know Merle Davis? I never heard of her in my life. Except—wait!—let me think." She blinked rapidly. "Perhaps that isn't quite true. On Monday evening my husband and I ran over to pay a call on the old dears, and as we got to the front door they were talking in the drawing-room, that room with the windows on to the verandah, and I heard Mr. Bathgate say something about 'yesterday' and Mrs. Bathgate, in answering, said the name, 'Merle Davis'."

"What did she say?" "I don't know. I couldn't hear plainly and I didn't try to. The name in itself conveyed a thing to me, anyhow." She tiptoed over and turned off the tap, looked at the gate, looked at Grogan, looked at her wet and muddy hands pleading to be washed.

Grogan didn't take the hint. Instead, edging a little farther into the shade of the wall, out of the westering sun where Patty had manoeuvred him, he said: "Look, Mrs. Fitzgerald, you can say that your association with this young feller—"

"There was no association at all."—amounted to nothing, but what about this? He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a small object in tissue-paper, unwrapped it and held it up. "This watch-strap was a present from you to him."

Patty looked at it with narrowed eyes. "Huh! That old thing!"

"Maybe an old thing but it's a gold thing. People don't give away solid gold too freely these days. You had it engraved with these initials. And if it's of so little moment why did Mrs. Bathgate say, when questioned, that she'd given it to him?"

Patty's brows drew together. "She said that? Heavens above, what are people coming to? I can only suggest then, that she really thought it."

"How so?" "Because it was in an old box of trinkets my husband gave me when we were married. They'd belonged to his mother, and I seem to remember that that chain you're making so much fuss about was a present—oh, centuries ago!—from Mrs. Bathgate to Hugh's mother. When you showed it to her she probably thought she had given it to Bob at some time or other. She's quite vague enough, poor old sweet."

Grogan put the gold band back in his pocket. Well—if this little lady did play about with fellers he'd be sorry for the husband that tried to catch her out!

She was saying, winding up the subject once for all as deftly as she was winding up the length of hose: "Anyhow, all these points of before and after seem to me quite irrelevant—what I felt about Bob, whether I lunched with him or gave him some small trifle or other. How can any of that matter since he was seen alive after my husband and I came home together at eleven o'clock, and for ages after that, as you know, I was talking on the telephone, and then was asleep in bed."

"Yes," Grogan said, "now I was just coming around to that. Yes. When you went downstairs for this long phone talk with your sister, had you got undressed?"

"Certainly! That's exactly it. I was all ready for bed, in my nightdress. I just slipped into my husband's dressing-gown and—"

"Your husband's dressing-gown?"

There was something in the inspector's tone that seemed to cause an instant's hitch in the coiling of the hose. Patty looked up quickly. "Ye . . . es," she said, "er . . . yes," and a variety of expressions passed rapidly over her face.

"About this sprig of rosemary, Mrs. Fitzgerald?"

"Rosemary? Rosemary?"

"That the deceased had in his button-hole."

"Did he? I didn't know."

"Yes. And later that night, when you and your husband came across to the Bathgates', he had his dressing-gown on, and while he was standing in the window talking to Miss Otway he took something out of one of the pockets and shredded it between his fingers and dropped it on the floor. It was a bit of rosemary."

"Indeed? Is there anything strange about that?"

And Patty was off again. Everyone liked the smell of all those herb sort of things, and Hugh was always wandering about in his dressing-gown in the garden at some ungodly hour of the morning. And surely the inspector, so truly logical as he must be, wasn't going to try to pin a murder on a man simply because he had a sprig of rosemary in his pocket?

Grogan waited for her to pause for breath, but the excellence of Patty's voice production had obviated that small necessity, and he broke in at last: "I'm not suggesting your husband picked that bit of rosemary."

"Oh? What are you suggesting, then?"

"I suggest that you had some appointment, some contact, anyhow, with Otway that night, and that's what you went downstairs for. Though we know you did ring your sister, and that the telephone could have been engaged for half an hour, like Mrs. Bathgate says, still, the receiver could've been lying on the desk and you not there at all."

Patty straightened up, and her eyes started back at the inspector, forgetting to smile, to charm, to act. There was a long pause, while a dove moaned

and water tinkled on to the stones from broad-leaved dripping plants . . .

Then Patty said: "Prove that, Inspector. Just set out to prove that if you can," and turned and walked swiftly in at the open front door.

When Jo had got home an hour ago, before going upstairs she had gone into the Bathgates' to tell as much of the story as she knew.

A change had come over the Bathgates' household. Today it wasn't Mrs. Bathgate who wept and gave way. She was strangely calm. She received the news of Merle Davis' death in silence, just looked back at Jo and nodded faintly.

But it wasn't so with Laura Otway. It was she today who broke down, who paced the room and trembled when telephone or doorbell rang.

Vincent Bathgate, indolent, party-faced, listened to Jo as though this new catastrophe were a fresh assault on his comfortable existence. His mouth drew down at the corners, he shook his head and sighed heavily.

Mrs. Bathgate was spreading bewildered hands. "Who was she, this girl? Did anyone ever see her? Was she pretty, was she young?"

Presently Miss Otway went into her room and Jo followed her.

Miss Otway turned sharply, hearing her in the doorway. "Yes!" she said and waited, head thrown back challengingly.

Jo went in, shutting the door behind her. She had one of those moments in which you feel that you, personally, by just choosing the right word, the right approach, can make some situation more bearable.

She hadn't been in Miss Otway's room before, a shadowed apartment, a little shrine for the past; photographs of favorite pupils, of the long scholastic building, ivy-clad, bookshelves full of nineteenth-century classics, the low sloping "lady's" chair by the window covered in red velvet with a design of tiger lilies worked by Miss Otway's mother.

Jo said, quietly: "You see, Miss Otway, you made a mistake this morning and troubled yourself quite unnecessarily. If only we could all stop trying to work this thing out for ourselves . . ."

"If we wrong?" Miss Otway cried: "Not at all. It's only shifting the problem one remove."

"What do you mean?"

**L**AURA OTWAY answered with measured emphasis: "Who was it that discovered that this vicious girl had killed our beloved Bob and loved him so much that they revenged themselves by killing her?"

"Miss Otway! . . ." Jo stared at the older woman. "You can't have been listening to what I told you just now in there."

"Don't worry, I heard, she was killed—shot—buried in your garden."

"But you can't have heard," Jo said slowly, carefully: "Merle Davis died on the Monday. Bob wasn't killed till four days later."

Even then Jo wondered if Miss Otway took in what she was saying, she stood so still, her lips moving, repeating the words: "Four days later . . ." but it was as though only her lips said them, and that the simple logic of the fact was somehow not reaching her.

As Jo went out into the hall she heard voices in the drawing-room, and stopped to listen a minute and recognise one voice as that of Inspector Grogan. "We shall never, any of us," she said to herself, "get out of this



nightmare. It is like a nightmare pressing down on you . . .  
She went on up the stairs, and didn't hear the inspector's words: "Before you go on, Mrs. Bathgate, I'd like to tell you that the police are informed that you and your husband knew Merle Davis."

Inside the drawing-room Grogan's words caused an instantaneous stopping of even the smallest movement. The husband and wife facing him stared back, but neither turned an eye to glance at the other nor uttered a word to admit or deny.

It was Bathgate who spoke finally. He walked over to the table and knocked his pipe out into an ash-tray. "Yes, Inspector, you're right. Half right. We had met."

Manning put in sourly: "Look, there aren't any half rights in a murder inquiry. And there aren't any half truths, either. Your wife says just now, 'Who is she?' Isn't that a statement to the effect she doesn't know her? See?"

Bathgate gave a spurt of laughter. "Look, Sergeant, don't be naive."

"Oh?"  
"You know as well as I do that the very sound of your knock starts us all dithering like kids caught out. Don't ask my poor wife why she lies, ask her, rather, how she manages to keep sane at all through this horror."

Mrs. Bathgate fluttered to the sofa and sank on to it. She nodded faintly and sighed: "I do feel rather small . . . at being caught out in saying something that wasn't quite true . . . but—"

"But," her husband put in, "you remember that everyone knows Bob got money from you, as much and as often as he could, more, actually, than you could properly afford. Furthermore, Laura and I remembered how often we protested against it, even abused him for being a waster."

Grogan said: "O.K. Mr. Bathgate, we know all that. Just what was the extent of your acquaintance with the deceased?"

"Limited to one meeting. She came here on Sunday, the day before, so you tell us, she died."

"She came here? What for?"

"My wife sent for her."

"I telephoned her and asked her if she would come and see me for a little talk," Mrs. Bathgate softened the flat statement in her usual fashion.

"Why?"

"Well . . . I was worried that she might get too fond of Bob. I thought it possible that he wasn't being—quite frank with the poor girl. About his engagement to Mrs. Hauser, I mean. And so I thought that before there was any time for Miss Davis' feelings to become really involved . . ."

"Yes, I see. But what gave you this idea in the first place? That it was a serious affair between her and your nephew?"

"Well . . . what can I say? It seemed to me—it still does—that her name was so often on his lips in the past few months. And I—just that I expect you to understand this—her dark eyes misted—but when I was telling his cards, a fair woman—very fair—a stranger—would keep turning up. It was most noticeable the way she pursued him."

The inward-looking eyes were not so inward that they missed Sergeant Manning's long-drawn sniff of scepticism and disgust. She said: "It's a mysterious world, and there are other powers besides those of the police, you know."

"That's right. My word," Grogan said soothingly. "You never know, do you? Now did your nephew ever say she was in love with him or he with her?"

"No . . . but—"

"I think what my wife means, Inspector, is that when Bob took up with a pretty girl it wasn't for nothing. All his affairs were serious, if you get me—that is, if he could make them so. When I heard that this girl had been telephoned to come and see us I said, 'Is this wise, to interfere?' but I realised that my wife had a kind of instinct about her nephew and his life and was usually right in her attempts to guide him. So I said no more and she came."

"She came . . . she came," Mrs. Bathgate repeated. "At about four o'clock. I chose Sunday because it was Andy's day out and because my sister was going to tea with a friend. I mean, I didn't want explanations, more people to criticise his behaviour."

"And how did the young lady take your remarks?"

"Oh, charmingly, of course, why not? I was very tactful. And she realised that I had done it purely for her sake. We had tea and a little talk about Bob."

VINCENT BATHGATE said: "I realised the moment I set eyes on the girl that she wasn't the sort to throw herself away on a penniless youth. She was pretty and smart, and I said afterwards to my wife, 'You needn't have wasted your time, my dear. Merle Davis is a wake-up and knows him, I imagine, a better than you do.'"

Mrs. Bathgate nodded. "Yes . . . she clearly gave me to understand that the idea of marrying him had never entered her head. She knew all about his approaching marriage with Noreen. We parted the best of friends, she thanked me and I kissed her."

Manning said sharply. "If she was all that cool about him, why'd she follow him up to the mountains next day?"

"Oh, but did she?" Mrs. Bathgate queried. "Is it not possible that she went up there to see someone else? Another of Mrs. Somers' guests thinking they were all still there?"

Again Manning sniffed. Quite possible. With that mob!

Some time later, when Grogan and Manning left, Andy was clipping the grass borders near the open gates on the drive. He put down the shears and stood up as they approached. He said: "You remember what you asked me to do, Inspector, last evening?"

"They pulled up," I remember. Did you do it?"

"You bet I did." His head wagged sagely. He was looking particularly pleased with himself. He'd been asked to do something by the police and he'd done it as neatly and subtly as though he'd been one of their own men.

"Coming in, he was," he said, "and I stop him and gets him in conversation. He never suspected a thing. I asked him a few questions, quite casual-like, about Djakarta, kidding him I wanted to know about a little kid I knew up there that—"

"O.K. Cut it short. Was it him?"

"It was. It was his voice, all right, that'd come up on the Friday and got told Mrs. Somers had gone off to Honolulu."

Grogan looked pleased. Hadn't been a bad guess on his part. If only he could prove now that this bloke Fatterson had been tied up somehow in the East with Merle Davis.

He said to Andy: "Did you know this girl Davis?"

"Me? Not me. You wouldn't expect a bloke like me to know a ritzy little number like that."

"How do you know she was a ritzy little number?"

Andy looked sly. "I never said I never seen her."

"Oh? Where was that?"  
"Look, I don't want to put anybody's pot on I always say—"

"That's all right, you tell us what you know. And if you know anything about Merle Davis—"

Andy shot a quick glance towards the house, jerked his thumb at it. "She was up there on the Sunday."

"Go on! This is news!"  
"Yes, and whatever they had to say between 'em it wasn't too nice."

"How do you know?"

"You see, I'd been out all the day, my day off, it was. When I come back—about five o'clock—I went round the back and before I went into me room to have a lay down I stepped up to the dining-room to see the time. Me watch had stopped, I heard a strange voice in the drawing-room, and I thought to myself who's that I wonder, and I just sort of took a step up and seen her through the crack of the door. As I stepped away I heard her say, 'You rich people think the world's made for you, but you can't put it over on Merle Davis.'"

When Jo got upstairs, Kent was making tea. They had driven straight down from the mountains when the detectives released them, and he was standing at the bench, cutting bread and butter, boiling eggs and hacking open tins.

Jo sank down at the kitchen table, resting her head in her hands.

He glanced briefly over his shoulder and took in her white face, her weary pose. He said, "You and I have seen so much tragedy in our time, as those—or nearly—as this that we still have appetites when lunch is three hours late."

He brought the food over and put it on the table, tea, a cake, some biscuits, a cold sweet dug out of the refrigerator, a pineapple. "Your friend Reggie Knox rang by the way, while you were downstairs. I told him the facts. He's coming along."

She nodded. He sat down opposite her, peeled an egg and put it on her plate, poured out her tea; and eating and plying her with food, talked doggedly about past meals, past places, they'd eaten them in, past people they'd eaten them with.

But it sounded at times as though he himself didn't know much what he was saying. And Jo was eating languidly and her shadowed eyes never lifted.

She put down her cup at last, the piece of bread and butter, and got up. "It's no use, Kent. Thanks for the effort, but I can't think of anything except this thing . . . Merle Davis. Why? Was it an accident? Did someone do it accidentally and then take fright? . . . It isn't just the horror, of course, of her being shot, but the horror that anyone could—go through with all the rest . . . And the feeling—I know now what they mean when they say that each one person in the world is responsible for everybody else. Every one must feel guilty, somehow, when things like this happen close to them. No, no, don't say I'm crazy, don't say I'm hysterical."

Kent looked at her as she rested her arms on the window-sill, gazing unseeingly down into the garden, her brows drawn together in a ruffle that told him how her mind was racing, churning and revolving.

So as to give her something to bite on he said: "This person who committed these two murders has got to be like this. I'll try and draw his, or her, portrait and see if you recognise it."

"A monster—tusked, horned!" Her voice shook. "I don't know one."



He took out cigarettes, gave her one and lighted it. He noticed that her hand was shaking, and he said: "I know what we'll have for a second course." He went into the dining-room and came back with a decanter of brandy and glasses.

"Don't ask me to drink, Kent." "I'm not asking you, I'm telling you." He held out the glass to her and waited while she took it and drank, then swallowed his own. "Ah! To think I was fiddling about with eggs while this was waiting in the wings!"

He poured two more. "As I was about to say, this murderer, far from seeming a monster, is probably quite a charming and likeable person to meet. He'll seem a very self-effacing, simple person. If greed was his motive, you've very likely been thinking him a most generous, open-handed fellow. If it's anger, he's the sort that carries a beetle out in a cloth rather than kill it. You see, he's always had to lean over backwards to hide—first and foremost from himself—what he was capable of."

"You suggest, then, that we pick on the nicest person round about?"

"That's the idea."

She sighed. "I'm jaundiced today. I can only think of their faults. And my own! Old Bathurst's a lazy old sponge. Andy's a hopeless little liar. Reggie's wish to preserve his own comfortable small world is utterly selfish. Hugh's jealousy of Patty is boring to a degree. Colin's rage at Noreen not loving him verges on the pathological."

"Fine! Grand! This is better than I dared to hope."

"What do you mean?" Her color was coming back. She sat down at the table and took a sandwich.

"I mean that up to now all your geese have been swans—swimming. Now, at least, they're out of the water, a disillusioning sight. Today, I believe you'd even see beyond a Greek general's medals or an opera singer's eye-work."

"You may be right." She smiled across at him.

She was eating and drinking with quite a reasonable appetite when the doorbell rang. Kent got up and opened the door.

Reggie Knox followed him down to the kitchen. "Jo, darling!" He came up to her, stooped to her hand, and kissed it. "So sweet to see you after all this long time. This ghastly, ghastly time!"

"Sit down, Reggie. A drink? Something to eat?"

"High tea? How nice, how old world!" He sat down and surveyed the spread. "I suppose you haven't got such a thing as a sardine?"

Kent got up and opened a tin.

Reggie, for all his show of ease, didn't look his groomed self today. His black velvet eyes were restless, he put up a hand and fingered his dark chin. "You must forgive me, Jo. I should have shaved again, but I came straight from a concert."

"What shaving-soap do you use?" Kent asked, reaching over Reggie's shoulder to put the open tin before him.

Reggie stared round up at him. "What a very odd question! Are you doing a Beauty for Boys column for your syndicate?"

"Well, the police asked me that."

"The police did? I wonder if that's what they're on to Colin about."

"Colin. Are they on to him?"

"They are. At least, I only know I looked in to see him on my way here. He was looking very hot under the collar. He said the fingerprint men had been there earlier and taken his fingerprints."

The following afternoon when Grogan and a constable entered his office, Colin asked bluntly: "What did

your men come and take my fingerprints for yesterday?"

The inspector said: "That's easily answered. We find your prints correspond with the fingerprints on a stick of shaving-soap in the bag that was buried with Merle Davis."

Colin's face changed from red to white and remained drained of all color, while, hunched in his chair, he sat quite still and seemed to pass into a reverie.

"You knew her, eh?"

There was another silence, a silence so long that Grogan knew he wasn't going to get a negative to his question.

Colin nodded. "Yes, I knew her." On the other side of the desk where he had sat down, Grogan's position eased. He crossed one leg over the other and leant an arm along the desk. He said: "You know all about the discovery of the body, do you?"

"I know what Knox told me. He dropped in to see me late yesterday. He told me that she was shot last Monday and her body found yesterday morning . . . buried in Mrs. Somers' garden in the mountains."

The office was deserted at this hour. Clerks and typists had gone. An elderly secretary still hovered in the outer office. Colin got up and opened the door and spoke to him: "You can push off, Curtis. No need for you to wait," and shut the door again.

He came back to his chair and sat down heavily.

Grogan waited, uninterested. The constable with his open notebook examined the nib of his pen.

Colin pulled forward a box of cigarettes, took one, and lighted it. He was uninterested, too, his movements mechanical. He threw back his head, blowing out a long stream of smoke. He said: "Why in the world would Merle have a shaving-stick of mine in her bag? And anyhow, I don't understand—I haven't missed one."

"A thick stick in a dark red plastic tube. Romanoff's."

"Yes, that's so, that's the kind I always use. There's one in my bathroom cupboard now."

"There is, is there? How long have you had it?"

"I don't know, a few weeks. That's the kind of thing you don't notice."

"That's right. Well now, perhaps it'd help to straighten things out a bit. Mr. Hauser, if you'd tell us the extent of your association with the deceased."

"Certainly. Though there wasn't much in it. I met her about six or eight months ago on one of my business trips to Pakistan. My firm does a lot of business with the East and I frequently fly to Karachi. On more than one occasion she was one of the hostesses on the plane I travelled on."

"More than once," Grogan repeated.

"More than once, eh?"

COLIN looked up quickly. "Yes, why not? I usually stay in Pakistan the best part of a week, and on the return trip from London it happened that I got on to the plane Merle was coming back to Sydney on."

"Did you arrange it that way?"

Colin hesitated. "Well—I mean—I'm not a very good air traveller. Occasionally I've been air sick and she was always particularly kind and pleasant to me. After the first trip she even rang me up and asked me how I was, and I—I asked her to dinner."

"That happen more than once, too, did it?"

"Yes, it did. In fact, each time we got back on the same plane we ar-

ranged for her to come to my house that night and dine with me." He lifted his rather light eyes and stared full at Grogan. "That quite clear, Inspector?"

"Quite clear. Quite clear, Mr. Hauser. Yes, I see. Did she ever dine with you in Karachi or Singapore?"

"No."

"Did you ever meet any of her friends or associates out there?"

"Never. I never saw her after the plane touched down until she was standing by the door receiving us on the plane I was returning by."

"I see. Now did this girl mean a lot to you? Were you in love with her?"

"No, certainly not. She was a nice little thing, pretty, very tactful. And I suppose I could say she showed fairly plainly that she'd taken a fancy to me. That pleased me, I suppose . . . I was often lonely, bored."

"Ever think you might marry her?"

"Marry her?" Colin repeated the words in the tone a married man might use if asked the question; and Grogan thought, Dogged sort of bloke. Once married, always married. My wife's my wife still, even if she calls herself your wife!

Colin leant over and rubbed out his cigarette. "That's all I know. Poor little Merle . . . It's too bad to dwell on. One thing, and then another. Of course, these two crimes are connected?"

"Oh, yes, no doubt about that. She and Otway were closely associated. She used to go and see him at his flat. And she wrote to him from Singapore at least on one occasion."

"Did she? Yes . . . no doubt."

Another woman shared with Otway, eh? Grogan thought. That'd be hard for him to take. Was he learning this now for the first time or wasn't he?

Colin went on: "However, I'm not interested in that. I never minded what her affairs with other men were. The point for me now is what she was doing with my shaving-stick, why she took it. Unless she was some sort of a kleptomaniac, a picker-up of unconsidered trifles."

"No, she was no kleptomaniac. She was far worse than that."

"What do you mean?"

"She brought back that shaving-stick—or rather you did, in your luggage—full of cocaine." As Grogan said the last word he kept his eyes full on Colin, the detective's glance that searches to see if surprise is genuine, shaken out of a man or simulated by clever acting.

Colin said: "Cocaine!" and all the implications of the word seemed doubly sinister, smoken in this respectable, well-furnished office. "Merle Davis . . . working a job like that?"

"Her and Otway. We're now forced to conclude he was in it, too."

"That doesn't surprise me! There wasn't any game too low for him. But Merle! . . ."

He got up, walked once or twice up and down the room, came and sat down again. "How was it done? How did she manage it?"

"Well, this is the way she could've worked it. The source of her supply must've been in Singapore. She buys a stick of this soap there—the brand you use—and has it rigged up so that instead of four inches of soap there's one of soap and three of cocaine. The tube we found in her bag was fixed real clever. You'd never have noticed any difference. Then, after you leave Singapore she'd be folding your coat and fiddling about with your travelling case, and so on, and—would it be locked, by the way, would she have to have a key?"

"My over-night bag? No."

"OK. She opens it at some moment and slips in the cocaine-filled tube and takes out yours. She manages to dis-



thought, her one place laid at the

thought, her one place laid at the



big table in the sombre room. The house tonight seemed oppressed by the tragedy hanging over it, and she found herself wishing she weren't going to be alone. She wasn't for long.

Reggie came first, talked for a while, drank coffee and a brandy, paid her an extravagant compliment, sighed as though ravished with love for her, but shortly drifted to the piano.

He was still playing when Colin came in, followed in a few minutes by Vincent Bathgate in search of a game of contract, but satisfied apparently with a deep chair and his pipe and a cool glass at his side and music to which he didn't have to listen.

If he'd really like a game, Jo told him, she'd ring Hugh and Patty to see if they were doing anything. They weren't, and they came across, but still the game didn't materialise. This evening no one was inclined to concentrate.

It was when Jo went to the cupboard in the morning-room to get another box of cigarettes that she noticed once again in there, beside a cribbage board, a shell box of colored counters, ivory chessmen, and such-like relics of the Otways' past, the photograph album and musical box combined that had so delighted her when she had first come to see over the flat.

On that day she had opened the cover and set its tune tinkling, and seeing her pleasure, Mrs. Bathgate, who had been on the point of taking it downstairs had said: "Why, if it amuses you keep it up here. My sister and I haven't looked at it for years."

Now, Jo took it out, brushed up the ruby velvet of its cover admiring again the cleverness of its workmanship. She carried it across to the drawing-room and put it down on the table.

"You've got a rival performer here," she said to Reggie, who was searching through the pile of music on the music-stand at his elbow.

He came over. "What's that?" Jo lifted the lid and set the musical box playing. The old tune, "The Bonnie Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," stole out and filled the room with its sweet melancholy, chiming and tinkling.

Everyone was quiet for a moment when the tune ended. Reggie said, "Oh, dear! how sad, how very sad!" in his artificial tone that yet carried a conviction of his meaning what he said.

Patty got up and took the album from the table and carried it back and sat down with it on her lap. "Old theatricals!" she exclaimed. "To think I've never seen this before!"

The book between its heavy brass clasps with its solid decorations and mountings was full of photographs, two to a page. It began conventionally enough with tinted portraits of early Otways, dressed for Government House balls but these were soon supplanted by slightly more modern souvenirs.

Pamela and Laura and Noreen's mother had been caught up in the drama in their younger days and had been some of the earliest acting members of a local repertory company. Vincent Bathgate, in those days, only vaguely on the confines of their set, looked out here and there from the pages, a solid male figure to grace an amateur stage accommodatingly in whatever part was offered him.

Patty, seated on the sofa, turned the pages with cries of amusement at past hairdressing, past frocks, the frozen portrayal of past passions.

Reggie, looking over her shoulder, said: "Enchanting! The glamour of the 'twenties, no waistline, merebones and shoulder knots. Turn on, Patty. . . Mrs. Bathgate in 'Magda.' Dear me! Who was Magda? A desperate woman you can see by the hat. . . And here's Noreen's mother. Why, she was even

more beautiful than Noreen. And can this be you, Colin, peeping out from behind the helmet of a Roman legionary? I didn't know you ever trod the boards."

"Briefly," Colin murmured, "ingloriously." It was at about this time, eight years ago, that he had first seen Noreen, and he would have gone to lengths still more inglorious to stay near her.

The end of the album reached, Patty shut it, turned it over, and lifted the front cover. "Loch Lomond again," she said. "So sweet and sentimental!"

Reggie strolled away. "Sentimental nothing! Didn't you know it was written on the eve of some poor patriot's execution? The 'high road' that was going to take him to Scotland first was the gallows."

Patty pushed the book away with an impatient exclamation. "Nothing's ever as it seems. And I thought it was just a lovers' quarrel!"

**J**O took the album from Patty and stood with it for a minute, turning the pages. "In another thirty years," she said, "these early pictures here will have the charm of antiques, and you and Noreen, Patty, will be the comics." Still turning the pages, she left the room to put the album back.

As she crossed the hall Noreen came up to the door. She said: "I just came here to tell you I've got two or three stamps. As usual I forgot to get any."

"Yes, I've got some. Come in," Jo paused at the door of the morning-room to say: "I'm delighted to see you, my dear, but perhaps I should warn you that Colin's here. I don't know if you want to meet him?"

Noreen drew back. Her eyes flashed towards the drawing-room door and her voice dropped to a whisper. "Colin?"

"No, no, I don't." Jo left her standing there and went in to her desk. She rummaged for stamps and brought them back to Noreen, who took them and slipped away.

When she had gone, Jo went thoughtfully back to the drawing-room.

Three hours later the house was quiet again, everyone had gone. Jo slid the front-door bolt into place—How careful we're getting! she thought—and turned out the lights in the drawing-room. She shut that door, too. Now the morning-room. Oh, the album. She must put that back. A serious matter. Living with other people's possessions. Not very valuable to you, but often unaccountably so to them. It was on the table where she had put it down open when Noreen came to the door. She crossed to the table. Someone had shut the book.

One hand resting on the chill marble table-top, Jo again opened it and stood there idly glancing at the pictures.

Then, suddenly, her turning hand paused. This was the page she had been at when she had put the book down. It was just here that it had lain open. Four pictures on the two pages there had been, now there were only three. The bottom picture on the right-hand page was missing.

"No, don't ask me, Inspector, to have any theories," Jo said. "I haven't any. Not one."

"No," he said, looking down, massaging his dark chin with thumb and forefinger. "No, there's not a lot there to build a theory on, is there?"

Of course, someone may just have been passing through the hall and seen the thing and thought, "what do I look like in that get-up? I'll confiscate that for good and all!"

"Vanity, eh, just vanity?"

"And yet, somehow, I don't think it

was, I feel it means something more, if one could get at it. Anyhow, I felt I should tell you about it."

"Quite right, that's so. Oh, yes, nothing's too small or too queer to take note of. Nine times out of ten it's some little thing like this that helps to solve a crime. At first, maybe, you don't give it much attention and then gradually it starts to build into the picture."

"Yes," Jo said, and sighed. After her discovery last night of the photograph missing from the album she had gone to bed, but hadn't been able to sleep because something would keep telling her that the incident was not without significance.

When she had got up in the morning the riddle still came between her and the newspaper and breakfast and the small doings set for the day until, finally, at about eleven o'clock, she had telephoned police headquarters, been put on to Grogan and asked if she might see him.

Soon after, when he had arrived, she had led him into the morning-room, shown him the place in the album where the photograph had been and told him briefly about the uneventful sequence of those three or four hours last night.

He had taken the book, sat down with it, given each picture an instant's inspection, lifted the cover, and played a few bars of Loch Lomond, smiled reminiscently. "My word! these old musical boxes take you back. My grandmother had one, brought it out from Ireland. Played 'The Weirid' o' the Green." It did. Very touching.

Then he turned back to the page with its blank space. Now he read aloud the words written under it: "Scene from Hedda Gabler, Act 3. What is this play, Hedda Gabler?" he asked.

Jo was vague. "As a matter of fact, I've never seen it. It's by a Scandinavian playwright, Henrik Ibsen. Every star that ever lived has played Hedda."

"A girl's name, is it?" "Yes. And most of the amateur and repertory companies have had a go at it, too. It's a highly dramatic part. Hedda, I think, was somebody's wife and fell in love, and was afraid of happiness, and . . ." she paused, searching to recall the plot of the great Norwegian masterpiece.

"Yes, I see. Now look, Mrs. Somers, you put the album down open at this place. Can't you possibly call to mind who was in this picture? Was it a group or one person? Was it recent like or a long time ago, like some of the others? Were they men in it or women?"

"I can't answer any of those questions because I don't think I ever got around to looking at it. You see, it was on the right-hand bottom corner, and I had just turned the page as I stepped into the hall and saw Mrs. Hauser at the door." She leant across and pointed at the other three pictures.

"And as you can see, these give you no guide. Oh, I've been over it all! I got up at four o'clock this morning and looked at the thing again when I suddenly thought of that. The other picture on the same page is only a few years old—you can tell by the dressing—but, right opposite it, here we have a production at least as far back as the twenties."

"That's right. I suppose these photos lay about in a drawer somewhere and one fine day somebody took 'em out and pushed 'em in here, haphazard like. . . And you say anybody in the place could've seen it?"

"I suppose so, yes. Apart from the five who came in after dinner, well, later in the evening, even Mrs. Bathgate and her sister came up."

"Oh? What did they come up for?"

"I asked them to. They're always



very tactful about never visiting me unless they're asked. I suppose it's because they own the place."

"Don't like to seem like snooping kindladies, eh?"

"Yes. Anyhow, last night I thought of them down there alone, so sad and worried as they've been lately, and I ran down and asked if they wouldn't join us for a nightcap. I'm bound to confess they weren't very enthusiastic, but they came up and stayed half an hour or so."

"Everybody leave at once?"

"No."

"How'd they go off, then?"

"They just drifted away at different times, said good-bye and went away."

"Did you leave the drawing-room with them?"

"No, I didn't, my front door was open."

He turned back to the photographs again. "Mr. Knox have anything to do with these theatricals? I don't see his picture among them."

"Not his picture. But for a time, Mrs. Fitzgerald was saying, he did the scenes for some of the shows, and thought himself a bit of an authority on lighting. They rather came to hells over that, I gather."

"Him . . . Funny hobby, seeing . . . His eyes rained ruminatively on Hugh in white tasselled boots and home-made epauletts."

After another twenty minutes or so of talk that led to no conclusion, Grogan got up. "I'd like you," he said, "not to mention this little incident to anyone, Mrs. Somers. I mean, it'd be as well if whoever took that picture was let to think they'd got away with it, that it hadn't been missed, that you'd just stuck the book back in the cupboard there without noticing." He carried it over to the corner cabinet.

Soon after, Grogan and Manning were sitting at a table in their favorite cafe. Grogan said to the waitress, "I'm not eating, Gwen. I'm just waiting for the wife."

Manning ordered a steak, and the two sat in silence for a minute, Grogan sideways to the table, eyes on the door.

Then Manning resumed the discussion that they had carried on since leaving Police Headquarters ten minutes ago, and his tone was sceptical. "If you ask me, this feller Hauser's just a bit too co-operative. Beating you to the huff in his case?"

"I don't reckon he ever peddled cocaine, Les."

"Who said I said he did? But if he'd discovered this lining racket had been done on him, after his last trip, say—"

"He'd have turned 'em in."

"Or done 'em in. The cocaine must've been only the last straw for him. As far as Otway was concerned, at any rate. In my opinion, Otway wasn't ever going to marry Hauser's ex-wife. Hauser was booked to shell out twenty quid a week for the two of 'em for the rest of his natural. And if that wouldn't make a man want to commit murder I don't know what would."

"She might've got fed up with Otway before long and married somebody else."

"Not her! He was too crooked for a woman ever to chuck him." Manning gave a sniff, sadly conscious of his own impeccable character. "Who was in this racket with them? Haven't been able to check up, have you, on anyone's increased expenditure? Mink coats, diamonds, someone with an expensive hobby they shouldn't be able to afford?"

Grogan straightened the silver on the table and crossed his heavy thighs.

"The trouble is," he said, "the cocaine business mightn't've been the cause of the murders, but only come to light because of them. Could've been, like

we first thought, all love and jealousy and a tangle between husbands and wives, somebody killing Merle because she'd pinched their boy-friend, and so on."

"Or because she was out to hook their nephew. The Bathgates went to a lot of trouble to show how friendly they'd all been on the Sunday afternoon."

"Why shouldn't Andy Walters have been lying when he said he heard Merle tick them off?" Grogan asked mildly.

Manning ignored this and bit into a crisp roll. "Them getting her along to warn her, so her poor little heart wouldn't get broken. To tell her to lay off the boy, more like. That they weren't going to keep him and her and a couple of kids if she married him. The rich widow, that's what they were after for him."

The inspector looked at the sergeant for a long time with a thoughtful stare, and played a light tune on a cup with a teaspoon.

The room was getting busy. Businessmen in a hurry began to fill the tables round. The aromas of grilled steaks and kidney pie were wafted enticingly.

Manning said regretfully: "Pity about that bloke Patterson. Doesn't look like he could've ever set eyes on the girl Davis. Him and her, no, him and Otway, yes. The motive, the opportunity, the cut on his knuckle. You had it nicely tied up the other day."

"Mye—es. Only thing was, I couldn't persuade myself that that cut wasn't done a bit more recent than the night before."

"Why didn't you say so at the time?"

"Wishful thinking. Les, I reckon it was just plain wishful thinking. Now Monday afternoon," he went on, "Mrs. Somers is alone in her bedroom, so is Mrs. Fitzgerald. Mrs. Hauser's having a lay down and her mother's out. Mrs. Bathgate and Miss Otway spend the afternoon sewing curtains. Andy's away down in the garage cleaning the car. Hauser took his mother to the pictures. Fitzgerald goes off to a cricket match, and Knox is on a job for his paper. Bathgate is at his club. Try and shoot a hole through any of those statements!"

Manning embarked on an easier task with the arrival just then of his dish. His sad pop-eyes brightened a shade as they fell to the large juicy steak flanked by its pile of crisp brown chips and grilled tomatoes. His knife cut gently through the first mouthful.

Grogan said: "Well, here comes Mame."

**S**MILING brightly, the inspector's wife came towards them, threading her way through the room, a sight for sore eyes and businessmen in her navy and white patterned silk and a little white hat set on her dark curls.

Grogan stood up, took his hat and shook down his trouser legs. "Look Mame, do you know a writer named Henrik Ibsen?"

"Gibson? I suppose I know him if he's in the library."

"Henrik Ibsen."

"He's bound to be there. Gibson . . . Gibson . . ."

"Ibsen!"

"I think he wrote that serial, 'Desert Dream'."

"Look, this feller's a Swede and he writes plays."

"Oh, plays!" Her eyes were steady on Manning's plate. "Aren't we going to eat, Kev?"

"My word we are. I thought you might fancy a plate of spaghetti at the Milano."

She edged her way round to the third chair. "I'd rather have a steak like

that," she announced. Foreign food and playwrights had joined each other in Mame's estimation just then.

An hour later the inspector was making his way through the Domain to the Public Library. It was a fine afternoon, remarkably pleasant, he thought, far too nice to be doing any kind of work. The two dead-beats there in the shade with a greasy pack of cards between them had the best of it. Yes, respectability wasn't the whole works on an afternoon like this.

Too nice to be working, that was right. He began to think about his holiday due in a month or two. Fishing at Port Stephens. Unless Mame had set her heart on that motor trip to Brisbane. He began to think of ways to talk her tactfully out of that.

He watched a willy-wagtail alight on the grass and flit away ahead of him, charcoal-black and chalk-white. He began to think of his lovebirds and the two that had last hatched out. Getting very close to that milky turquoise color he was aiming at.

Getting nearer to the Library building he began to think of a remark Manning had made in the restaurant when they were talking over the case. Funny he hadn't seen that possibility before. He was still thinking of it when he went up the steps and into the building.

He was given the volume of Ibsen's plays, and he took it to a quiet seat, opened it at "Hedda Gabler" and started in to read.

A little later he shut the book and walked out of the library. He was looking not displeased as he stood for a moment at the top of the steps, glancing out across the garden. Programmes, he wondered. Where now to go for all the programmes? . . .

By six o'clock that evening quite a few people were wondering about various things.

Patty Fitzgerald appeared to be one of them. All day she had gone about with an abstracted expression on her usually so collected face. Now, seated at her dressing-table, all her vivacity seemed to have fallen away; her eyes on herself were vacant and the comb, running through the thick red hair, went on following the same track, through and through.

Then she spoke: "Hugh."

"Hallo?" Hugh was at his loughboy, getting out a tie. He didn't look round. His broad back in shirt and pants had been turned to her for some little while as he faced the shelves, fingering the row of ties on the tie-rail.

"Hugh, how did you happen to have a sprig of rosemary in your dressing-gown pocket the other night?"

Still he didn't turn. "A sprig of rosemary?"

"Yes."

"What night?"

"The night Bob was killed. When you were talking to Laura Otway you took it out and shredded it up and dropped it on the floor."

"Did I? I don't remember." She waited. "Old Laura been burbling to you?"

"Ye-es."

"All right, what about it?" His tone was neutral.

"Well . . . according to the police, Bob had a sprig of rosemary in his buttonhole when he was found dead up there."

"Oh." There was a pause. "That's a strange coincidence."

"Very. Only the police never think anything a coincidence. If it doesn't suit them."

"No." Hugh's hand ran along the row, he lifted each strip of silk in turn and looked at it.



"So I think perhaps you'd better start and think good and hard how you got it. You see, we haven't got any growing . . . neither have the Bathgates . . . but there's a bush of it near the Byrnes' gate."

"Is there? Oh. Then I—I expect the explanation's fairly simple."

"Good."

"Yes . . . Once or twice when I've been down to get our paper—if it's a damp morning—or looks like rain—and that paper boy . . ."

"Get on, Hugh!" Her foot tapped.

"Well . . . I mean—I'm sorry for the Byrnes', Noreen and her mother. No man to do anything for them. So once or twice I've stepped across and picked their paper off the path and thrown it on to the verandah. It's a long walk for them, down there in the rain."

"I see. So then you mean—?"

"Yes. I must've snapped off a bit of rosemary and dropped in into my dressing-gown pocket. Smells nice, don't you think?"

"Yes, of course. Everybody picks bits of that sort of thing."

"That's what I mean. Lavender and stuff . . ."

"Then I think if I were you I'd mention this fact to the police."

"You would, would you? Graciously?"

"Yes."

"All right."

Patty dropped the comb and took up a lipstick.

Hugh jerked a tie off the rail, and three or four slithered off on to the floor. He picked them up and stuffed them back on to a shelf, not bothering to hang them again, turned sharply, and went into the bathroom . . .

Just at that time Vincent Bathgate had strolled out into the garden, as his habit was round about that hour. It was cool by then and he liked to inspect the garden, had a few things here and there, tie up a strand of creeper. It was then, too, that he would take note of what Andy had done during the day and decide what he would tell him to do tomorrow.

On this evening, though, after one short tour of the flower-beds, he didn't speak of gardening to Andy.

Andy was at the door of his room which opened on to the back verandah, brushing his town-going suit.

Bathgate stepped on to the verandah and went close to him. "Going out tonight, Andy?"

"Don't know yet, I might. Anythin' you want done?"

"No, no."

"I rooted out them nemesis like you said."

"So I saw. Listen, Andy, take my advice, while this trouble lasts, keep away from Chinatown."

**I**NSTANTLY, Andy's hands were still. He looked up, the coat motionless in one hand, the brush in the other. "What? What do you mean?"

"Just that. You don't go down there among the Chinese just for a plate of fried rice."

"What do you mean?" Andy said again. "I like Chinese food."

"So do lots of people. But you have a pipe down there sometimes, don't you?"

Andy's sallow face twitched, his dark eyes, that always hid at the back of them a look of faint exhaustion, blinked rapidly. "How do you know?"

"I guessed it some time ago—no, I didn't guess it. A very heavy smell hangs around people who smoke opium."

"Well, so what? No harm in an occasional pipe, is there? Never done no harm to the Chinese far as I can see."

"I'm not saying there is. Lots of sailors do it, I know, they pick it up in the East. But the police are apt to look on all forms of drug-smoking or drug-taking as pretty much of a piece. See what I mean?"

Andy threw the brush on to the bed and hung the coat carefully over the back of a chair. He didn't make any answer. He was still straightening the Bathgate strolled away and started twining tendrils of the passion vine around the stretched wire . . .

As the sinking sun was gilding the long sprays of orchids, freshly watered, of Reggie's collection, Reggie was sitting a few feet away inside the open window. He was careless and comfortable, a drink at his side, an evening paper in front of him.

But anyone present might have noticed that for the past five minutes Reggie's eyes hadn't been moving along the lines, that he hadn't sipped his gin and tonic, and that the cigarette smoke was curling up the plump pianist's hand as it hung over the chair, staining the fingers in a way that Reggie usually tried to avoid.

Several times Reggie turned his head slightly and glanced aside, peering out through the door, letting his eye wander down the passage as though he were waiting for something . . .

Presently he jerked into movement. An inch of ash fell to the floor. He flung aside his paper and got up, stooped and pressed out the butt, and ran his hands over his face and head, the gesture a man makes when after walking under trees he brushes away strands of clinging cobwebs. Then he went quickly into his bedroom whose door was the only other one open into the passage. Bob's bedroom door was shut.

Reggie went over to the chest and pulled open a drawer. Into this drawer he threw any letter, bill, receipt, that he wished to keep. He started now to turn these over. His face looked sombre as he opened and scanned a dozen or so pieces of paper.

At last, though, the thing he sought came to hand. He read it, folded it again, and went over and put it into the wallet in the pocket of the coat he had taken off on coming in . . .

When the sun was only a very little lower, Colin was leaning forward in his chair in the hall at the end of the hall. He was dialling a number with difficulty. He muffed it twice, swore, tried again, and got it.

Noreen's voice came through to him. He sprawled back and let it speak in his ear again and again.

"Yes? . . . Hello? Who is it? Are you there? Hello? . . . Hello?"

When it stopped, but before she had time to put down her receiver, Colin spoke: "All right, hello. What are you shouting about?"

"Colin! Is that you?"

"Course it's me. Who'd you expect?"

Another boy-friend, 'ready?" The blurred speech was hard to hear.

"Oh, Colin!"

His red face was sweating, his strong white teeth were clenched in a twisted grin. "Look, Noreen, I'm asking you. I've come to the telephone to ask you something. Why can't you listen to me?"

"You've had too much to drink, Colin."

"That's clever of you! Brilliant, brilliant!"

"For goodness' sake have your dinner and don't drink any more to-night."

"Certainly not sign the pledge. But that's beside the point. What I want to know is this. Look do you want me to say I did this second murder—tonight? But I went up to the mountains? Met this girl? Shot her? Buried her up

there? That what you want me to say? All for the love of you? . . . Might as well give me an answer. Quite a simple question. Do you? Do you? . . . Speak up, kid, speak up."

The silence at the other end was unbroken by the smallest word.

Colin went on for a while, muttering and grunting, shifting his heavy body in the chair, the receiver clamped to his ear.

At last, at the other end, a whisper broke from Noreen . . .

The receiver dropped and dangled by its cord. Colin sank his head in his hands and burst into dry noisy sobbing . . .

**A**T that same hour, at the far end of the drawing-room, Mrs. Bathgate sat at a table with her pack of cards. Her face was lowered, intentness stamped on it, as she slowly turned the cards, studied each one for a long time, and put it down in the required pattern.

At the other end, by the window, Laura Otway sat reading. The light was on her book and she seemed to be absorbed, though no sound of turning pages came from her.

Presently Miss Otway lifted her eyes and sent a look down the room at her sister. She said: "Your fortunes seem to have had a fatal way of coming out true lately, Pamela."

"Of course."

"I thought people had to cut their own cards before you could tell their fortunes."

"I wing my thoughts to them and establish the rapport," Mrs. Bathgate said mildly. "It's just as though they handled the pack."

"Convenient!"

After this brief interchange there was another silence.

It was broken by the telephone ringing across the hall. Mrs. Bathgate lowered the pack and looked across at her sister to see if she were going to answer it. Laura didn't move or even show any sign of having heard, and Mrs. Bathgate placed the half-run-through pack on the table and got up and went across out to the ringing telephone.

It was then that Miss Otway moved. Swiftly and silently she crossed the room, studied the design of the fortune laid out on the table, took up the pack, searched through it, found the card she wanted, and slipped it two cards down from the top.

She was back in her chair apparently reading undisturbed when her sister returned and sat down at the table.

"Wrong number," Mrs. Bathgate said. Two cards whispered into place. After the third there was no sound at all for a minute, and then: "The death card again," she murmured.

Miss Otway got up from her chair and left the room.

She went into her bedroom and shut the door. Making no sound she reached down a small suitcase from the top of the wardrobe, put it on the bed, and started to fill it . . .

Jo was at the telephone just then. She was reading in the drawing-room when the bell rang. She got up and went quickly to it, expecting it to be Kent, and it was.

"Hello, Kent? Where are you?"

"At Mascot. We've just touched down."

"Prompt in ringing me, aren't you? Nice trip?"

"Very. Smooth as a mill pond. Can I come round tonight?"

"Of course."

"I'll go back to the hotel first and leave my things and come straight out. Jo . . ."



"Yes?"

"I find that high altitudes induce great clearness of thinking. I've been pondering on the way over about you and me."

"I've been pondering a bit on that subject, too, since you left."

"Ah! . . . we must exchange ideas. You'll be alone tonight, won't you?"

"Well . . . I can't actually be certain."

"Now, Jo, be firm! Just for one evening. Say I'm coming along with influenza, that I got off the plane with plague."

"Don't be difficult, Kent."

"Listen, I've got a long list of grievances against you."

"Gill?"

"Yes. You let yourself be romped over by every Jack and Jill who're too bored or run out of gin to stay in their own homes. Don't tell me you can't fix it some way tonight."

"I didn't say I couldn't."

"You didn't say you'd make any great effort. And look, here's another thing. I was away for four days in Melbourne and you didn't once go to the telephone and put a call through to me."

"Why? You rang me every day."

"That's what I say. . . . What would you have done if I hadn't?"

"No, wait! I'm very humble—"

"You humble?"

"—but I won't plead guilty to what I mightn't have done if you hadn't. That's going a bit too far."

"Anyhow, there's less more. I pass over your gross lack of trust in me the other morning, kidding me you were bawling and dressing when you were cavorting about the G.P.O. stealing letters, lying like a trooper—"

"What a magnificent pass over!"

"Then meeting you again after three years, what do I find? You're as serene, as—as starchy as ever. Not a line, not a grey hair at thirty."

"Twenty-nine."

"Thirty next month. Don't get up to that old trick. I've seen you too many pints of perfume and sheets of red roses on the 15th of January not to know. And here am I, bawling and worn and bent."

"It's the life you lead, Kent. You should settle down. Flying about the world all the time!"

"Yes, I know. . . . A silence."

"Are you still there, Kent?"

"Of course I'm here. I was waiting for you to contribute just a little to this talk. . . . You said you'd been pondering."

"So I have. Why did you come all this way out here? That's what I was wondering."

"I'll tell you here and now. I'm a newspaper man, why do we go anywhere? Perhaps we get a hunch that something's going to happen in some part of the world or other. We set off, it doesn't happen at once, but we stick around, waiting, quite content to wait, knowing that when it breaks it'll be the scoop we're after. . . . So a while ago I began to think that if I came here and saw you again you might, it was just conceivably possible—now that you were thirty—twenty-nine—might begin to find . . . that it was me, after all. And that, as you've always known, would be the biggest thing that could ever happen to me in my life. . . . Are you still there Jo?"

"Of course I'm here. Darling! What a hunch you had this time."

"What did you say?"

"You heard."

"I want you to say it again . . . and keep on saying it. Oh, Jo, darling, darling! Listen."

"And Jo listened, with a smile on her face."

"When at last he hurried away to get the waiting car that was to take him from the airport to town, Jo put down the receiver."

As she crossed the hall from the morning-room, someone appeared at her front door. It was Miss Orway on the other side of the wire screen. She was wearing a light dust coat and a hat and was carrying a suitcase.

Jo pushed open the door quickly because there was something about Miss Orway's manner that suggested urgency.

Miss Orway's voice was lowered as she stepped inside. "Are you alone?"

"Yes, quite."

"Oh . . . then . . . Listen, please, I want you to help me." She was still grasping the suitcase. She stood there, all tenseness, as though she were just about to step on to bus or train. She was breathless, her face pale, her whole appearance—hair, hat, clothes—suggesting haste, flight. . . .

Jo, feeling that this was something that needed serious, took the suitcase from her, put it down, and led the way into the drawing-room.

**S**TANDING only just inside the door, Miss Orway began to talk again in that hurried breathless tone. "No, please don't try to stop me or keep me. Every moment is important. Nobody knows I'm here, and nobody must know, so don't let anyone hear us talking. Mrs. Somers, it's not the slightest use your persuading me not to—"

"Miss Orway, wait! I'm not persuading you, I'm saying anything. I haven't even told me yet what all this is about."

"Oh, haven't I? No, well . . . it's only a small thing I'm asking you to do. And yet—I'd better be quite honest—it may be rather a big thing because if you're questioned I'm going to beg you to say you know nothing."

"Not do it?"

"I'm leaving, I'm going, I'm going right away. I want you to drive me."

"Where are you going?"

"Don't ask me yet, I'll tell you when we get to the station. I can't take our car, I couldn't bring it back, and I don't want to get a taxi. Those drivers are always in to be questioned. But I've got to go, I can't stand any more. Any more!"

Jo tried to key down the atmosphere.

"My dear Miss Orway," she said, "you mustn't imagine for a moment that you're alone in feeling that. I could open my mouth and scream the place down, the way this thing has dragged on and on! And everyone balanced on a knife edge, no one able to settle down to his ordinary life. They drift in here every night to get news, . . . I there's anything fresh, and talk about this ghastly affair. It's enough to drive anyone crazy. But we can't all start bounding away to other parts of the country."

As the words left her lips she remembered Kent's words: "No sending a wire to the C.I.B. to say you're left for Cairo or Alvor Springs." The lesson had been learnt at last!

"If you take my advice," she went on, "you really will think again. You'll go downstairs and unpack your bag. Take a sleeping pill tonight, have a good long sleep. At least wait till the morning. Nothing's going to happen tonight."

A quiver shot through Jo as she pronounced this. Old superstitions, old saws, assailed her: Praise a nice day at night. Never tempt Providence. Cock-sureness invites Nemesis. . . . Was nothing going to happen tonight?

But as though to shut the words out, Miss Orway had listened with closed eyes. As Jo paused they flew wide open—all too wide. "I don't care what anyone else feels or what they do. I'm going."

"Oh," Jo said blankly, deflated by the

small effect that her reasonable harangue had had on the other.

"Mrs. Somers, I've been a school-mistress. Discipline has been the watchword of my life. Discipline for others and still more for myself. Well, the discipline has broken down. I had to. And that means—that means—"

Jo thought, Yes, that means that the collapse is much worse than it would be for someone who hadn't driven themselves on such a tight rein.

"I've never done what I wanted to," Miss Orway went on, "till now. I've watched other people act in the way that they wished to. I've acted—at last—and now I'm leaving."

"All right, but tell me why. You must have a reason."

"Of course I have a reason." She came a step nearer. "I know who did these two fearful crimes, and if I stay here they'll worm it out of me."

Jo thought, Oh, dear, here it comes again! Who is it is time, I wonder?

"Now, Miss Orway," she protested, "And nobody else in the world knows but I. I've set my alder thinking on the right track. I knew whose fortune she was telling, and I slipped in the death card for her to turn up in the right place. Sometimes I want to proclaim it aloud, tell everyone, let everyone know. But I won't. They won't find out, not if I leave before they have a chance to question me again."

Jo began: "But how can I—"

"All right, if you won't help me I'll manage somehow, alone." She braced herself, squaring shoulders, tightening mouth corners.

Here was a pretty problem to be confronted with, Jo thought. What a monster she felt to be holding out against this poor creature, who was obviously at breaking point. It was so easy to see how she had got this way. At the first, when Bob had died, Mrs. Ballvate had given way in floods of tears, poured out emotions, but Miss Orway had kept a most unnatural calm, quelling a shunter down over all that she felt.

What harm, then, could there be in helping her to go? She could be of no more use to the police. As for this fantastic statement of knowledge—well, that was a well-known form of fantasy in the over-wrought. If left to stew here in this unhealthy brew, heaven knew who she would start to accuse or what mad story she would produce.

She looked up. Miss Orway was watching her from between narrowed lids. Weekly Jo said: "But where are you going? Have you got friends there?"

"Yes, of course, certainly. Very good friends."

"And you can stay with them, they'll really look after you?"

"I'll be in the best of hands."

"Very well. I'll get out the car and drive you. Is it Central Station where you want to go?"

"Yes."

"Have you told the Bathgates?"

"No, they'd only try to stop me. I'd be accused—as so many times before—of neurotic behaviour."

"But you can't just disappear and leave your sister to wonder what's become of you."

"Mrs. Somers, I've thought all that out. She shall know before she has time to grow anxious."

"Very well," Jo said again. "I suppose it's all right."

"Thank you. Let us leave now, at once, before all these people who haunt you start coming in."

"Wait here, then, till I get a bag, a coat, my keys." As Jo hurried down to her bedroom she thought: If only I had some advice about this, if only Kent would walk in now!

She shut the door of her bedroom quietly. Never had she felt so undecided about anything. Her superficial acquaintance with her landladies made



it still more difficult. Was Miss Otway unbalanced? Or was she just, as she claimed, worn out by the grief and horror of the last week?

Hugh, Hugh Fitzgerald was an old friend of the family. It couldn't do any harm to ask his advice. She picked up the telephone and dialled his number.

Hugh answered it.  
"Hugh, it's Jo Somers here. I'm in a frightful fix. I want your advice about something." Briefly she told him.

Hugh boomed without a moment's deliberation: "Old Laura? Of course, let her beat it."

"You think so, you think it's all right?"

"Why not? What possible good can it do for her to hang about here getting into more and more of a stew? Where's she going, do you know?"

"No, I'm driving her to Central."

"Oh, well... she can look after herself. And if they accuse you of spiriting away a valuable witness tell them to boil their heads, send 'em to me."

"Thanks, Hugh, that's just what I wanted you to say. What a comfort you are! But, meanwhile, you'll be sure to keep it strictly under your hat, won't you?"

"I will. Trust me, old girl. I'll be across later to see how it all passed off."

"The only thing is—"  
"That's all right, delighted to do anything for you. Bye for now."

With a sigh for Kent's tele-a-tela, she put down the receiver.

The bedroom door opened and Miss Otway appeared. "Who were you ringing?" she demanded. "The police?"

"Don't be silly! Would I do such a thing? I—I was hoping to speak to Kent Patterson."

"What for?"

"Just that he's such a reliable sort of person, and I thought he might help us at the station and—"

"We don't need any help, I have only this small case."

With nervous desperation Jo went to a drawer snatched up a bag, a light coat.

They went down the back stairs and into the garage. As the car slid out on to the drive, Miss Otway threw an upward glance at the flight of steps leading to the loft. "He's at rest, at all events," she murmured, and then settled herself beside Jo and folded her hands in her lap.

What began to disturb Jo as the car drew near to Central Station was the subtle change that was taking place in Miss Otway's manner. She didn't seem nearly so much the over-wrought, driven creature now, and Jo wondered if this change was simply because she was so near the point of departure. She, herself, knew only too well the elation of shaking the dust off one's feet and doing the disappearing trick!

Still, it was slightly annoying to feel that the pressure put on her had been, perhaps, something of an act. Oh, well, she thought, sliding into a lucky parking place. I'm doing it, so that's that. If it's the wrong thing I can't help it.

The station air was stale and clammy. Scourying passengers pursued trolleys of luggage that sent up a hollow thunder. Night travellers mostly look lost. Jo thought, but she felt that she and Miss Otway, straggling through the vast ugly places, had a particularly forlorn appearance.

Miss Otway was leading now. Half-way across the hall she stopped and took out her note-case. "Dear, will you get my ticket. If there's no sleeper don't worry. First-class to Melbourne."

"So that's where?"

"Yes, Melbourne."

Jo gave a shove and took the notes held out to her and went across to the

interstate booking window. She came back with the tickets, bustled about buying magazines and sweets for the traveller. All so normal and yet so vaguely mad—if not worse!

If anything should happen to this woman on the journey how would she, Jo, feel? The weary endless journey... sitting up hour after hour through the night with her own thoughts...

"Number one platform," Jo said, and pushed the pennies into a platform ticket machine.

"Now please go. I wouldn't dream of letting you wait till the train leaves. You've done quite enough."

"Of course I'll wait and see you into your seat. Why not? I'm in no hurry."

"No, no, please, Mrs. Somers. I'd really rather be alone. I'll feel calmer. I'll be able to pull myself together when I'm on the platform just alone, waiting quietly for the train."

"But, Miss Otway..." another feeble protest.

"No, really, dear, please run along. You've been so very kind. I'll be all right now, quite all right."

"And Mrs. Bathgate?" Jo said with despairing patience. "What shall I tell her?"

"Just say Melbourne, say 'She's gone to Melbourne.' You can tell her when the train has left."

Jo turned away. She looked back once from across the hall. The grey dust-coated figure was standing at the barrier looking after her.

Jo now expected more

than one to visit her that evening, but Inspector Grogan she didn't look for. She hadn't been back in her flat very long before he appeared. She had been watching the clock waiting till the train had left, as she had promised, to go down and break the news to Mrs. Bathgate of her sister's going. Too late! she thought at the inspector's first words.

He said: "Mrs. Bathgate's sort of uneasy about the whereabouts of Miss Otway, Mrs. Somers. 'Is she? Why?'"

"Well, I was down below and she tells me she thought she heard her come up here, and then she heard you go out in your car and wondered why her sister didn't come down, and she came looking for her and the place was shut up."

"Yes," Jo said, "that's so, we both went out in my car. It's rather a long story, Inspector. I hope I've done right. It's a pity Mrs. Bathgate got anxious before I was able to explain. Miss Otway's quite all right, but she just couldn't stand the strain here any longer."

Once again she told the story of Miss Otway's appeal to her, of how she had taken her to the station to catch a night train. As she ended she glanced down at her watch with a little smile. "She asked me not to mention where she'd gone till the train had left, but as it's—"

"So she named her destination, did she?"

Jo looked up quickly, struck by something in his tone. "Yes... I bought her ticket for her."

"You did? What for? Wasn't on a stretcher, was she?"

"No, but she asked me to. She gave me the money and sent me away to get it."

"And when you came back with it, she wouldn't let you stay and see her into the train, eh?"

"That's so. What do you mean?"

"Look, if you were trying to do the disappearing trick would you tell anyone—anyone at all—where you were making for? I'm blown if I would."

"No, of course not," Jo said slowly,

and thought, How dull I was! She remembered Miss Otway's anxiety to get rid of her, and the way she had stood, not going through on to the platform, but waving to her from this side of the barrier.

Grogan glanced at his own watch. "You bought that ticket for Melbourne, did you?"

"Yes."

"Yes, Well, I reckon the one place she hasn't gone to is Melbourne. She might've gone by a train that's left sooner, of course, but she mightn't've."

"She might have left the station altogether, as soon as I was out of sight, and flown off to—Timbuctoo!"

"She might, too," he said cheerfully.

"There's no knowing what she might do tonight. But I've got a kind of hunch that as she went to Central it was somewhere by train she had in mind. I'll take a chance, anyhow," He turned away.

Jo said, a dozen questions on her lips: "But, Inspector, why should she do it? If this is so it must mean—do you mean that she—"

He didn't answer any of them. He was half-way down the stairs.

Arrived at Central station Grogan strode through to the inquiry office. Three country trains were due to leave in the next hour. He went on to the platforms the various trains were going from and scanned the prospective travellers. At last he found her.

Among the hurrying people, their luggage and porters, their bags and their babies, she was sitting, her hands in her lap, a curiously dazed expression on her face.

Miss Otway saw the inspector at the same instant that he saw her. As their eyes met, hers flew wide, her face went white, her body stiffened. Then, as though hypnotised, she stood up, picked up her case and followed him, head bowed in a kind of blind obedience, along the platform.

For Jo, there was no mistaking Kent's footstep, and when, sooner than she had thought he could be there, it sounded—hurried, expectant—on the gravel below, she went out into the hall and was waiting for him as he ran up the stairs.

Quickly he stepped inside and turned and shut the wire door with the air of shutting the two of them into a citadel. Then his ear caught the note of Patty's high voice in the drawing-room... the sound of Reggie's answer, clipped, staccato, Hugh's bass rumble, and Colin's still deeper note.

Eyes and hands meeting, they shook their heads sadly.

"Never mind," he whispered. "Let 'em all come now! Let 'em come in battalions! I know what I know, I've got what I want. You, at last, Jo..." He drew her to him.

They had hardly drawn apart when Grogan appeared at the top of the stairs.

He was looking rather more pleased with the world than usual, and Jo's heart somehow sank at the sight of that. Something told her that he, like Kent, had got what he wanted, or that, anyhow, he was able to see to the end of his quest.

"Miss Otway—?" she began, as he came into the hall and stood between her and Kent just inside the door.

"That's all right. I ran her to earth. She was on the platform waiting for the Forbes Mail, but I persuaded her to change her mind. She wasn't in any fit state to travel. Real upset, she was. We had a little talk about one thing and another, and I got her to come home."

"Is she downstairs?"

"That's right. She's going to bed



with a sleeping draught. Best thing she could do, I reckon."

"Yes," Jo said, thoughtfully. She knew he hadn't come upstairs to tell her this. He was too cheerful.

A silence fell in the hall, and in the drawing-room. The four in there, on hearing the inspector's voice, had stopped talking. Their talk, anyhow, since they had dropped in after Grogan had left for the station, had had an uneasy quality.

When Noreen had arrived, a few minutes after Colin, she had stopped in the doorway, seeing him there and then hurried on to Jo's bedroom. Jo had followed her and tried to penetrate the apathy that seemed to have taken hold of her tonight.

Grogan went on: "They tell me Mrs. Hauser's here. I wanted a few words with her."

"Mrs. Hauser?" repeated Jo, a wondering note in her voice.

At the mention of this name, Colin appeared in the doorway of the drawing-room. He wasn't drunk now, but neither was he sober. His movements were mechanical, his voice uninflected.

"What about her?" he asked. His eyes wandered from Grogan to Jo, to Kent, back to Grogan. "Do I understand someone was mentioning my wife?"

Kent stepped to his side. "Now, look, Colin—"

"Now, look, now look! The words you use to a drunken man."

"Don't be a goat, Colin. I haven't seen you for the best part of a week. Why should I think you're drunk?"

Colin brushed him aside. "My wife," he said again. "What do you want to see her for?"

"Just a few questions I want to ask her, Mr. Hauser."

Colin started a blustering speech about how anyone that asked his wife a question they were going to ask it before him, and how if the inspector thought—etc., etc.

It must have reached Noreen in the bedroom. She came out into the hall and stood waiting, with that air of passivity that had almost frightened Jo when she had first come in. Jo thought how beautiful she looked, as she stood against the dark rose wall, with her apricot skin gone pale and her hazel eyes sombre and dark.

"Yes?" Noreen asked.

Grogan said: "From information received, Mrs. Hauser, you were heard to say to Otway a few minutes before he went up to his death: 'Merle Davis wants to see you tonight in the loft.' And she'd been dead for four days."

The words fell with terrible implication in the hall. Noreen stood looking down, as though she only hadn't heard them, as though she were lost in some still more painful other world.

Fearful images began to pour through Jo's head. Could this be true? Could this be the explanation—so perplexing as it had been—of Bob's going up to that dusty lumber room at that hour of the night to drink and fall asleep and die? The whisky and three glasses. For Bob?—for Merle?—for Noreen? . . .

Grogan said: "Do you admit to saying these words, Mrs. Hauser?"

"What?" She lifted her eyes in a vacant stare.

Kent said quickly, going to her side: "You don't have to answer, you know."

"Don't?" She turned the uninterested gaze on him.

"No, you certainly don't. You can refuse, ask to have a lawyer. Isn't that so, Inspector?"

"That's so, Mr. Patterson. Oh, yes,

we're not forcing Mrs. Hauser to admit anything. If she doesn't like to tell us—"

"Oh, I might as well . . . Yes, I—think I said something like that."

"You did? That was what you said, was it?"

"Something like that . . . It might have been that . . . Merle Davis," she repeated. "She was so pretty . . . in her little cap."

A spasm of emotion twisted Colin's face. He put up a hand as though to wipe it off.

"Well, that's near enough," Grogan said cheerfully, and the constable's pen scratched, recording it.

Near enough? Jo thought; quite near enough!

"Now, look, Mrs. Hauser, did you know that she and Otway were in the cocaine traffic together?"

"Yes, I knew."

A sort of murmur went round the listeners.

Kent said: "Noreen—" as if to stop her, to stop this downward plunge. It was like seeing someone carried down stream towards rapids, and not even struggling.

"You knew about the cocaine?" Grogan repeated.

"I learnt about it that night. That was why I jumped into the harbor."

"What'd that got to do with the cocaine?"

"Oh . . . I had it on me. A lot of it. It was hidden in his bedroom."

"How did you know that?"

"He'd told me about it, the night before. It was worth a lot of money, he said. It'd been smuggled in in the lining of a suitcase. I had to search for it, of course. It just dissolved round me in the water . . ."

"Yeah—we dragged there to try and find what you'd been getting rid of."

"I thought no one would ever come to hear about it. When he died I thought at least I'd spare him everyone knowing that about him."

"Why did you tell him Merle Davis wanted to see him?"

**A**LMOST a shadow of a smile flickered over Noreen's mouth.

"Clever, wasn't it? to get him up there for that . . . above the garage . . . above the car. When she'd been dead for days. He'd have gone anywhere to see her that night."

"That's right, that's the truth of it."

Grogan nodded thoughtfully. "A well-laid trap. A nice private place to meet. As their connection was the cocaine traffic, I reckon they thought the less they were seen in public together, at a cafe or a night-club, the better."

He turned back to Noreen. "Just where were you when you said these words to him?"

"In the garden, our garden. He was just going. We'd had a long wrangle about our difficulties, money. Money! Money! It seemed quite hopeless. I said so. I said, 'It's got to end, Bob. You'll never have a penny'; and then—"

—her voice dropped to a whisper—"he told me about the cocaine they'd smuggled in. He said, 'There's been a bit of trouble among our little trio over our shares for the sales of the stuff, but we're going to settle that now and there'll be money to burn. Merle Davis wants to see me tonight in the loft.'"

She paused, looked round at the listening faces. She stammered, putting up a hand and pushing back the heavy gold hair. "Those words that someone overheard me say—I was only repeating what he'd said. You don't think,

surely—oh, nobody thinks that I killed Bob?"

Jo felt a rush of shame, and Kent, with an uneasy laugh, put his hand on Noreen's shoulder, but his face had gone pale with the pure relief of it.

Grogan said: "My word, Otway was trustful to tell you all this!"

"No, it wasn't trust. He was just like a child, boasting of his cleverness. He couldn't know the horror I was going to feel, or any normal person, at such a terrible crime. Cocaine trafficking! Pushing the stuff on an unsuspecting traveller in his shaving-stitch! I knew that for Bob the fun would be that traveller, being Colin. He happened to mention the brand, and I went to Colin's bathroom to see if that was what he was using."

"Didn't he tell you who the third person was?"

"The third person?" she repeated and shook her head. "No, he didn't say who the third person was."

As Noreen stopped, there were running footsteps on the stairs, and then Miss Otway crossed the landing and came hurrying into the hall. She had a dressing-gown thrown over a night-dress, and the expression on her face was impossible to read; it was a mixture of what might have been triumph and fear and horror.

Mrs. Bathgate and Bathgate were on her heels, Mrs. Bathgate imploring as she came: "Laura, Laura, where is it?" and Bathgate trying to soothe them both.

But as though no one else had been there, Miss Otway went up to Grogan and held out to him a glass half-full of a cloudy mixture, and a small chemist's box.

"Right, Inspector!" she cried. "You were right!" The schoolmistress voice rang out as though commanding a pupil. "As you told me to, I mixed my sleeping powder in this glass of water, left it on the table by my bed near the open window, left the box handy in the little drawer of the table and went to take a bath and shut myself in the bathroom for ten minutes. Ten long minutes I waited, giving them plenty of time! When I returned there were ten powders missing from the box. If I'd drunk the glass of stuff I'd never have woken again!"

The next few moments, for Jo, were like one of those dreams in which you can observe and feel, but not otherwise function. Paralysed, you watch events without being able to lift a hand or move a step to fend off the approaching horror.

The others, too, it seemed, were held in the same petrified stillness: Reggie, his face etched in dead-white and coal-black in the drawing-room doorway, Hugh and Patty staring over his shoulder. Three faces in a row, grotesquely staring. Colin . . . Noreen . . . Kent, hardly breathing, at her side.

All, all the figures misted before Jo's eyes, cleared again, stood out sharply. The album! They were like the "stills" of a melodrama in the album, posed, staring glassily.

Then—someone was moving. Someone had stumbled to the door, walked through it out on to the landing only to come face to face with Sergeant Manning and a couple of constables.

Hugh's voice broke harshly into the nightmare world: "Vincent Bathgate!"

• • • • •

Grogan was saying—there were only Kent and Jo left to hear him in the flat now: "Bathgate might easily have got away with these murders but for two unforeseen happenings; those keys falling out of Otway's pocket in your room, Mrs. Somers, and Mrs. Hauser going at midnight to look for her sunglasses so that you, Mr. Patterson, saw her and went round to the garage to



try and find out what had scared her and gave the alarm...

"Bathgate and Otway and Davis, as you know, were in the cocaine traffic together. Bathgate had been in the Customs Department before he married, and what he didn't know about suspects and contacts for the disposal of illicit cocaine!

"Well, after the last lot they brought in they quarrelled about their cut, as Otway told Mrs. Hauser. Bathgate was the one who disposed of it, and he must've been paring with less than what they thought they ought to have. How could they put pressure on him? Only by blackmail.

"Otway hid the stuff in his room till they should reach some agreement. On the Sunday night, knowing Otway was away for the weekend and thinking she herself was leaving Sydney on the Tuesday, Merle must've written a letter to Otway about it to his P.O. box mentioning Bathgate. I reckon she was threatening him with exposure to his wife."

"Why that?" Kent asked.

"Well, look at it this way. They couldn't turn him over to the police, could they? But if they wouldn't hand over this last big haul and told his wife and she threw him out, he would have been well and truly ditched, out in the cold world. Might even have to work! So on the Monday he tricks Merle into going up to his mountains to have a conference with Bob and shoots her up there. Maybe the last had the gun to frighten her or maybe he planned it. That we can't really say.

"Anyhow, Otway must've started getting suspicious when he couldn't get into touch with her those three days and the six people, maybe, told him she hadn't gone on her usual run, and it's quite clear he must've voiced those suspicions to Bathgate: 'Look, where's Merle? You must know where she is. There's something fishy here!'

"It's my belief Bathgate's in a real panic by now and sees only one way out. On the Thursday night he gives Otway a fake message from Merle: she's coming secretly to have a conference, the three of them, up in the loft, after eleven-thirty. He must've learnt from Otway that he'd never collected the letter that Merle on the Monday had mentioned she'd written.

"As I said, but for these two mishaps, the whole thing might've passed off safely for Bathgate. With the whole night before him he could've brought the body down the steps and put it into the car and made it look like suicide. He could've taken the keys out of Otway's pocket, entered his flat and got the cocaine and recovered his letter from the G.P.O."

Kent said: "And who would ever have connected Bathgate with Merle's disappearance? Girls are disappearing every day and half of them—especially girls like her—are never run to earth."

"That's right. Before he comes up here that night for bridge Bathgate went to the loft, took up the whisky and the glasses and apparently found Mrs. Hauser's sunglasses there. He doesn't want her to come looking for them, and he slips into the Byrnes' place and puts them on a chair-back inside her bedroom window, the first thing she should've seen when she entered the room. But a breeze must've stirred the curtains and knocked 'em off. Mrs. Hauser tells me she found them later under the chair.

"My word, he must've pretty near sweated himself sick till he heard me say there were no keys on the body. A ray of hope! He concludes that they're still lying somewhere where Otway dropped them in your room, and next morning he tries to push his way in when he sees you go out. His

last attempt succeeded, as you know, in getting both the keys and his letter, unopened."

Kent murmured: "I'll say it did!" and gently felt the back of his head.

"It was Mrs. Hauser who supplied me with the first clue. She said that in the darkness of the garage one of the things she smelt was like African marigolds. Now when you told me, Mrs. Somers, that you knew Bathgate's handwriting through his writing down for you the name of a sleeping draught, paraldehyde, I remembered how once I'd been to a hospital to question a bloke who'd tried to commit suicide by taking half a bottle of that stuff, and the reek of him! African marigolds—that bitter, heavy smell—that's just what it was like. Could it've been Bathgate, breathing near her?—I wondered. It's a terrific stuff to cling about a person's breath. So I began to think about Bathgate. See what I mean?"

"Then, when Merle went to see the Bathgates on the Sunday afternoon, Andy said he heard very high words. I couldn't see Mrs. Bathgate mixing it with this girl. No vulgar scum for her. But when Sergeant Manning recalled the fact that they'd given her tea, I thought, Yes, who got the tea? Mrs. Bathgate. And it was while she was out of the room that he and Merle had the high words. What about? I kept asking myself: what about? Not just about her being too fond of Otway?"

Jo asked: "Why did he take the picture from the album, Inspector? For of course it was his?"

"You bet! Do you know what that picture was, Mrs. Somers? I had to read the whole third act of that play to find out. My word, it's deep reading! This girl Hedda Gabler, she gives a feller, Elert Lovborg, a pistol to shoot himself with, and I learnt from Mrs. Byrne that in that production of thirty years ago Bathgate played Lovborg. And the Byrnes had supplied the pistol, her husband's from the first world war. Come to think of it, she told me, they'd never got it back. No, I thought, and never would, now.

"After he shot Merle with it, I reckon he either buried it in the bush or dropped it into the deepest part of the harbor. When he saw that picture in the album of Hedda giving him the gun—that's the big moment of the act—he couldn't bring himself to let it lie there. More like a crazy impulse to take it. It was, than sober common sense. 'Course he knew we had the bullet and would be able to identify the type of gun. So it wasn't all that crazy, maybe."

"Still... as no doubt you're thinking, Mr. Patterson, though I was pretty certain Bathgate was our man, what would a jury have thought? Something more was needed. So when I got Miss Otway off the train I put my cards on the table before her about her brother-in-law and we laid a little trap for him. She admitted she'd been acting pretty odd under the strain and had dropped hints to Bathgate of having suspicions more than she'd told.

"Well, he'd naturally think she meant him. He couldn't know she was suspecting it was Mrs. Hauser. He'd think she was making a break for it because she couldn't face either telling on him or keeping it to herself. 'All right,' she says to me in the station buffet where we'd gone to have a cup of tea and talk it over: 'All right, prove it, Vincent.' 'All right,' I says, 'I will if you'll play your part.'

"I knew when he saw her and me walk in again he'd think she was pretty

sure eventually to break down under questioning. So I took care to tell him and Mrs. Bathgate, when Miss Otway went to bed to take a sleeping draught, that she was very unbalanced, probably suicidal. This was his chance. And if she'd died from the ten more powders he'd slipped into the glass and she was in a state to take her own life."

Back at home Colin was thinking: I knew when Noreen thought I'd killed Bob that it seemed understandable to her, almost justifiable. But Merle—that! I had to find out if she really thought I'd been capable of that... And when she whispered over the telephone, No...

I must never let her know that it was I who knocked Bob down that night... met him in the gateway... lunged to kill him... was wearing driving gloves, as luck would have it... Now she knows what he was... She'll turn back to me.

Seated at his piano, Reggie was thinking! Perhaps I was a bit windy, once cocaine came into the picture, in imagining they'd get around to asking me about a recently acquired grand piano... Course I could've explained... but it's not nice to have the heat turned on one, not even for a minute... much better to have the delivery slip ready to wave in their fat beefy faces...

Dear old Jo... hope she won't want it back if she marries that bloke... more likely to fly off with him somewhere and won't want it put into store again...

In his room, Andy was thinking: My word, the box was a shrewd one! Funny I never tumbled to why he told me not to go up the magnolia... and never seen he'd pasted up the window when I did go up to get those flowers for Mrs. Somers... In too much of a stew to get down before he spotted me.

Shrewd! Tellin' me he knew I had a pipe now and then, to let me see if I had anything on him, he had somethin' on me!

Getting undressed, Patty was thinking: Darling old Hugh!... I believe he really thinks he's absentmindedly picked that bit of rosemary... It'd be really unkind to tell him that Bob did come to the window, just for a few minutes that night... That would mean explaining that over at Jo's I'd whispered to him to come... had to warn him not to wear the watch-strap... Poor sweet old Hugh... that'd hurt him too much... I do so hate hurting people...

Falling asleep, Hugh was thinking: Not much use ripping it all up now... better let her think she got away with it... Expect she was just scared, poor little love... keep a better eye on her in future...

Alone, quite alone at last, Jo said to Kent: "Well... has it been worth it? To come all this long way and go through these awful happenings just to hear me say, 'We're going to get along together differently this time, Kent... differently and better?'"

"Darling," he answered, "there isn't any happening on earth, any price or penalty, that isn't 'worth it' if it leads to you..."

(Copyright.)

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 166-17 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.